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NCW
Memoirs

MEMOIRS

AND ADVENTURES

OF

A MAN OF FASHION:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INCLUDING

ANECDOTES

OF MANY CELEBRATED PERSONS

WITH WHOM HE HAD INTERCOURSE AND CONNEXION.

"Blame where you must—be candid where you can."—JOHNSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THIRD EDITION.

Rare and racy.

LONDON:

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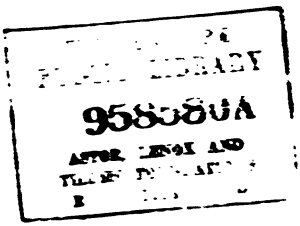
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DEDICATION.

*To Lord ****.

My dear Lord,

Many years ago, for the first time, and very frequently since, you have importuned me to publish my life, as one which would exhibit vast variety —infinite vicissitude, and, you were pleased to say, much interest, because its meridian was passed in courts and in courtly circles, amongst polished knights and ladies bright, and in the very centre of bustle, gay adventure, and intrigue. I always (as you recollect) refused, because I hate notoriety, although it has been through life my doom, and because, when once done,

"Nescit vox missa reverti."

Circumstances, very unnecessary to

8 X 18

be stated, have altered my firm resolve; and I cannot think of giving my errors and adventures to the world, without dedicating them to you; first, because you were the cause of my bringing them forward; and, secondly, because in them *you* may say, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" The distant remembrances of past pleasure are far the dearest to me; they glow at this moment fresh and warm in my heart; my eye seeks them, as the traveller's glance fondly dwells upon the gilded perspective of a summer's evening, when the sun, sunk below the horizon, leaves the train of his expiring radiancy behind him—a radiance rendered more interesting by its soft and mellow tints; more captivating, because we fear to lose it; and to the last glimmer of whose soft light memory clings, until both memory and it sink and expire together.

In these affectionate reminiscences,

your social converse, your friendship, ever at hand in hour of trial, your sympathies corresponding with my own, nay, even our boyish tricks, our academic follies, our college *schemes* form no inconsiderable part. Happy days, no more! when "Jeune, je cultivais les muses; il n'y a rien de plus poétique, dans la fraicheur de ses passions, qu'un cœur de seize annèes: le matin de la vie est comme le matin du jour, plein de pureté, d'images et d'harmonies."

But a truce to moralizing. When this work meets your eyes, you will smile, and give me credit for neither having named your Lordship nor myself. The period which these memoirs embrace you will find to be the twenty-five years which have rolled away, from our leaving college until the last peace—eventful period, at which we well may say—

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni.

Yet, as my dream of life has rather been a gilded one, and as I am neither old enough, nor wicked enough, to fly from its remembrance, that period will not be like the sad complainings of old age,

" Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti ;"

but rather the faithful narration of a man in the prime of life, whose faculties unimpaired neither tinge his picture with too much gloom, nor varnish it over with the high colouring of imperfect memory supplied by fction, fond of the past.

Believe me,
My dear Lord,
Fin alle cenere,
Your's, most truly,
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

A VERY few words of introduction suffice in offering this work to the public. Its object is utility; its hope, amusement; its contents, a mass of truth. I am well aware that it cannot be so interesting to strangers, as to men of my own day, who have been living, and who do still live, in the fashionable world; yet the present always borrows interest from the past; and the cautions which may be found necessary for the future would be unavailing, were they not justified by experience. Man is always the same in every age. Forms and fashions vary; but our passions, our feelings, and our interests, are unchangeable.

A knowledge of the world and of mankind is seldom highly prized, unless bought at a high price; but where personal suffering, personal disappointment, and personal disgust, are to constitute a part of the purchase-money, the bargain is dear indeed. In a ludicrous French dramatic piece, entitled "*Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge pleine*," Monsieur D'Anieres, a stupid character, is made to say to his audience, that before he went to Paris and bought wit, *J'etais bête a faire plaisir;* but that, afterwards, he bought plenty of wit and of experience; and that when these commodities had cost him a hundred guineas, he cries, affrighted at the price,

"Tenez; voila assez d'esprit."

It would be unnecessary to state how little *esprit* can be purchased in

London for that price: and as the author of the present Memoirs has witnessed a great variety of scenes in high life, intrigues of courts, intrigues of cabinets, and intrigues in drawing-rooms, and in *boudoirs*, with a multiplicity of sporting and greeking transactions, abroad and at home, an outline or sketch of his life for the last twenty-five years must present much novel matter.

It has been his deepest regret, that the fascinations of fashion, and allurements of pleasure, have engrossed so much of his time, and consumed such extensive property as has fallen to his share; and that, led astray by those enchantments, he has not, hitherto, been more useful to his fellow-creatures. If the warning which his errors may furnish, and the experience which his intercourse with the world may afford,

prove beneficial, it will be a matter of heart-felt consolation to him.

Life is often represented as a dream; but very different in nature are the sleep-walkers of this world. Fevered, fanciful, and eventful, have been some of our dreams; whilst a dead torpor has been the lot of others.

" Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris,"

is an old and approved maxim. The present Memoirs go still further: truth dwells in every page; and if transposition of time or place, disguise or alteration of name or character, friendly mitigation or partial concealment, has any where occurred, the parties concerned will be aware of the honorable motives which have actuated the writer.

MEMOIRS

OF

A MAN OF FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

ANECDOTES of our childhood, interesting as they may appear to ourselves, are generally tedious to others; I shall therefore pass over that period of my life, as well as the boyish days in which I was τυπτω-ing it with a tutor: and of my collegiate career I shall only say, that I used to learn every thing which was not necessary, made verses,

lampooned big-wigs, broke windows and lamps, and spent half my time in hunting and in horse-racing; whilst a gay milliner and a strolling actress touched my heart-strings and purse-strings: and of each it might truly be observed, that

"Whilst I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool;
"And I'll swear she was most in the right."

Yet, I must say, that during the season in which I was most deceived, in which illusions were brightest, and fables passed in my heated brain for substantial realities, I was happier than I have ever been since. Take the bandeau from the eyes of love, and divest Venus of her zone, tear the mysterious veil from promised enjoyment, banish

the crimson blush, the down-cast eye, the pearly tear, the mutual pressure of the hand, the thrilling fever, and the fearful glance—the doubt, the anxiety, and dread—and love ceases to be love—Venus is no longer a divinity—at least, so I have ever thought and felt.

I came out in life just at the period when a most illustrious personage was sharing domestic bliss with the lovely full-blown rose which he first wore in his bosom. From that circumstance, and through that channel, I first had the honor of knowing one, whom I ever after considered as the most polished man in the world.

This meteor of perfection, this son

of fashion, had the most fascinatin manners which ever fell to the share c monarch or of man; a smile whic seemed to have been kindled in th heart before it expanded on the lip, kindly expression which warmed a around him, a playfulness of wit an familiar discourse, which drew ever affection towards him, a facility of de livering himself in all polished lar guages, which made him fit to be th king of gentlemen.

Such was then his attachment, tha he seemed a private individual prepos sessingly doing the honors of his cara' parties—like the best of husbands, an the most domesticated of subjects He had, a little time before, endeare

himself to every thinking mind by honorable retrenchments, cheerful self-denials, and by a submission to harsh family censure. Young and old were then at his feet: but the scene changed. I do not mean to say that the hero of the scene ceased to shine, ceased to be amiable, or failed to command admiration; but that the actors were changed, views were less bright, prospects vanished, and insidious enemies played their parts in the grand drama in question.

As to my own situation in life, I was now running full tilt my gay and ruinous career. The death of my father left me, at an early age, an entailed property of two thousand pounds per

annum, in the northern part of England, tied up by every possible precaution that prudence and law could suggest: and it was my sole study to untie and to part with it as fast as possible.

Aided, therefore, by my serviceable friends, black D——(not the devil), Jew Rex, old drunken M— (more knave than fool), and a score of money scriveners, procurers, usurers, and collaterally signing friends, I managed to spend eight thousand per annum for three years, by the speedy ruin of granting annuities to the wood merchants, soi-disant brokers, Israelite tradesmen, and miser gentlemen, who let out their money thus, doubling their capital in six or seven years, and frequently ruining

their man in half the time. I found fellows who had been in India, and who had made decent fortunes there, come home and double them by these honorable and conscientious means; nay, even ladies (a Mrs. E. in particular) who, having served Cupid as mercenary votaries, dedicate their silver locks, and wrinkled remnant of life, to the worship of Mammon.

I had also the resource of pulling down an old family mansion, and basely selling the materials to pay my Newmarket debts, of ploughing up my park, and leaving the poor squirrels of my woods not a twig to light upon, in order to pay my debts of honor contracted at Mrs. S.'s in St. James's Square (whose

son was in the Guards), at Mr. Concanister's, and to a suicide lord, who, with a *crafty* banker, kept a gambling shop in Pall-mall. But then I had the supreme felicity of having four horses on the turf, of being thought quite *comme il faut*, and of being last in a sweepstakes (riding my own horse) in the respectable company of Sir John Jehu, the Ex-colonel Eclipse, the Honorable D—— Bolter, et cetera.

Then again my house was the very cream of well-appointed things, exhibiting in its appearance a masquerade, and often, in its noise and confusion of tongues, the tower of Babel. I had a French cook, an Italian valet-de-chambre, a German porter, English coach-

man and grooms, an Irish housemaid, *rader good-lucking*, and an Ethiopian footman. French ladies in abundance honored my festive board with their presence, and artists of all nations attended my levee; for I had a mighty notion of shining above the herd; and I took lessons of Vestris, of Angelo, of Lanza, of language-masters, and even of Astley, in order to vault into my saddle at my door, to the surprise and admiration of passing Cyprians, who threw an approving glance, or a gilt card of address, to cheer me in my morning ride, about four o'clock, P. M.

To perfect my taste, I purchased busts, pictures, medals, and antiquities,

in abundance, giving immense sums for counterfeits; and I was a most valued customer to the eloquent knight of the hammer, Mr. C——, whose descriptive faculties could embellish, or even create, any thing, converting the view of a gibbet into a "hanging wood," a bleak hill into a "commanding prospect," a miserable hovel into "a romantic retreat," a citizen's vulgar villa at Mile-end, in all the muck and smoke carried to it from the city, into a "most desirable cottage orné, exhibiting and combining all the pleasures and advantages of a *rus in urbe*;" and so forth. Poor C.! he was, nevertheless, a good creature.

The imperious queen of my inclinations at this juncture was Lady Eliza-

beth Volcano, whose flame was the most ardent and consuming which I ever felt. Daughter of an Irish earl, she had all the warmth and rashness of her country; and, travelled and most eminently accomplished, she had made herself a complete mistress of arts. Gentle and prepossessing in her manners, she was, nevertheless, the most stormy charmer whom I have ever known. If irritated, or jealous, she would rush upon you like a whirlwind, and carry all before her; nor was she more regardless of personal danger than she was incautious in her weapons, or in her attacks upon others. Early in life, she hanged herself for love and jealousy of Lord C——, then a beau--now the poorest remains of manly appearance and of style which I ever saw: but--

"How many a lad I have lov'd is dead,
"How many a lass grown old!"

Some years after, she attempted to destroy herself by opium; and, subsequently, to drown herself. She married a very amiable man at first, who shall be nameless from respect. She then fancied the 16th Lt. Dragoons, out of which to select a gay cornet. Divorce had taken place previously to this fancy, and from another cause. She then married the bold dragoon; and bold he was, for it is hard to say which of them had the most frequent victories in their numerous assaults *de part et d'autre*. Her ladyship after brought matters to a *point*, knife in hand; and the *militaire* used some knock-down arguments, in order to bring back matters to the *status quo ante bellum*.

They soon separated by mutual consent; and, after honoring me by a marked preference, which crowned her wishes, we had a quarrel, which immediately caused us to part: for returning from shooting one day, she misconceived the game which I had been after, pounced upon me like the eagle on the dove, and, catching the powder-flask from my side, flung it into a large fire, and very nearly blew off the top of the cottage, whilst we both saved ourselves by flight in different directions. Never shall I forget this my first flame.

My male companions, at this time, were the Copper Colonel Hardy, "*puellis nuper idoneus*," the late Lord B—, Colonel H—, Sir J— S—, that most

perfect and amiable model of the old school, Lord B—, now a marquis, *cum multis aliis.* The Copper Colonel, who perished in a duel, was a very great favorite of the first subject in England; whether from being a good and pleasant, although dreadfully hasty fellow, or from having a very pretty sister, I do not pretend to decide: but certain it is, that the illustrious friend would send Mr. H. (her husband), to vote in the lower house at late hours, and used kindly to prevent the loneliness of his wife by the warmest attentions—but *brisons là.* Poor H— is no more; and the rose is withering apace on the fair cheek of its once bewitching possessor.

From these companions I learned a

great deal. The peer B. gave me a taste for theatricals; the Copper Colonel a turn for hoaxing and quizzing; and I had the honor of dining for the first time in the stone jug, alias a prison, with the other lord, now raised to the marquisite. His lordship at that "present writing was not worth a rap," but was heir to an immense property. The state of his (then) affairs was—three country houses, a pack of hounds, about sixty horses, a sultana, about one hundred creditors, and his establishment, where I dined most merrily with him and a brace of attornies and money-lenders, two guardsmen, and a fellow-prisoner.

It has been this unfortunate, impru-

dent, but good-natured peer's lot, never to extricate himself from difficulties since. He was bitten, it is said, by a may-fly: if this were really the case, the love-puncture was soon cured: at all events, she was sweetly attractive. *Chacun a son goût.* She might have pleased any one.

From private theatricals, I cast a longing eye on public performances, and was enchanted by one who figured in the scenic art. Her I considered as a fourth grace, as a tenth muse, as a paragon of perfection. I beau'd her home from rehearsal and performance, ministered to her extravagances, and got acquainted with a score of performers, in whose society I have been most

happy, and of whom I never have had to complain. Madame, however, was a loadstone to gold and trinkets; and I overdrew my banker considerably on her account. Luckily for me, she proved false. Her fidelity might have been fatal: but, such was my rage, my despair, and my disappointment, that I ranted and upbraided in all languages, and in all tones of prose, of verse, of rhyme, but not of reason.

My love fever lasted a few weeks; and I was cured of it by the arrival of two unknown brothers-in-law, John Doe and Richard Roe, who, at the suit of a man-milliner, presumed to take my personal security for two hundred pounds. This last favor I owed to my

theatrical female friend. My farrier bailed me, probably because I was thus *nailed;* whose son, by the bye, has since appeared as a very gentleman-like buck at Cambridge, and is now pulpit-thumping with success in some county of England. A great many melancholy reflections followed this affair; for, as with women, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;* so when a fellow of fashion in town gets callous to these *touching* scenes, he goes to *rack* as fast as a horse after a stiff day's hunting.

CHAPTER II.

I began now to reflect that I was paying to my annuitants four hundred pounds per annum more than the produce of my rent-roll; that my wood had disappeared, as well as my house; and although I was pretending to build another, that was a mere foundation for my creditors to build their hopes upon; that servants looked sulky; and bills as long as snipes' flew in every direction on my breakfast table.

In this dilemma, I sent for Ned

Nimble, who, from having been a gentleman at college, and afterwards spent his fortune, had turned his hand to many avocations; and was now a kind of middle man or agent betwixt the usurer and the necessitous rake. He gave me great consolation in my afflictions; assuring me that every man of fashion, from the prince to the private gentleman, was involved; that an illustrious personage kept company with a jeweller on account of his long-winded tick; that all the nobility were annuitized and mortgaged up to the ears; that placemen made appointments to cover their debts; that Earl M—'s kites were selling all over the city at twenty per cent. below par; that the Honorable D. B. never was without an execution

in his house; and that, in one word, I was only in the fashion.

He taught me that a very great man indeed, in conjunction with subaltern agents, used to raise the wind by furnishing his splendid mansion from abroad, as well as from upholsterers at home, and then sold off and began a-fresh, after a few exhibitions of taste in the furniture line; that there were tradesmen who sold you goods for long-winded bills, to re-sell; and that, D. B. and Sir F. G. had had two squadron of horses, and a whole repository full of carriages, in their possession, within a year, which refitted their finances at only cent. per cent. loss. This he called *bill-doing;* and he re-

commended me to a leather breeches-maker, to a bankrupt wine-merchant, and a dozen others, for this purpose.

I was now favored by a visit from the Duke of Horsemagog, and another from Sir John Jehu; the former to purchase a horse, the latter to pick out all my secrets. He consoled me much, by assuring me that my debts were a milk-score; that the marquis, then Lord B. owed one hundred thousand pounds; and that he himself sold a most valuable property for fifteen thousand pounds before he was of age, merely to pay debts for carriages, harness, and sadlery, and had since parted with property for an old song, just to keep up the stable, which was

worth at least thirty thousand pounds, in the Borough: nay, at this moment worth double the money.

This appeared very dashing and spirited to me; and I began to be ashamed of only owing ten thousand pounds more than I was worth.

The baronet gave me an invitation to dine the next day; and I anticipated a pleasant party. It rather unluckily occurred, that a tailor, who had previously worn out the knocker of my door by kind inquiries as to when I could make it convenient to pay, and who had been surlily answered by my unpaid German porter, thought fit to take *new measures*, and to arrest me.

Out of this scrape, an amiable lord, who shall be nameless, and who was my college companion, extricated me by paying the money—the most efficient and proper way of assisting a friend. I have often done this myself; but I never met with such firm and disinterested service from any one but him; and from him I have received kindnesses *iterum iterumque.*

The dinner-party at Sir John's was numerous. Amongst the crowd was Captain Chanticleer, then a half-pay ensign, and the brother of a public singer, but since a most prominent character in one of the first cavalry regiments in the service, and afterwards on the staff with the army of observa-

tion, commonly called the army of occupation. Paddy Chanticleer has a delightful voice, enriched by humour and a thick brogue, and highly set off by impudence and coarse native humour.

He was *nobody* at that time; and some of the guests then present recollected paying a few shillings to hear him sing, on an obscure stage in his beautiful country; but now, that Pat is a man of war, he remembers no more of these scenes than the man in the moon, or any moony relative or whiskey-shedman of his quondam acquaintance, nor than a *stationary* lieutenant, of asinine countenance, did of his overturning him on a trip to Richmond, when he could not believe that

he lost three thousand pounds to a dear countryman of Pat's, who came in, all on purpose by accident, to drink many happy returns of the day to the wondering Johnny Raw, whose birth-day Pat and the simpleton went out to celebrate, tête-à-tête. But more of Paddy and his pranks hereafter.

Jew Rex was another worthy of the party, with the antiquated countess he married; Lord B. who lived by rule, i. e. a day rule; the honourable D. B.; a foreign countess, of whom more hereafter; Joe Doubledeal; and a host of turf gentlemen.

Lady Jehu looked like a Virgin of the Sun in red resplendence. The in-

fluence of her ladyship's rays had warmed many a heart. She too, like singing Paddy, had been in the public line, but it was not on the same stage. Here, lest a blush should out-rouge the rouge on her once attractive check, should she peruse this work, we will drop the curtain—it has been dropped before—and in justice to her charms, *soit dit en passant*, that she now is a good wife, and bids fair for blooming like a second *Ninon de L'Enclos*.

Lord B——'s wife, of low extraction, and related to the lady at the head of the table, was also in the circle, but ever lovely and ever chaste, however surrounded by or grouped with Paphian frail ones.

The wine, the wit, the stable-talk, and the adventures of the kennel, drove merrily on until a late hour, during which period I made a great many matches for my racers, all of which I lost. In one instance I was beaten, by paying forfeit from seizure of my brown horse by Diamond, at the instance of a money-lender present; and the feeling Jew lent me what was necessary to lose upon all the other matches. Was there any playing of booty? *Je n'en sais rien.*

At a very *small* hour, we broke up; and some of the most desperate of us adjourned to St. James's Street, to a common hell, where I am quite frightened at recollecting a very gross epithet

applied by me, with a damn, to a youngster in his Plutonian father's house, but who has now grown into a general officer and a member of parliament, doubtless from the fair dealing of the house, and from *one for the others*, and, *après*, the double aces and throwings out of this diabolical roof. The *rouge et noir* was, however, an encouragement to a military life; and the seat in parliament is a proof that "the colour wins."

From this cavern we posted to others; and in one Colonel H. broke the bank, which was unfortunate for me; for it gave me an itch for play, which cost me fifteen thousand pounds at a subsequent period.

The rescue of some loose fish caught in a watchman's net, the breaking of an attorney's windows in Golden-square, and our being beaten in a milling match with some skylarking butchers, finished the evening; for some of us were pupils of Mendoza, the miller of his day: and the Duke of Horsemagog, then sailing *east-on*, to rack of purse and person, greatly encouraged the gem'men of the art, since nobly named the Fancy. I now found my way to my bed, felt my pockets empty, my stomach surcharged with wine, and some bitter reflections floating in my cranium, mixed up with vapours, and confused by a sort of waking dream.

I was now encumbered beyond de-

scription, and was getting in debt at the rate of about one hundred pounds per week; whilst my paper was circulating round the town, as briskly as if I had been the firm of a provincial bank. I had goods of all descriptions set down to me in invoices; most of which I never saw; I had ironmongers, slop-sellers, wine-merchants, brokers, and money-scriveners, all in my custom. Grates, crockery, household furniture, wine, spirits, and linen, were charged to my account; a sham sale was made of them; and the proceeds just kept my servants and my stud, whilst a succession of tradesmen clad and fed me; and a horse or two, knocked off my establishment and replaced, kept my pocket, and defrayed my subscriptions

at White's, the Cocoa-Tree, and Newmarket.

Dining one day with D. B. I was a little surprised to see in the person of one of his many liverymen at table a John Doe, who had placed an *epaulet* on my shoulder some time before. He perceived that the thing struck me; and the next day, at Tattersal's, he took me aside, and proposed a tête-à-tête dinner at the Piazza Coffee-house, where I got acquainted with Duke Primus, of whom I shall speak hereafter.

During dinner, my friend put me up to a number of new things, and pitied my innocence exceedingly. He told me that arrests were all bagatelles; that

there were accommodating, fashionable attornies and bailiffs, as well as fashionable cyprians and coach-makers; that a man might carry on the war with splendour, with a brace of disguised bailiffs in the house on executions; and that as for personal arrest, a stylish bailiff would tip you the wink when there were actions against you, and all you had to do was, either to send him a twenty pound note, and to go out of town for a short time, or to purchase Jew bail, and go to his house, settling the action, and palming him for his decency and good breeding. "Then," said he, "my boy, the whole may be wound up by a lucky hit, a well managed race, or a matrimonial engagement."

I went home delighted with what I had learned, and most faithfully followed his instructions. The next night I went to the route of Lady ——, wife to a high military character in St. James's Square. The room was crowded with beauty and fashion; but the three graces, who then bore the bell, were Lady Charlotte C———, Lady Augusta her sister, and Lady Emily H———. What a pity that flowers so fair should ever fade! I was, on this occasion, introduced to the lovely Duchess of ———, who gave me an invitation to hunt with her son; and I shall hereafter detail the hospitality and gallantry of her noble mansion, and give the history of *les Veillées du Chateau*, and *les petits talons*. As I

owed a bet to Sir John S——, I called in at White's to pay it, lost more than I had, gave a memorandum of I. O. U. and was indebted to my dear Lord —— for the means of paying it next day.

A street row called my attention on my way home; I stopped my vis-a-vis, and got into the thick of it; and here I formed a friendship with the Honourable George Suspender, since a peer, one of the best hands to clear a street, or to put the ragamuffins to flight, I ever met with.

At fist and cudgel, honest George strikes his colours to none; at small and broad sword, he can manfully take his part; he'll ride down any man;

and out-talk the devil. I do not know how many hundred men he ran through like larks upon a spit, with his friend General T——; and some say that they ate them! He is no bad hand at a bow; and is at that (the long one) only beaten by Colonel Thornville Royal.

The Honourable George is adored in St. Giles's, known in Newgate, hand and glove with one or two unfortunate high-way-men (during their confinement be it understood), and popular with all the world. George could drink, fight, make love, hunt, gamble, and catch rats. Strange qualifications for an heir to a Peerage! He also set up a Faro bank, which I nick-named the Green-stall, on account of a sleeping partner of that

name in the concern; but George was, and is, too good a fellow to make money by play; and whilst P——s, and W——s, and T——, &c. all made fortunes by similar speculations, honest George introduced himself to a prison.

I now staked a great deal of borrowed money on a race; but, failing there, I sold my racers, and made a temporary retreat to the country-house of a nabob, whose wife, a Presbyterian, now living not one hundred miles from Stratford-place, honored me with a preference, which flattered me greatly at the time, but which has since appeared to me more of the pot-luck fare of a friendly and of a hospitable roof, of a freehearted and liberal hostess. We used to have de-

sultory sermons and impromptu prayers every night, and a great deal of neighbourly love every morning. In the homily line, the duties of father and of husband, of mother and of wife, were enlarged upon by the lady, who was always our lecturer. She read well, and detailed these duties in the order above stated—doubtless it was in that form and succession that she learned them herself. Here I met with Sir C. B. who was then a retired spendthrift, and since that period turned out a penurious rich man.

Old Trincomalee, the nabob, grew jealous, and I grew fickle. The former circumstance drove me from —— Park; but no time has ever driven Madame

from my grateful remembrance; and she may receive this avowal as a tribute of my highest consideration. Colonel D. I believe, succeeded me in her good will; but *n' importe.* I know not at present "*cui flavam religat comam.*" She has my best wishes for success in all her undertakings.

When I returned to London, I meditated on new furnishing my house, and on disposing of the old furniture to pay my perfumer, the celebrated and very honest, liberal and ticking Mr. Smith; but a Jew broker had *shaved* me the *troblish,* having shaved my apartments as clean as an oyster could be picked. Whilst I got new furniture into my house, I was obliged to go to

the Royal Hotel, where I was astonished by a visit from one of those A. B. or X. Y. advertising agents, who, knowing the difficulties in which I was plunged, came, kind soul! without any interest, to offer me his poor services. He is by birth a West Briton, by education a rogue, by profession an attorney.—Through him I learned that all my annuitants were rascals, that there was a flaw in all the indentures tripartite, that my bill-doers were usurers, that other claimants had committed perjury in swearing to unjust debts, and, finally, he engaged to bring me through and set me up, clear of incumbrance, in the best possible form, only requiring an advance of one hundred pounds, to defray part of the expenses of contending

with this host of foes. I gave him a brace of hundreds, by parting with my carriage and horses, and by jobbing to replace the appearance of my turn out.

My attorney-friend now became a prime favourite. He bailed me in sixteen actions; and enabled me to go about as free as air, and to attend the Beef-steak club, and other merry meetings. At the former, I got acquainted with C——— M———, and improved my acquaintance with Duke Primus. They were both characters: the latter is lately no more; the former still occasionally presides at

"The fancy stirring bowl."

In Duke Primus's character there

was a great mixture of magnanimity and of meanness, of selfishness and of generosity. Independent in spirit, he certainly possessed the virtue of patriotism; but inwardly covetous of honour, of riches, and of power, no man of his fortune ever did less good. He did, indeed, a few very generous things, but no charitable ones. He buried a great deal of money in useless and ostentatious buildings; and hoarded up a great deal more which might have gladdened the heart of the widow and of the orphan.

Low and gross in his appetites, he sought for the enjoyments of the tender passion in garrets and cellars, in mire and rags. A romantic Cinderella, raked

from the kennel, had more charms for him than the fairest of the fair. His wishes were never *crowned*, half-a crown being the Duke's ultimatum in love. At table he was a great *bon vivant*; and his thirst and appetite were equally surprising. No man did the honours of his table better; and I have often heard him say that a good dinner could not last too long, nor a bad one be over too soon.

The character of C——— M——— is too well known to need a comment. His compositions also are sufficient to give his history. There is in them, as in him, a great mixture of solid masculine talent, a sympathetic delicacy of

feeling, a tender overflowing of the heart, with ever and anon a justness of conclusion and a morality of reflection, which form striking contrasts with the blaze of his wit, frolic, and sensuality. Charles has seen too much of the world to prize it, and too much of the heart of man to trust it. He unbends at the festive board; but he relapses in solitude and in sober hours into the gloom of a reflective mind, which has seen the disappointments and vanities of life again and again. "You would take me," said he to me one day, "for the prince of all dissipation; I am, nevertheless, a man of the most saturnine habits." I consider that Duke Primus used him ill in not leaving him a handsome legacy.

At my levee, I was favored with a visit from my A. B. friend, who assured me that my concerns were going on marvellously well. He so praised every thing I said and did, that he almost convinced me that I was the eighth wonder of the world. He informed me that law-suits were long, although mine were sure of success: hinted that a little more ready money would be useful; and proposed to me a wife, having a ready-made one at my service that would fit me as well as new, an elderly spinster, whose character had experienced a flaw, but with a lap full of money. He perceived that I looked indignant, and then promised to find out a better article; taking my acceptance for two hundred more.

My rage now subsided into tranquillity: I seriously began to think of selling myself, and was only anxious as to the taking up of my bills. I paraded myself before the glass, approved very much of my own appearance, and resolved to bring myself to market to the best advantage. "Every thing," said I to myself, "is sold in London; virtue, modesty, principle, elegance, opinion, religion, and politics." Then why should I not dispose of myself, so as to insure, as my friend, the late Mr. Longwind, used to say, "Indemnity for the past, and security for the future?" I anxiously longed for my active friend's return, whose versatility of talent seemed to hold out so much resource. At this moment he entered my room. My

prime minister now commenced his gross flattery, in such a way, indeed, that I ought to have reflected with the Spaniard, that

"Sospechoso voy——Quererme,
"Y sin conocerme honrarme
"Mas parece sabornarme
"Honor, que favorecerme."
FROM THE ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA.

"These sudden favors with mistrust I view;
"Why should he love the man he never knew?
"Such honors savor more of bribes than meeds,
"To gain my virtue, than reward my deeds."

But I was blind to my own imperfections, and quite alive to the voice of flattery, gross, low, and out of bounds and reason as it was. He had now found a second matrimonial connexion

for me, a Jewess, with a very large fortune; and he insisted that I should begin courting immediately, certain that my manners and appearance would carry the day. He added, that I ought to mention my estate, and produce the rent-roll, but keep the annuities in the back ground. If, however, any of them should be discovered, he would undertake to forge a receipt, as if it were paid off, but had been left, by mistake, yet registered. Then he would draw out titles to other properties not in existence, particularly in Ireland, and in the West Indies; and so blind the Jewess's eyes. He proposed introducing me to her at a concert, and concluded by giving me a paper to sign, by which I undertook to pay him ten thousand

pounds on my marriage with this daughter of Israel, or any other person he could procure.

We now parted: I took my usual ride, borrowed a little loose cash of the waiter at the club-house, and came home to dress for dinner at Captain ——'s, late of the Guards. Captain —— had set up a very elegant house in Baker Street, with every corresponding appointment. His whole establishment was completely *comme il faut*; yet his fortune was spent, his commission was sold, and he had lately made a compromise with his numerous creditors. His ways and means seemed impenetrable to me: yet was he visited by all

the fashion in town, and had a box at the Opera. His wife, a most accomplished woman, did the honors of the table in a very engaging and superior manner; and, notwithstanding all this, he neither played, nor was his wife's good name ever breathed upon by the lips of slander. One circumstance, however, which occurred that day, made me suspect that he had some secret resource, and induced me to make inquiries, which led to a discovery of his plans.

Just before dinner, he said to me, "George, I'll place you at dinner by the side of a rich heiress, about whom I will talk to you to-morrow. She is not absolutely handsome; but she is

uncommonly agreeable." "And good tempered?" added I, in a low tone of voice; "for I never saw an unmarried woman on the list of promotion who was not good tempered until she got married, nor an ugly woman who had not great qualifications of mind: but which is she?" He shewed me by a sign, unperceived by the company, a young woman of good figure, with a very white skin, but a face deplorably mawled by the ravages of the small pox, and a black patch under her ear, intended to conceal symptoms of inflammation, which were, nevertheless, too conspicuous. "You'll like her vastly," added he, "when you are better acquainted:" and at this moment the folding doors were thrown open,

and a puppy of a butler announced that dinner was served up.

I attached myself to my cribbage-faced friend, because I saw every one else paired off like doves in a cage; and I never observed more symptoms of amatory disposition on a Valentine's day amongst the feathered tribe, than at this dinner party.

Lord C—, now a marquis, a man of great prowess in the *champ de Venus*, was placed next a very lovely woman, whose husband was in India, whence she had arrived for the benefit of her health; and his lordship appeared to do every thing for her amusement in the absence of her *caro sposo*.

On the other side of Mrs. —— was a boarding-school miss of exquisite beauty, paired with a Lincolnshire squire of immense property, just of age, just from college, and as rude and uncultivated a plant as ever grew in a fen.

Sir G. J. and Mrs. D. were placed side by side. The lady was then another's, but has since been united to the baronet. If we may believe the *fama clamosa* of that day, there has been no great difference in their family arrangements before and since their nuptial ceremony was performed.

A faded beauty, highly rouged, sat on

one side of our host, to whom he wa uncommonly attentive.

A poor relation of his own wa placed by old Colonel Benares, a nabo of great wealth; and she seemed t play off every *agacerie* of a countr kitten, full of archness and frolic, an bent upon sport. The old fellow pur red her about like a grey tom-cat, an was supremely ridiculous. Every othe couple was equally judiciously placed

Our host seemed to divide his atten tions, and to foster and nourish th different flames which glowed roun the festive board, by well-timed eulo gies and sly remarks, in a most masterly manner. He praised his young cousin's

heart, her sprightliness and sensibility, and he plied old Benares so with Champagne, that the pulse of his passion was at least one hundred and fifty per minute; and the surface of his purple complexion was above fever heat. He looked approvingly at the peer and his adorata; significantly at me and my new conquest; whilst he bantered the green-horn squire, and tried to give notoriety to his attentions to the boarding-school miss; adding, at the same time, the stimulus of wine, and well-turned compliments on the beauty and accomplishments of the squire's neighbour at table, and observing how happy he was to be thus situated.

The dinner went off admirably. We

had turtle, venison, and every rari
of the season, with the choicest wine
but I could discover, from hints and r
turnings of thanks, that the peer ar
the nabob had furnished the turtle ar
venison, and that other presents h
found their way to the captain's larde
Mrs. ——— was nothing short of ca
tivating in doing the honours of h
house; and every one went away d
lighted with her courtliness and b
coming ease.

I was almost too late for the conce
but just in time to get introduced to tl
Jewess. I found my prime minister
an agony of expectation. He ha
however, paved my way by eulogizi
me *usque ad sidera*; and he cou

scarcely conceal his raptures, when I gave him an opportunity to introduce me. As I was "hot with the Tuscan grape," and deep in debt, I considered that no time was to be lost. I calculated to a nicety the first heavy demand which would come against me; and I measured the duration of my love-siege accordingly. Indeed, I resolved to draw the enemy out at once, or to storm her out-works. I accordingly fired shot and shell that night, quoted Italian, Spanish, Latin, and French, tattered Milton to pieces, to make happy selections from it, such as—

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye," &c.

Then, when she dropped her eye-lid

with a mock-modest look, I attacked her with

" Occhi stelle mortale
" Ministri de miei male, &c.

I swore that her black eyes would be the death of me, kissed her huge brown fist, pressed it to my bosom, squeezed her palm until she screamed out, frightened her old mother out of her wits by the extravagance of my conduct, but obtained permission of Rachael to visit her the next day.

" Glorious and immortal, by all the gods!" exclaimed my delighted agent in iniquity. " You are the first of all mankind in talent and in attraction: the day's our own, my hero: we shall have the money shelled down in less

than a fortnight," continued he, in all the madness of golden vision. I took him home in my carriage, and we got so notoriously drunk, that two of my servants were obliged to carry him to bed, and the next day he could scarcely raise his head from off the pillow. I waked, however, in very high order for courtship; for I felt almost delirious, and had all the madness of poetry, without the inspiration.

To give me additional spirit, I put a glass of brandy into my coffee; and I resolved to gallop full speed to my dulcinea's door in Duke's Place, and to vault from my saddle like a winged Mercury; nothing doubting but that this display of my activity would do a

great deal in my favour; whilst I left old six-and-eightpence *hors de combat*, unable to sign a dozen of writs, which I gloried in. Besides, I stole a couple of these from his pocket; so that those parties were quite safe for a little time. What was my surprise, however, on perusing them, to find that one was destined for myself! He, however, accounted for this by saying, that he took it out of another lawyer's hands, and kept it in his own that it might not be executed. The truth, as I afterwards discovered, was, that he meant to give it to a brother limb to execute, was to find bail for me, and if, at any time I did not forward his mercenary views, he was to get my bail to surrender me without warning.

But to return to Rachael. She had a very fine Grecian eye, a good outline of countenance, was fat, and by no means ill-looking, barring vulgarity, and the stamp of her tribe. I made desperate love at this second interview; took very unbecoming liberties, which she suffered very indulgently; and at last I fairly popped the question to her, and obtained her promise to speak to her father and mother, and to meet me the next day in Moorfields.

Delighted with my success, I came home, and found old *habeas corpus* not yet removed. I gave him new life by my recital; kept him again to dinner; took him to make some very odd visits, turned him into ridicule, and then sent

him home in my carriage. I reeled into the Opera, got into a quarrel with a gentleman's coachman who tried to cut my vis-a-vis out, caned him (for which I had afterwards forty pounds to pay), went to W———'s to try my luck, lost all the loose cash which I had borrowed of my prime minister, gave my note for three hundred pounds, which sobered me, and walked home in a most melancholy mood.

CHAPTER III.

On my way home I was abruptly accosted by a female of most interesting appearance. Her figure was tall and slender, but peculiarly elegant; her voice was harmonious; and she had not the least air of immodesty. She was neatly dressed; and had a pocket handkerchief in her hand, containing a small bundle. She implored me in the most pathetic accents, to respect her innocence and misfortunes, and not to conceive a bad opinion of her for being out of doors at that improper hour, alone,

unprotected, and in the street. She declared that the cold pavement, and the canopy of heaven, must, without my assistance, be her curtain and her bed; for that she had neither home nor shelter, money nor friends. She said that she had been turned out of her lodgings at ten o'clock at night, and had wandered the streets from that hour until two; scarcely daring to beg, and not knowing where to hide her wretched head.

I looked on her curiously, suspiciously, yet pitifully. There appeared nothing of the adventuress or mendicant, nothing of the cyprian or of the swindler, about her; and I immediately offered her my house as an asylum,

which, upon hearing that I was a single man, she modestly declined. I then proposed that she should go to one of the inns, from which stages start at all hours; that I should give my name and address, representing her as a respectable person, well known to me, who had been locked out of her lodgings; and that I should deposit what would insure her respect and good treatment.

I accordingly went, and leaving my address, and a gold repeater, for I had no money, I saw cold meat and wine procured for her, and ordered a good bed to be provided, under a promise that she would breakfast there, and see me again in the morning.

On our way to the inn, in a hackney coach, she informed me that she was the daughter of a clergyman deceased; that her father and mother were no more; that her father, having nothing to subsist on but his living, could leave no fortune behind him; that her four brothers had perished by the sword and destructive climates, in the army and navy; that she had been sent as governess to a boarding-school in the west of England, and from thence went into a noble family, which she named, where she gave instructions to two young ladies, and was companion to their mother; but that she was obliged to fly from that roof, to avoid the guilty importunities of the lady's hus-

band, and for fear of involving a family in exposure and domestic misery.

Since that period, all her endeavours to procure a situation had been unavailing: she had subsisted on the sale of her clothes; latterly, she had been buoyed up with the vain hopes of selling a novel, which she had composed; but that on that very morning the bookseller had returned it to her, pronouncing it unfit for sale; and adding, that high-flown sentiment, delicate expression, and moral maxims, in the present day, were wholly unsaleable; and that nothing but wit and scandal, or, indeed, scandal with or without wit, would answer a publisher's purpose.

She was now come to her last change of clothes, which was contained in her handkerchief; and, being in debt for a month's lodging, her barbarous hostess turned her out of doors, adding, that she must either be a fool or a woman of dishonest principle, not to make the most of her person, and to pay her just debts.

As to her future views, she told me that it was her intention, if any charitable person could give her the means, to return to her boarding-school, where her good character would insure her a welcome; and, rather to act in a menial capacity, than to owe even a fortune to the wages of infamy. I strongly applauded her noble resolution; and

assured her that she should not want a friend to promote her interest, and to rescue her from ruin.

The reflection of having done one good action, came across me like a beam of light, which cheered me under all my disappointments and difficulties. Like an angel's visit, comes self-approbation to the distracted mind; and, often in the midst of vice, or in the chequered scenes of folly and of dissipation, a generous deed humanizes an existence which would otherwise be brutal and irrational. One service rendered to unprotected woman, elevates the heart of man to the dignity of a hero. No one has felt that glow more frequently than a certain peer, who shall be nameless;

and who, never divested of the weakness and fallibility of the man, could always come to the recover, could always lighten up life's picture by the predominance of sunshine over every shade.

I awoke with a maddening headache; I reflected on my folly in losing the little ready money which I had, and of giving a draft, which, without the aid of my only friend, Lord ——, would not be answered, I sent to invite him to dine with me that day; but he was in love, and could not come. However, he sent me the needful, relying on my honor; for my security was not then worth a sixpence, and I was deeply in debt to him. I would have given the

world to have remained in bed; but I had an assignation with my Jewess, and also an act of benevolence to perform.

I returned to the inn, where I found my new friend very neatly dressed: she appeared irresistibly pleasing, and extremely modest in her deportment. After thanking me in a shower of tears, she solicited me to send her off that very day, and only required the fare of her coach. I had, however, provided otherwise; by stepping, for the first time in my life, into a pawnbroker's shop on my way, and pledging valuables to the amount of twenty pounds; out of which I paid the small bill at the inn, and then gave her the remainder.

I requested her address at the boarding-school, which she gave; and I assured her that I should make a subscription for her, which should rescue her from the necessity of performing any menial office, the amount of which I should enclose in a week, accompanied by a letter of most anxious inquiries after her health and happiness.

This part of my discourse had so violent an effect upon her, that, had I not supported her in my arms, she would have sunk upon the floor. Her head now fell reclined upon my shoulder; and her arm hung gracefully down in nature's powerful expression of dejection and languor. I raised her gently up, and conveyed her to a sofa, where she reclined some

seconds; and then, after many hysterical struggles, found relief at last in a deluge of tears, interrupted by deep and heavy sighs.

Let the cold-blooded moralist, and the stern professor of religion which has no pity in its creed, reason and rebuke, suspect imposture, and double-lock his hard heart against woman's tears, and against woman's frailty; let him preserve his marble brow, his iron countenance, his unblushing and unchanged features; let him clear his chest and his conscience at the same time by a hem, and pass by suffering beauty; turning a deaf ear to those chords of sympathy, which, in their vibration, rend the breast of humanity.

As for myself, inconsistent being as I am—composed of much evil, strangely mixed with some particles of good—I could, at that moment, have cast myself in devotion on the earth, and have sobbed out supplications for mercy on such a head: I could have importuned the highest throne for comfort and for a balm, for those wounds. Nay, my gay companions, sons of morning and of midnight revels, children of the sun-ray, and festive self-destroyers, to you I also confess, that although my blood galloped in my veins like the fiery chariot of day; although every pulse throbbed with desire and admiration; although the contact of woman's breast lit up an interest in mine which almost consumed me, and which left me no

other sensation; yet was I ruled by the respect which manhood owes to unprotectedness; and, if I had then one vein of my heart which could have rebelled against sacred honor, I think my hand could have let out the purple tide, and thus have purified my being. Oh! how I wished at that time to prolong the pressure of that head upon my shoulder; yet with what precipitation did I remove the dangerous charmer, the enchanting temptation: yes, friends, at that juncture, I could have cast my tattered fortune and myself at the dear woman's feet; and how I, who never was out of a scrape, or disentangled from some imprudence, came to escape on that occasion, I know not. I saw her off by the coach.

My friend, Captain ——, now called, who informed me that my mignonette inamorata was the only daughter of a rich sugar-baker; that her father was no more; and that she was at her own disposal; that she had been thrice on the eve of matrimony; but her personal imperfections had prevented the completion of the bargain, notwithstanding the magnitude of her fortune, of which my friend communicated the particulars, not without exaggeration. He proceeded to state, that his house had been extremely fortunate; for that four matches had been made out of it: two nabobs, rolling in gold, to deserving young women, with small fortunes, i. e. in plain English, without

a farthing; and two heiresses married to ruined men of fashion.

He assured me, that the Lincolnshire squire would certainly marry the young boarding-school lady, whose father had ruined himself, and had left her but five hundred pounds in the world, most of which had gone to accomplish her highly, under the matronage of his wife, who brought her out; and that it would be my own fault if I did not whip up the saccharine heiress myself. "I know," said he, "that you are a little in the wind; and if you succeed, you will not forget me; for I am d——d poor just at present." I squeezed his hand, and assured him of my perfect consideration: "*yo estimo mucho, paderoso*

senor," said I; and I was delighted to see him depart.

I naturally concluded (and I was right) that he was only a more gentlemanlike doer of dirty work than my prime minister; that he was a regular wedlock agent; and his house was neither more nor less than a marriage register office. At that time, two young candidates for Hymen boarded in his house, under the pretence of being on a visit there; and he was deeply in debt to Lincoln Green, whose marriage was to wash off the score. He had also got a pretty nibble from the nabob, whom he kept daily in a state of stupefaction and love, by dinners and the fair cousin's amatory manœuvres; and, when

that event took place, he hoped he should never want a loan, nor a friend to back him, in case of need.

My first emotion was indignation and contempt: but worldliness soon stepped in, and told me that the Captain was not so much to blame; and I accordingly resolved to keep two strings to my bow, and to have the sugar-loaf in view, lest Shadrach should not consent to give Rachael to my needy embraces. I now determined to press my point with the Israelite; for, in my Moorfields interview with Rachael, she had the art to keep my flame alive, by doubt and by anxiety. Her father, she said, would not hear of her marrying, to leave his house (the idea of a Duke's-Place residence horrified me): but she knew that

mothersh would watch a favorable opportunity when she could do any thing with him (so much for female influence); and she herself would meet me in the City Road, and let me know, in two days more, the result of the negociation.

In the mean time, I got acquainted with the sugar-baker's heiress, and thus was armed at all points. This little reserve I kept a secret from my prime minister, whose assiduities were unwearied, and whose exertions to keep my hundred and twenty creditors at bay were not a little laborious. However, he always kept turning the penny, fancying one day a horse, and on another a snuff box, and getting my acceptances for double what he advanced, partly on

the score of payment, and partly under pretence of carrying on all these law-suits. My suit with Rachael was, however, the only successful one; for her father agreed to accept of my pretty person as a cross in his family, provided that on referring him to my man of business, he was *shatishfied* with my fortune and connexions. I accordingly referred him to my premier, who lied and swore, and produced forged documents, sufficient to carry our point. My negociator next required to be satisfied on his part, that the young lady's noble fortune should be well secured; and begged to have chapter and verse, in black and white, for every pound sterling. A day was appointed for this purpose; and our wedding-day was

fixed conditionally. Shadrach now affected illness, and put off the meeting with my lawyer; whilst Rachael and I languished at the delay, and

"Looked and sighed, looked and sighed,
"Sighed and looked, and sighed again."

At length Rachael hit upon a way of easing my pain, which was to elope without her father's consent. She said that he could not bear to part with her, but that when the deed was done, he must come down handsomely; and she assured me, that if I would agree to take a house in the country, so as to live together, she was certain that he would part with an immense sum in order to keep her with him. Besides, added she, I shall take bonds to the

amount of thirty thousand pounds with me; for he confides all his secrets to me, and he must give us them. This appeared a little like a forced loan, or rather something savouring of dishonesty; but

"——— when a lady's in the case,
"You know all other things give place."

So I consented to the elopement, and fixed every thing for that purpose on the next night.

I now prevailed upon a money-lender to advance me two hundred pounds on a bond for four, payable at a short date; and I arranged every thing for my departure for Gretna-green, when, to my utter astonishment, my prime minister arrived, pale and almost breathless, and

informed me that I owed more than my life to him, namely, my fortune, having just come to save me from ruin; for, that if I had married the Jewess, I should have been irrevocably lost. He further stated, that her father was nothing but a hired acceptor of bills, a hack bail for distressed rakes, a procurer of money without any funds of his own; and that Lord Longtick and Sir Harry Throwover had run him so hard, that he must inevitably become a bankrupt; that this was the reason why he could not explain his property to my man of business; and that the runaway match betwixt Rachael and myself was to have made up his other losses. "A pretty diamond cut diamond!" exclaimed my double-faced attorney.

"But how to put off the lady?" said I, "what a disappointment for her!" "Oh! d—n her," said he, "leave that to me." I suggested the propriety of shamming illness, and of getting him to see the father; and, on his refusing to settle handsomely on his daughter, to break off gently; but he insisted on blowing the parties up, and on threatening a lawsuit, by which manœuvre, I was afterwards informed, he extorted from Shadrach a trifle in the form of hush-money.

He now set his wits to work, to find out another match; for our paper was nearly coming due. I, on my part, felt deeply in love with Eliza Mannering; such was the name of the young

female I had relieved; but poverty obliged me to sell myself, and I kept up a correspondence with the lady with the marked countenance, and with the black patch under her ear, not, however, without suffering acutely, for my affections were in the West, and I experienced that

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
"Finer feelings can bestow;
"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
"Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

I now applied myself to raising a subscription for Eliza, and I succeeded eminently. The Honorable George Suspender, although poor at the time, and no longer the intimate and favorite of an illustrious personage, whose house had changed its visitors entirely, contri-

buted his mite *con amore;* and both the late and the present Lords B. who never close their hearts or their hands on female claims, subscribed most liberally. My good lord gave twenty guineas, and I collected in all two hundred.

And here I must observe, that the young men of that day had more feeling and generosity than the succeeding race. The latter shew more pugilistic strength of body, but the puniest hearts imaginable; for, in my opinion, tenderness and bravery are twin brothers. I received a most grateful letter from my fair *protégé*, and I was every day getting more and more in love with her, yet daily gaining ground with my disagree-

able mistress, whose romantic letters, and amorous replies in our meetings, indicated certain success.

One day, as I was sitting in my night-gown, and giving audience to a score of duns, my prime minister entered. "Glorious and enchanting news!" cried he, and, when the room was with difficulty cleared, he opened his budget of schemes. He had found out a little deformed heiress, whose father had been a stockbroker. She was elderly, and her mother so infirm in mind and body, that Miss Lovelure could do what she pleased with her. He proposed that we should put four horses to my barouche, and go down together to Bath,

there to lay siege to the golden fleece; and he suggested the propriety of my sending my few remaining saddle horses to Tattersall's, in his name, to defray the expenses.

I could not help feeling revolted at his excessive meanness and cupidity; nor could I refrain from observing, that deformity and bad temper were no very great hymeneal temptations; and finally that my best horse, got by Highflyer, I positively would not part with; nor could I go down to Bath for a week. He had the impudence to say that beggars must not be chusers; that he had done a great deal for me; that I was in his power; and that I ought to abide by his advice: in fine, he grew so insolent,

that I turned him out of the room, and ordered him never to presume to re-enter my house. "Very independent, indeed," exclaimed he, in a rage; "but you shall see how you can do without me."

In about three hours afterwards, I was arrested for two thousand pounds; my three carriages and all my horses were seized; and an execution for fifteen hundred pounds was put into my house, all at the instance of my valuable friend and very serviceable prime minister, my faithful slave and servant, as he often styled himself. In this dilemma I was obliged to pass four-and-twenty hours in a sponging-house. My friend, Lord ——, was at Brighton;

and all other friends failed me in the hour of trial. I had bailed many a fellow, and lent both my money, name, and credit, more than once; but I now found no return.

At last I received a visit from Captain ———, of Baker Street, who bailed me for two thousand, and an additional five hundred, lodged as detainers against me. He urged me to conclude my alliance with the sugar-loaf concern, in which event he was to receive five and twenty hundred pounds. I got out of quod; and allowed my property to be sold to defray the executions, whereby I parted with about six thousand pounds worth of valuables, plate, furniture, carriages and horses

included, to pay little more than three thousand. Moreover, to amuse me during my confinement, Double-face had sent in his enormous bill, begged to give up my business (that was unnecessary), stated my loss of all my law-suits, and presented me with a list of my creditors, one hundred and forty in number, and the amount of their demands about ten thousand guineas.

I was thus in a hopeful situation; but then my inamorata had fifty thousand, which would amount to double what I owed, gaming debts, and what I had received at different times from Lord ———, included, who, *soit dit en passant*, about this time eloped with the wife of a certain person who shall

be nameless; and was the dupe of a horrible collusion.

I was now obliged to lodge at Dorant's Hotel, to job a chariot and pair; and to buy two saddle horses on tick, in order to keep up appearances; putting my servants on board wages, and selling the repeater in order to stop their mouths. More needy than amorous, I effected in a few weeks my matrimonial scheme; but found, to my great mortification, that my blushing and blooming bride had only half what was stated; so that I could just pay my debts, and set up housekeeping again; leaving but a few hundreds of balance in my banker's hands. Captain —— was now very pressing for his two thou-

sand five hundred; and I learned, not long after, that his hospitable roof was not only a matrimony but an assignation shop; that he had palmed his poor relation on the nabob; that he received pecuniary aid from the faded beauty who sat on his right hand: and that, had I not paid my obligation when I did, I should have been arrested at his suit, as he had an attorney in constant pay to carry his speculations into effect. We are truly, thought I, in the iron age; for, as I learned when under my tutor,

Non hospes ab hospite tutus, non socero gener
Rara est quoque gratia fratrum.

OVID.

CHAPTER IV.

THE number of affairs which I now had on my hands—a new establishment, plans to lay for beginning the world again, new credit to establish after wiping off the old score; and, above all, the dread of retirement with a wife whose appearance and health were not inviting, and whose temper was far from amiable, decided me on passing only the few first days of *mes noces* out of town, and on plunging into the gay scene again, with the precaution of blazoning my wife's

escutcheon of pretence on all my new carriages, and of acting *selon l'usage* in high life, by giving out her fortune for four times its amount.

I only passed the fourth part of my sugar-moon at Salt Hill, where Mrs. W and a certain individual were dallying the soft hours away; and where poor Mrs. R. once the favourite of a royal lover, was spending a week with General T. in blandishments and in retirement. Poor woman! She was not quite kindly used, when an amiable and illustrious lover, allowing, as he too often has done, his ear to be poisoned by some new intruder on his confidence, abruptly flung this flower from his breast, and never allowed her an oppor-

tunity for explanation, or for the defence of errors laid to her charge, and which were not completely substantiated.

Admirable and milk-hearted as that great man is, he has had the fate of untwining love's folds in a very harsh and sudden manner. Mrs. H—— he could not respect: he, of course, treated that *passade* most unceremoniously; but how he could tear the rose of Cornwall from the high situation in which he had placed her, from the pedestal on which she was looked up to, he best knows. He, about this time, "took unto him a wife;" and his hymeneal flame burned out almost as soon as it was kindled. There, also, fresh attraction—a right honorable lady about court—gained upon

admiration, and applied the poison of personal flattery and of detraction in another quarter. *Verbum sat.*

His favorites were, however, now of a higher cast than the Copper Colonel, flash George Suspender, dapper Colonel G——, &c.; and he had able senators, naval heroes, and the *chevalier par excellence sans peur et sans reproche*, our British Bayard, for the companions of his hours of confidence. The choice did him honor.

But to return to my affairs. It was *toujours perdrix* in my love-game at present; and, I might add, *toujours ennui*, as a rhyme to it. I got, however, set up in good style; and,

having paid so much and so well of late, not a tradesman could venture to send in his bill for one twelve-month, nor importune for its payment for a second; and here I can name Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, Mr. Leader (since deceased), Mr. Smyth, perfumer, Gunter, and a Mr. Coombe, a then most dutiful tailor, as *nonpareilles*, worthy of the highest patronage, and every her of them men of honor, worth, integrity, and property: ergo, *vivant in eternum!*

My house and establishment had now again some eclat; but as I wanted ready money to support my Opera box, my subscription to the various

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clubs, not to mention *les egaremens du cœur et de l'esprit*, I proposed to my wife to join me in an annuity, in order to raise money, as she had a reversionary right to some sugar-houses and other warehouses in the city, which was put out of the power of a husband by a crafty old uncle. However, as my attentions had greatly decreased, and my company was become scarce at home, she positively refused me, complained of being taken in (monstrous)! and upon this we ceased to inhabit the same apartment at night; keeping in the day, before the public, all the pretty edifying proprieties of "my dear George,—what, love?" &c. &c. so common amongst unhappy pairs, fully justifying

Morris's description of love, in which he emphatically proves, that

"When the substance declines, rich appearance is tried."

After this, I was terribly put to my wits to keep up appearances; and I came to a resolution of entering the army, and purchased a cornetcy accordingly; but, after joining at head quarters, I got leave to come to town, and I lost my cornetcy in one night at play. My intention was to pass a considerable portion of my time at the regiment, and to leave my wife in the town-house: manœuvring, as many fashionable do, in a most wonderful manner, to keep a house, carriage, &c. without any known foundation, or certain income.

what I blush to remember
adds a lustre to the distre
whom I relieved, which has
placed her on an eminen
esteem. I posted down to
country; and, confessing all
laying open all my difficultie
plaining my future plans, I p
Eliza to run off with me, and
my fortune through life. Th
jected, with the pride of vi
with the blush of indignatio
cheek, but not without a st
gratitude

obtained my pardon for my presumption, we parted, and I continued to pay her pension at the boarding-school, whatever was my pecuniary lot.

"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum."

After the refusal of my suit by Eliza, and the loss of my commission, I had nothing to do but to play the man of fashion again, without project or pursuit, except pleasure; and as I was now quite desperate, I returned to the turf, and commenced deep play. There are but two classes that are determined players; those who are desperate in their circumstances, or who are despicable in their abilities: or, in other

words, the dupe and the cheat. There are but two descriptions of men who have any chance of winning; the great capitalist, and the great rogue: the last is certain; and I have known them of all descriptions, from peers and baronets, down to low adventurers and tarnished gentlemen.

I was, unfortunately, neither enough of the one nor the other to win. I had no capital, but could command credit and short loans. I ceased to be a dupe as to the knowledge of chances and of games; but I knew none of the arcana of greeking, which reduces chance to certainty; nor was I backed by powerful weight of metal playing by proxy;

nor wealthy misers, who are secret sharers in play transactions.

I bought a complete new stud on speculation; and I bribed a jockey who generally told me true as to the predetermined fate of a race. I paid high, and I was served rather faithfully. The nabob J— had him afterwards in pay; and he had also valuable intelligence from club waiters, and a three-parts honest attorney, who gave him early intelligence of a good thing in the way of purchase, or of placing his money out on good and productive security.

My new friend, the jockey, soon enabled me to pay for my stud, and to put a clear thousand in my pocket at Doncaster races; but my ill luck at play

nearly counterbalanced all my gains. I, however, got acquainted with the next heir of entail to my property; and, on assuring him that a separation had taken place between me and my wife, and giving him a bond of forfeiture for two thousand pounds, in case of my having a male heir, or marrying again in the event of my present wife's decease, he kindly gave me one thousand pounds. The matter was managed by my friend, the captain, who received one hundred from each of us.

By these ways and means, I carried on the war for nearly two years; having spent, in the last five of my life, sixty thousand pounds, and having, for the last three, been in almost daily uncer-

tainty about the morrow, tick and horse-racing resources excepted.

I however found, on looking round me, that many of my friends lived by ways and means less honorable, and not more profitable, than myself: a certain *militaire* owed his annuity to his personal attractions, and received pensions and legacies from frail dowagers; Lord —— kept a gaming table; a northern baronet lived by his horses; Sir J. D—— was a money procurer; my friend, the captain, kept an echo office for love and wedlock; capitalists were usurers behind the scene; and elderly ladies of ruined fortune were procuresses behind the curtain. There was every where something more going on

My wife, although some
than plain, had no heir; b
acquired all the airs of hig
she played her part with eas
posure. We had our separat
our separate establishments,
rate apartments, our separa
and our separate friends. I
sumed to enter her chamber;
even knocked at mine; her
Opera was never intruded c
whilst my men parties onl
her for a few minutes after

me with a put on smile, when we met at the same parties.

All was right and going on regularly, when I met with, in one day, the most consummate villain in a male associate, and with a female adventurer, who, for a time, occupied my attention, and diverted my affections from Eliza. I shall mention each of these circumstances in turn, and give the male character first, leaving the lady for an after-piece.

I chanced to dine at a tavern with a turf man, who had lost a treat to a dozen, including every kind of wine for which we could call, on a coursing match of Lord O——'s: the winner

asked his friends; and I happened to have been at college with him, so that I was one of the twelve, who were invited to a most extravagant regale upon this sporting occasion.

Our dinner was most magnificent: it was the *chef d'œuvre* of extravagance; and the greenhorn who lost the bet seemed determined to shew that he was above economy, and knew how to live. Our party consisted of three peers, two baronets, the Leg-count R———, and half a dozen commoners; amongst whom were Jack Moses, whose manliness has since recommended him to be the partner of a Duchess; and Arthur Numskull, who, in spite of the impenetrability of his cranium, contrived to try it

so by a fall from his horse, as to occasion his premature death. Poor Arthur! he had a good heart; but

> " The bottle and the gout
> " Did so knock his hull about," &c.

that brandy could not save him. Many a one will, however, regret his hospitable board in town, and his keeping open house in the season at Kingsgate. A part of the conversation savoured more of business than of pleasure; and a stranger, to have overheard it, might have thought that we were a mercantile party, and that he had dropped in at high 'change. There were such openings of pocket-books, and pullings out of gold pencils, such memorandums and appeals, such refer-

ences to the knowing ones of the party, such payings of bets and takings down of fresh ones, such disputes and differences of opinion. "I'll bet you a thousand, Lord B——, that you are wrong," cries greenhorn. "Done twice over." "Sir Harry, you are in a gross error: Lord Egremont's horse did not run that match," says another. "A very odd race," exclaims a third. "Any man, of common sense and fair dealing, must have seen that the bay horse had the best of it," exclaims a fourth. Then we had a difference as to the odds, and a jar about a bubble bet; the regulations of the Jockey Club called for; six bets set down, and witnessed in form; Lord ——'s groom sent for by his master, to be examined on a race; a hunter sold

for the small sum of seven hundred guineas, and a dog at the moderate price of seventy; exchanges of carriages; fowling pieces, and a shooting poney; a handycap made for a private race; and a match made up for the next day at the racket-court. One hundred was subscribed for a fool to go blind-folded from Cambridge to a certain church across the country; and a thousand was made up for a match against time.

Such were the rational amusements; or rather, I ought to say, such the important transactions of a great part of the evening. We now proceeded to hide the horse for another merry meeting, and to make sporting and other engagements; to traduce mens' mis-

tresses, and to throw out inuendo
respecting their faithful brides; and the
we got snug back to the stable, wher
we tarried in conversation for thre
long hours. We had there as ample
page on the pedigree of one horse a
the whole history of Bourbon and
Nassau, or of the houses of Witikin
and Braganza, would have occupie
We had next a volume on the annals
hunting; and the transactions of th
turf were detailed in a speech of thr
quarters of an hour.

The Reverend B. D. Clericus w
eulogized with many an oath, and mar
an expression of turf slang; and h
health was drank as a benefit and
blessing to mankind, and as a pillar

the church, for bringing out that stupendous book of knowledge, the Sporting Magazine: and one member, in an altered voice, with purple lip and hoarse throat, proposed that a subscription should be set on foot to erect an equestrian statue to his honor, near some race-course, with a fox's brush in his hat, and a hound running before him.

Now the wine took different courses with various constitutions. One man grew generous and benevolent (only one); another grew noisy, and sang unbidden; a third turned stupid; and a fourth grew positive and contradictory. One told us his own secrets; and another observed the silence of the grave, only when he drew out the secrets of a

third, quizzed him in a laconic manner, or smiled in scorn at the *foiblesse* of a weaker brother than himself. "Let no such man be trusted." I sat next to a particularly pleasant man, a good companion, and one who seemed to be master of all the transactions in high life, all *les on dits* of gallantry and fun, all the chit-chat so essential to the *assaisonnement* of modern conversation. He blamed me for taking a bet with Lord S. on a trial of strength and science (since that term is prostituted to the art of milling) between Humphreys and Mendoza; and prevented me from taking long odds, where I should certainly have lost to Count R. These two acts of friendship raised him in my estimation; and the increased pulse

which generous wine produced opened my heart to him without reserve.

My friend proposed that as my carriage horses were young, and my own property, that he should take me home in his; or rather, I ought to have said, "give me a cast:" such were his words. I accepted, and at about three, A.M. we broke up, taking the directions which the tide of wine guided us to. One went to a favourite; three on roving commissions; a couple, who hunted together, steered in the latitude of Berkeley Square, with a *western* breeze; two were carried off speechless to their spouses; and the rest went to hell, I mean to Mrs. W——'s, well known by that name.

My new friend, with whom I
shaken hands at least fifty times, in
ed on my not going to play, and
dently brought me safe home to
lonely couch.

I found my valet de chambre
asleep; was told that my wife was
returned from a masquerade; rea
letter from my groom, informing
that my best horse was lame, and c
not run at Doncaster, whereby I lo
heavy sum, it being a p.p. and per
a letter from fair Eliza. It was
growing light: my mind was unea
sleep had fled from my eye-lids;
there remained only the irritation
heat, without the irradiation and so

ing quality of wine; so that I resolved to dress myself in a morning costume, and to go out in search of *la bonne aventure*. I sallied out accordingly, determined to look in at two gambling-houses, but only to risk five guineas; to visit the watch-house and the finish; and to knock up two or three persons of my acquaintance.

In the course of this ramble, I met with the female adventurer before alluded to, who shall be the subject of future animadversion. I got home at about six, and dozed until ten; wrote letters and put off duns until twelve; and took two hours for dressing and inspecting my stable. About two o'clock my *nouveau camarade* arrived, com-

plained of the head-ache; said that he was obliged to call on the Prince, which I afterwards found out was a falsehood; that he had two engagements for dinner, but that he was not equal to it; that the Sillery, Lafitte, and Hermitage, of the day before, had put him *hors de combat;* and that if I chose to ride off our debauch, he would start with me at four o'clock, and go down to his *petit etablissement,* near Epsom; adding, that he knew that I had good cattle, but that if I chose to trust my *corpus* on a mare of his, which he called Crazy, he would answer for our getting down in little more than an hour; that I could send my groom off with a change two hours previous, and that he would get a man or two to make up a trio, or a

partie quarrée, and that we could rusticate for a couple of days, in order to bring us round.

The proposal appeared so agreeable, that I cheerfully accepted it, despatched my *valet de chambre* in a post-chaise, looked in at the racket-court, where a throw-over was going on, and met my friend at the bottom of St. James's Street, where, mounting his groom on my horse, I bestrode Crazy, and we set off with four fiery steeds at three parts speed. We were not long getting down to Bagatelle; and I was so pleased with Crazy, that I offered two hundred guineas for her of my own accord; but my kind friend said, "George, (thus intimate had we got) I will not take your

money; first, because I can probably get more, if I look out for an opportunity, and next because it is a long price, more than you can afford, and more than you ought to give: you have plenty of horses; and don't throw away your money: she is at your service until sold; and we may make some *coups* together, which may recruit your finances, for I know that you have been the victim of your own artless and generous disposition, and that your heart has sailed too fast for your pocket, my boy."

This candor and disinterestedness charmed me: I thanked him heartily, and he continued further to ingratiate himself with me, by informing me that

he had got secret intelligence of an execution which would be out against me in a few days, but that if I would take his advice I should get through it. His plan was, that I should make over my horses, carriages, and furniture, to him, by which means they could not be sold: my plate, he said, I might send to the banker's, and he would lend his for a few days to my wife. He added, he would instruct his attorney how to act when the execution was attempted, and that I should remain *perdu*, at his sporting seat, until he had negociated a renewal of the bond, so as to give me time; adding that his man of business should join in the security; and that we would lay our heads together how to meet the demand when it be-

came due. Such unparalleled friendship quite overpowered me. But he did not stop there.

After going over his capital stables, and after seeing his excellent stud, his dog-kennel and armory, containing beautiful fowling pieces and other arms, of foreign and home manufacture, he led me to his library, well chosen; to his cellar, well stored; to the saddle and harness room, as neat and clean as a drawing-room; and, finally, through his pleasure-grounds, laid out with much taste. Then, entering his dressing-room, he took up a pen and ink, and said, "My dear George, if you want a loose hundred or two to send home, or to keep your rascals of grooms

respectful and in order—to keep up the stud in good form, or to send to a fair favorite, I will write you out a draft to that amount, and take your simple acknowledgment for it; and pay me when you please. In the interim, make my house your home; *vive la joie et la bagatelle:* there are some very pretty girls in the neighbourhood; horses and dogs at home; a bit of mutton and fish every day; and more wine than you can master in three years, so '*Vogue la galere tant quelle peut voguer.*"

Here was a friend indeed! I thought him a parallel for a certain peer then abroad: I could scarcely refrain from tears, and accepted the kind offer. We now went to dress, and at about eight

o'clock sat down to a sumptuous feast. Covers were laid for six, but my friend produced three apologies, which of course I did not peruse; and we sat down three in number, himself, his *querida*, a very young and pretty girl who had eloped from her parents, and my unworthy self.

After dinner, Emma (so he called her) retired, and we got into confidential conversation. I unbosomed my whole heart to him, told him my difficulties, my domestic infelicity, my prospects, my fears, and deposited the inmost secrets of my soul in his friendship and confidence: "It is high time, George," said he, "that you should grow wise: '*Sapere aude*,' as our

friend **Horace** says: you have been a dupe long enough: as for your wife, I will put you upon a plan of getting rid of her; but the first thing, '*ante todas cosas*," as we say in Spain, is to get a little money, and to get rid of all pecuniary embarrassments." To all this I readily consented.

He now prefaced his plan by quoting princes and potentates, who knew turf tricks, glanced unmerited censure at high dignity in a Newmarket transaction, assured me that many noblemen, gentlemen, bankers, and traders, increased their means by play; and that the greater the capitalist, the greater his chance of making a fortune; "but," concluded he, "we must

ngers with an elongated ex
"there, George; there is a fo
"At your fingers ends!" answ
"Aye, George; but of this he
the present plan for your immec
lief is to set up a faro bank,
giving private play. Nothing
more *honorable!* the chances
table are quite enough. I kno
you have no money, but you c
Jack Rackrent and Sir Simon
each to give you their acceptan

take the field with five thousand in hand; and if we do not turn ten thousand a-piece in a quarter of a year, Hoyle was an old washerwoman, and Cocker a dunder-headed boy."

I swallowed all this with a glass of Cyprus wine, and sat astounded in silent wonder and admiration. So confused was I at the time, that if my friend had told me he could rebuild the temple of Solomon I should have believed him. The song and the toast now rolled on: Emma enchanted us on the harp, and a hasty supper, with plentiful libations, crowned the night. My host hinted to me, before we went to our chambers, that no time was to be lost in procuring the acceptances; and begged, at concluding,

that I would not name our plan to any one; and that, in asking the favor of my friends, his name should be held sacred. I was to state that I wanted that *trifling* accommodation, *the mere lending of a name* for a few weeks, to meet some losses either at Newmarket, White's, or the *Savoir vivre;* and to make light of the matter, as if it were a *mere act of civility,* scarcely worthy the name of service between man and man. Here he testified his *noble contempt for money,* with "What is a few paltry thousands betwixt friends or fellows of spirit?" and we parted in all the links and sympathies of a never-ending attachment.

Added to the charm of his conversation, and his being a good bottle com-

panion, he was moreover a great judge of mankind, a well-read, and a greatly travelled man; but, above all, he had a *Je ne sais quoi* about him of fashion and of ease, which gives the last *vernis* or polish to a man. Apropos of the *Je ne sais quoi*, he belonged to that club which received its highest lustre from the star of England when in its early resplendence. I had, during three successive long vacations, visited Paris Spa, and had seen our army on the continent: I had learned, in my closet, most of the modern fashionable languages; but still I felt my great inferiority to him, and I resolved to remedy that when opportunity offered. I was now only twenty-five years of age, and I had seen a great deal, and had been

twice ruined; but I expected to be perfected under my accomplished friend, and, through his stupendous abilities, to become richer than ever. With this golden dream I fell asleep, waked about noon, when followed—the morning reflections.

Oh, flattery! how pleasing thou art to the heart and to the ear of man and of woman! Not only did the fruits of promise bloom beauteously in my view at opening my eyes, but the glow of friendship and the treacherous stimulus of wine double nerved and inflamed me. I had a false prowess about me, which could have overthrown a Centaur; an artificial courage, which fitted me for warlike or for amorous *emprise*; a sen-

sibility ready to melt at woman's tear, to to flow for a friend in the hour of danger; a *gaité de cœur*, which made me ready to leap over the moon, a *nonchalance* about the world and worldliness that rocked me into a security, and made me not care, as Burns says, *if a' the world went topsy turvy o!*

My kind friend, too, had so flattered me about my own abilities and my superiority over men of my age, that I was very well indeed at home. Although a *limb*, not of the law *only*, had deceived me by his grossest of all flattery, and defrauded me of about three thousand pounds for bill of costs, advice, and services *not* performed, yet was the present incense far more sweet, insinuating,

and effectual, than that of the former deceiver.

Nothing was farther from my heart than suspicion of any living being, and much less of one who was become, as far as friendship can go, the "*Dimidium animæ meæ.*"

We were all in high spirits at breakfast: an admirable one was provided, and a glass of Maresquina bore our courage up. We took a break-neck ride, in which my all-accomplished companion performed prodigies of horsemanship, clearing fences, double ditches, five-barred gates, hurdles, palings, &c. and we came home, the one delighted with himself, the other doubly delighted with

his friend. Our two guests also luckily arrived; and I carried into effect the sage counsel of my valuable associate.

They entered with faces heated with champagne and the want of rest. Jack Rackrent, my old college companion, gave *tongue* first: "Whoop! whoop! hark to him, my boy! What the h— are you here, George? Another hard day and be d—d to you: here we are, Sir Simon, and I hard up: to be sure we do lead the devil's own life." "Not yet," replied I. "You be d——," continued he. "I'll bet the longest odds ever known, that you don't find a brace of fellows to keep up with us in hard going: there's the Prince, to be sure, he is a prime bit of royalty, a soul of a

fellow, the essence of elegance, and a pattern of every thing that's noble and stylish: he dined at the *Je ne sais quoi club* 'tother day, sat up all night, and then started off as fresh as a four-year old to a stag hunt; had a very tough day's work of it, and carried on till four in the morning: but bless your heart, old George,* that's nothing to Sir Simon and I: we have not had our clothes off these three nights. One night we were tripping it on the light fantastic toe at Lady Louisa's ball: next night as drunk as two lords at the Thatched House, and up at hazard till six in the morning; then started for

* It was then common at Oxford to call a friend "Old One."

Richmond, and gallopped there every inch of the way, took a warm bath and a breakfast, cantered back again, dashed through the Park, dined tête-à-tête at Sabloniere's hotel, and then went to Mrs. G———'s masquerade, next to a pugilistic match; and here we are arrived at full speed in one hour and fifteen minutes by the Baronet's stop watch, without drawing bit. Whoop! whoop! my old sportsman."

"By the bye, your wife was at the masquerade, George, as large as life, and twice as natural, hung to the arm of a raw-boned subaltern. By Juno, you had better take care that she don't make you a Knight of the Crescent; for she is growing d——ly dissipated of

late. She has got acquainted with the northern Duchess, and was confoundedly plucked at cards; and this is the second masquerade which the good lady has been at within a week. The female *legs* are all after her, like crows about carrion; for they don't know that you have worked up all the *Spanish*, and they expect to make a good thing of her. She was in the character of *Night* at the last masquerade; but she soon unmasked—there she was wrong, for the mask was the best face of the two by far. How the devil you could marry such an ugly ———: but I beg your pardon; I mustn't run you too hard, neither. You don't mind me, I know; besides, I'm any thing but sober. I say, Simon, my boy, your eye looks

like a boiled gooseberry: you're almost extinguished."

Here I took Jack aside and asked him for the acceptance, my host having furnished me with stamps, of which he had always a pocket full in case of emergency. "My acceptance!" cried Jack. "Aye, Georgy, any thing but the *stumpy*. I can't *post the cole* at all: I've been horribly pigeoned of late; but you shall have my acceptance. I suppose it is a mere matter of form." "A mere matter of form," replied I, and I put the acceptance in my pocket. I now waited until the hour of dressing, and found Sir Simon had been lying down and taking two hours rest; he neither

had the strength of mind nor of body which Jack possessed; and it was always the latter's boast—" by Juno, I think I shall kill that fellow at last."

Jack Rackrent was a very different character to Sir Simon, as will soon appear; although both their finales might offer useful lessons to the youth of fashion, if they would peruse them with attention. Jack was all heart—all noise—all rattle—an excellent scholar, and a merry fellow. He was extravagant from thoughtlessness and from generosity; and a hard liver from a love of good fellowship, and from priding himself on his constitution and

on his animal spirits. He had some fine estates in Ireland, which he never saw; was the dupe of every money-lender in town; honorable in principle, but taking no thought of to-morrow: in a word, no man's enemy but his own.

Sir Simon was a man of the weakest intellect, dissipated from taste, fond of wine, proud to appear in the public papers for having a superior well-built carriage, or for giving a mad price for a horse. He lived hard, because great men did the same; and he gamed and spent a large fortune, merely for fashion's sake. He, in contradistinction to Jack, was no man's friend but his own; he was strict with his servants,

would cavil for half-a-crown, grudged what he spent, got into Parliament merely to protect his person, had very bad principles, and never paid a guinea unless on compulsion. At the same time he would pay a heavy gaming debt to a man of title, with the greatest exactitude, making his trades-people wait seven years, and even ruining his poor creditors, in order to support his extravagance, and to give him greater eclat.

As soon as I entered his room, I made my request in an easy way, as if it had been a matter of indifference; and I immediately perceived him turn pale. He stammered and hesitated much, tried to evade the question, ex-

plained to me his heavy losses on the turf, and at play; the general want of money, the pressure of the times, the unpleasantness of acceptances in case of unforeseen delays, with many other substantial reasons for not complying. But I had already learned a good deal from my host, and knew how to charge my battery, and to shift my ground on an emergency. I accordingly put the bill in my pocket; said it was of no consequence; that such a d—d paltry sum as twelve hundred and fifty was not worth talking about; that I could get it by going to town, but that I wanted to save myself the trouble. However, that I did not think an old college companion would have been so shabby, and that I was sorry I had

asked him. This produced its effect; and he apologized, took up the pen and ink, and accepted the bill; drawing a deep sigh as he concluded his name, and begged that I would be regular in taking up the bill, and that I would not name the transaction to Jack. This just suited me; for I had begged Jack not to tell the baronet of his having accommodated me: and thus all was snug as possible.

I lost no time in communicating my success to my friend, who chuckled with delight as he put the acceptances in his pocket. We had a hard drinking day: my host won a small sum at chicken hazard; and our guests went off in high spirits. My host accompanied

them, and returned the next day; having fenced off all my difficulties, and established the bank. There I was grieved to the heart to see poor Jack lose ten thousand pounds, whilst Sir Simon paid his little forfeit for the honor of my accomplished friend's acquaintance and society. It was often extremely painful to me, to observe some good fellow, the esteemed companion of my youthful years, fall a victim to this fly-trap of a bank, which my unfeeling friend used jocosely to call the *cobweb*. However, I used to solace myself by the immense sum we should have to divide at the end of the season; and I obtained great credit from a Jew, on the strength of my being a partner in this concern.

The season was now nearly closed, when my masterly manœuvrer of a friend introduced me to a most accomplished French count, with whom we dined, and who accompanied us to the *cobweb* with his pockets full of rouleaus. I anticipated seeing him quit the table like one of *Pharoah's lean kine;* for I candidly confess, that I had my mind slightly tinged with the gangrene of *greeking*. But, to my utter astonishment, and overwhelming discomfiture, the count had such a run of luck, that he broke the bank, carrying off poor Jack's securities for ten thousand pounds; five thousand more won from strayed pigeons, and the two thousand five hundred raised on the acceptances which I was now unable to take

up, besides the other two thousand five hundred of my partner in the concern.

My friend came to sup with me; swore that he was a ruined man; d——d the foreigner; struck his head as if in an agony; said that he *even* wanted the two hundred which he had lent me; and left me in such despair, that had he drowned himself, I should not have been surprised. But what complex villainy was brought to light, when I found out, some years afterwards, that this was all a preconcerted scheme, and that he, *in fact*, broke his own bank; the count being a confederate in the plot, and having that season won ten thousand pounds more at private play, in concert with my false friend, besides

this *coup* of the cobweb! I was r
completely ruined for the second tir
every thing being sold off; my v
obliged to go into lodgings, and my
into the Rules of the Fleet.

CHAPTER V.

On that eventful night when I formed a connexion with the basest of men, as I turned the corner of St. James's Street, between three and four in the morning, I was accosted by a most interesting looking woman, about six-and-twenty, of a dark complexion, and with piercing black eyes, shooting their darts through the longest silken eyelashes that ever I beheld. Her figure was tall and majestic; and there was much dignity in the whole of her de-

portment. "A fine morning," said she, with a sigh; and then summoned up a smile, which chid nature for thus doing violence to herself. It was something more heart-piercing than a blended smile and tear; it was a convulsive effort which bespoke a wounded spirit, a heart wrung with affliction! "Will you take me home with you?" added she, in an inarticulate accent of hidden grief; "Or *vice versa?*" said I. "I have no home," replied the daughter of sorrow; "no home, no husband, no friends." The bosom that has been softened by suffering, is ever open to sympathy: mine always melted at a woman's wrongs. Here (thought I to myself) is another Eliza, another victim of misfortune, another sacrifice to

poverty or to seduction; some plundered rose, some deserted partner of an unnatural mate. Alas! cried I, the birds of the air cherish their young, and betray not their females: man only is cruel to his mate. On examining her countenance, I found a strong resemblance to an old officer, whom I had met during my very short service as a dragoon. "Do you know Colonel ——?" said I. "Unfortunately, for the honor of his family, I am his daughter," answered she. I offered her my arm; and, as she folded her's within it, her convulsive tremor shook my whole frame. "And hast thou no roof to shelter thy lovely head, daughter of affliction?" exclaimed I. "Yes;—no: oh! no;" replied she, shaking her head,

and under infinite confusion. "Then I will procure thee one," added I, putting a bank-note into her hand. "Not for the world!" said she: "save me this once." I asked what she meant by that expression. She assured me, that this was her first step in the paths of vice; that I might think her an impostress, but that if I would accompany her home, she would give me *three reasons* for her base conduct.

I complied; and she conducted me to her wretched garret. There, stretched upon a cold bed of straw, were three lovely children screaming for want, and calling on their mother's name. An execution had carried off every article of furniture: she had pledged all her

wearing apparel except the mourning dress she wore; and neither herself nor her children had tasted food for six-and-thirty hours. She told me that she had sought for work in vain, and had no means of keeping life in herself and children, except by receiving the price of infamy. Here she shed a profusion of tears; and concluded by saying, that she had gone out at ten o'clock with evil intent, but that her heart failed her and she returned; when the hungry accents of her agonized babes drove her out again with the choice of suicide and prostitution staring her in the face. She blessed the hand that relieved her in that trying moment; and, turning to one of her children, sobbed out, "Mary, this gentleman

is kinder than the father who has deserted you."

The substance of her story was, that h e had been early seduced by a villain, who, after fixing a stain upon her reputation, and having three children by her, had basely deserted her and gone abroad: that her father would not look on her, nor save her and her children from perishing for want; and that she was abandoned by the whole world, and left to her wretched fate. Truth mars the merit of my generosity to this unhappy woman; for her attractions gained such an ascendency over me, that I remained attached to her for many years. I expended on her a very large sum of money; and, disgusting and

singular to tell, I was awakened from my dream of delight, from the security of the tenderest confidence, from an unmerited and ill-bestowed partiality, by discovering her to have formed a connexion the most mean and degrading; since which she has been married to the party. Thus is the heart of woman a complete riddle; and thus has many a frail fair one committed a prostitution of the heart by being made *an honest woman.*

My stay in the Rules of the Fleet was of short duration: an uncle dying in India, without a will, put me for the third time in the possession of a fortune. His property amounted to about forty thousand pounds; which,

had he made a will, he would certainly have left away from me. In earlier days he used to torment my boyish years by harsh censure and sour advice, always ascribed to his regard for me; and on all these occasions I used to say, "*Honorez nous, seigneur, de votre indifference.*" Poor old gentleman! he was a money-loving, gouty, touchy old body; and I candidly confess, that when the lawyer came to announce his decease, and his not having made a will, and broke the business with "Your poor dear uncle," with a face of a yard and a half long, the idea of getting out of confinement, and out of debt, lighted up my countenance with the warmest smile; and I was nothing short of unnatural on the occasion. My

friend, to whom I dedicate this book, knows my heart; he also knows the many failings which I possess; but I will not add to the long list the crime of hypocrisy; and I could not write my life without incurring the guilt of that vice, were I not to confess the truth, however disadvantageous to myself, on this occasion.

When I left the Rules of the Fleet, I took special care to shine in carriages, and in appointments; and to make myself as public as possible, in order to stop the tongue of scandal, and to silence the slanders which were circulated to my disadvantage. I took a house for three months, for which I paid three hundred pounds, and had

every thing on a suitable footing. I shall never forget the altered countenances of those *things* on town, your fashionable loungers; fellows who had been calling me a d—— fool, who "knew that I must come to this; that my property had been gone these many years; that every one knew I was much *in the wind;* that my vanity was unpardonable, &c. and who enjoyed my having been done by ———." Now it was "my dear George, what an age since we have seen you; "and, by the powers, fresher than ever! You are the very first fellow in the world for carriages and horses, the prince of dissipation, the very cream of fashion. What a devilish good house you have got. Poor Lord —— ruined himself

in it. I suppose your cellar is the *old thing;* the best wines in Europe *dans votre cave.*" Thus did these contemptibles alter their note. Such was the language of these trencher friends.

I now began to meditate on a permanent separation from my wife. We derived no benefit from each other's society: our views and interests were separate; and, from indifference, we had now passed almost to hatred. My arch fiend, who had for a time borne the mask of friendship, had advised me to offer her a sum of money to divorce me, and to take her to Scotland for the purpose of carrying the suit through the courts of that country, furnishing *at the same time* the *ground-work* for the di-

vorce myself. This has become very fashionable; and I could say a great deal on the subject, but I spare my friends; and the duke and marquis at the head of the alphabet, and the baronet Hilarity, as well as Mr. ——— and Lady ———, may rest tranquil: I will neither disturb their tranquillity, nor bring back old grievances.

The plan which I hit upon was far different. I affected to take umbrage at the raw-boned lieutenant; and intimated that my sposa's dissipated life, added to the reports which had gone abroad respecting her attachment to this youth, had given me serious uneasiness; that although I had lost all claims on her affection, yet there was a

respect due to me in quality of her husband, and much due to herself and to society; that it was not my wish to expose those failings on her part, which I felt a pride and a propriety in screening from public censure; but that I owed to my fortune and to my respectability to protect both from further injury; and, whilst I regretted having entirely squandered her property, it had lately been my good fortune to inherit one sufficient to make a settlement on her of a thousand per annum; a sum equal to any provision which she could either have asked or expected on the score of what she brought in marriage. I concluded by advising, that a deed of separation should be executed between us; and I assured her, that,

though legally separated, I should have her interest at heart; and that, if the influence of my esteem could be acceptable to her in any shape, she might unreservedly command it; that her worth was fully known to me; but that my passions and habits were (I lamented to say) such as to destroy all *convenance* betwixt us. I concluded my epistle with all the pomp, importance, and *assumed* regard of a Spaniard, who concludes (to a common acquaintance)—*Quedo rogando a Dios que mi guarda sei vida muchos annos;* and when I made up my envelope, I could not help smiling in scorn of my own consummate duplicity.

My good lady beat me hollow in her

reply. If I had been haughty, she was heroic; if I had been extravagant, she out-heroded Herod in romance. Her health being extremely bad, she had gone for change of air to Salt Hill for a fortnight, the very spot where I passed my honey moon. Here, aided by the productions of a circulating library, and the very last turn-out of romance which could be got at the shop of Mr. ———. She worked herself into bombast the most bombastic, and out-did the Inamorato or Furioso of Ariosto. She began her heroic epistle with the following quotation — what a happy thought!

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far-other song.

And then proceeded to paint her former passion for my unworthy self (whether the raw-boned lieutenant was by her side as a *figure in speech*, I know not). She next proceeded to paint *the heart-agonizing change* in my love (a thing which never existed); and then she came to the accusation which was brought against her. On this, she expatiated in the most delicate manner, "strong in her own innocence, and in the purity of her sentiments." I could easily see that the charge flattered her amazingly. She concluded by observing, that respect for my will, and a desire to promote my views in every thing, had always been an imperious duty with her; and that, however keen her regret at parting, the terms on which

we had so long lived had prepared her for the shock, and had mitigated the sentence of separation. She was, she assured me, submissive to my will in every thing, as in duty she was bound to be. The latter end of her letter was so ludicrously tender, that I thought I should have split my sides with laughter at it.

Luckily for me, she knew nothing of my last infidelity, or I should have had a little invective mixed up in the dose, which would have made an agreeable *family aigre doux*, so common now-a-days with wedded pairs, amongst whom it not unfrequently happens that the most guilty becomes the most plaintive, as was my case. The fair one's

epistle concluded with the following poetical effusion—

As the lost convict views his native shore,
And weeps his crime* and happier days no more,
The raging billows cause his mind no fear,
'Tis *home* alone which swells the gushing tear:
Thus life's vicissitudes I calmly view:
The faithful tear can flow *alone* for you.

* My only crime was ceasing to be pleasing in your sight.

Very pretty, indeed, said I. *Ceasing to be pleasing!* that's a good one—as if she *ever had been.* Vanity again! Yet to be honest, after I had read this nonsense, I felt a disturbed sensation, which I was determined not to attend to, and which, consequently, I cannot describe. I considered myself a

base fellow for having deceived a worthy woman, who might have lived comfortably alone. However, I ordered my horse, who, fortunately for me, was nearly in as bad humour as myself, and I got rid of my first sullenness by spurring and applying the whip to him most unmercifully; and, when I had vented my rage, I called myself a brute. But one misery chaced away another. What a piece of work is man!

To tell the truth, respecting my suspicions of my wife's honor, I believe that they were wholly groundless, nor did they give me the least uneasiness. I consider the raw-boned lieutenant's passion to have been *cupboard* and *pantry love;* and madame's return to have

been nothing but *ultra* vanity and a wish to plague me. Poor woman! a few years afterwards, her constitutional complaint baffled all her precautions, and every medical endeavour to arrest its progress, which was only terminated by her death. My heart has often smote me since that period; and, at the time, I was quarrelsome with every living being who came near me, and did not speak to my perfidious mistress for three days. And here a word concerning mistresses.—How few, identifying themselves with the interests, the feelings, and the sympathies of the man who protects them, lean upon him alone! My friend, like thousands of others, set up an interest apart; and, from the moment

that she regained prosperity, sought an establishment elsewhere, thereby leaving nothing but regret for mis-placed confidence in that bosom which had harboured far other sentiments for years. But she is gone—*et qu'il n'en soit plus question.* I now return to self.

My first act on coming into possession of the property of my late uncle was to take up the acceptances of my friends, who had behaved very differently to me; for Jack Rackrent, who had been arrested on my account, got the action bailed, and only pitied me for what had befallen me; whilst Sir Simon, whose person was protected, abused me in every quarter of the town, and boasted

of the service which he had ren
me, just as if he had paid the mo

During my short residence ir
Fleet, I had become acquainted
some of the *crew* therein. There
one peer, two baronets, and a sco
men of high fashion there. I m
in my lodgings with four; and I
had a more plentiful table, or
riotous afternoons in my life. The
we all cut; but Sir Nicholas w
walking compendium of pleasantry
anecdote; whilst the very astonis
stories of a certain cornet would
done honor to *Munchausen:* he
however, one fair excuse, i. e. wh
man's person is confined, it is

hard enough; but to *confine his ideas* is beyond the power even of the timid *Louis le desirè*, or the inquisitorial Ferdinand the *beloved*, that accomplished clipper of liberty, and embroiderer of saint's petticoats.

My next act, after paying my debts, was to give a grand dinner to my *few* friends. On this occasion, my *best friend, a peer*, was my *croupier*; and honest Jack Rackrent was on my right hand. I also gave a treat to my minor tradespeople, and let all my servants get drunk at my expense. Our evening concluded by an involuntary visit to the watch-house; for poor Jack, being top-heavy, could not make good his retreat from the *guardian angels of darkness*,

who hover around the defeated bucks and belles of the town; therefore I slackened sail, and came to my captured friend's assistance. We soon got enlarged by a *golden key;* but I met on that occasion with a parson, a character with whom I have ever since been on the strictest terms of friendship, and who merits an introduction to the reader.

Bob Orthodox was *bred* to the church, because the church alone offered ***bread*** to him. His patron had a good living at his disposal; and Bob accepted it accordingly. Of a generous, open, and facetious disposition, the paraphernalia of office sat uneasy on his light disposition; but a sense of propriety always

imposed a becoming restraint upon him within the verge of his parish, and all his enjoyments were confined to riding a good horse, and to giving his bottle of black-strap with a hearty welcome to his friend. Two or three times a-year, however, business used to call him to the metropolis, when Bob, perfectly *incog*, made a *break-out* not dissimilar to a schoolboy in vacation.

It was on one of these occasions that I met his *reverence* in the watch-house. He had been dining with a few schoolfellows at the Piazza, and had slyly slipped away in order to see the *humors* of the town, without entailing disgrace on the cloth. His first fancy was to see what was going on in

a fashionable hell, and to try and win five guineas. "*Acheronta movebo,*" cried our classical friend; but as the dark inhabitants *averni,* more generally *play hell* with their customers, the parson marched off *minus* his five guineas; and being a Cantab, had an opportunity, as he went along, of sporting the hacknied old pun—*Cantab it vacuus.*

Being rather *Bacchi plenus,* he fell into innocent conversation with a female nocturnal wanderer, who left him, at parting, not only without money but without *tick,* for his watch had been charmed by this modern Circe out of his fob. Clericus now ran after the lady in order to stop her,

and to request *some return* from her, ("How sweet's the love that meets return!") when she artfully gave a tremendous scream, and charged the constable of the night with him. Our reverend friend tried to explain; but mademoiselle accused him of an assault; and things wore a very gloomy aspect when we arrived at the watch-house.

The plundered parson would willingly have parted with his property, but he dreaded the exposure which the sunbeam might bring to light. Jack and I entered very warmly into his feelings, for we perceived that he was a perfect gentleman, and a good fellow besides. We negotiated a restoration

of property with sacrifices on all sides, compromised the matter to the satisfaction of all parties, and so delivered the *high* priest from the hands of the Philistines. Whilst we were in captivity many ridiculous occurrences took place; and, amongst others, a black female was brought in charged with knocking down a Cyprian of fair complexion. On this accusation our merry parson sported the following Latin pun:—

——— nimium ne crede *colori*
Alba ligustra *cadunt*, vaccinia nigra *leguntur*.
VIRGIL.

We all adjourned to breakfast, and got so linked by the heart that we likewise dined together, and parted at midnight the best friends in the world;

Clericus going home, as modest-looking as a maid, to his flock; and each of us going to our different houses; *liberally* making allowances for each others weakness, and being convinced how true it was, that

> Miserorum est neque amori dare ludum
> Neque dulci mala vino lavare.
>
> HORAT.

Poor Jack Rackrent never recovered from a cold caught on this occasion, which, fixing upon his lungs, carried him off in the flower of youth, a self-devoted victim to dissipation, with talent and goodness of heart enough to have made him a bright ornament to society. The senseless Sir Simon turned miser; and was another instance that weak head and narrow heart often

go together; whilst a little paltry worldliness gets a man through life more successfully than the most brilliant qualities of heart and mind.

In about three years after coming into my uncle's fortune, I was not only a widower, but I had run through nearly the whole of my property, having consumed nearly one hundred thousand pounds in six years. The defection of my faithless female ally took place not long after; I therefore resolved to retrench, to sink my small remnant of property, and go abroad. France and the Netherlands were shut up; but *Napoladrone* had not devastated the fine country of Italy at that time; and I resolved to embark on board

a ship commanded by a brother collegian, to land at Livorno; and thence to proceed to Rome, Naples, Florence, &c.

A very attractive female companion offered at this period, and I was delighted to be the *Cicesbeo* of a titled fair. The emigrants were at this juncture all the fashion in London. Lovely women and intriguing men, dancers of waltzes and quadrilles, and consummate card-players, filled every circle. Scarcely a lady of quality went to a rout or to the opera without a count or a chevalier in her train; nor was there a man of fashion who had not a marquise or a comtesse for his mistress or for his flirt. The *talens de plaire* are such, in *French* women, that *even* a

duchess, with a throne on her back, was extensively celebrated in the annals of gallantry; and the one-eyed Duke Q. must needs try to play *Q in the corner* with a vicomtesse who threw the *glove* at him. This *manie* decreased rapidly; but I must join in that, as in every other fashionable rage.

The emigrés at this time presented a curious picture in society—men fallen from the proudest and highest spheres, and bearing not only with philosophy, but with heroism, their reverse of fortune, and caricaturing in their dress the *higher* English fashions, still delighted with an amorous *aventure*, or even the air of having it; husbands and wives separated for whole years, and now living together from *economy;*

mutual infidelities pardoned and made the subject of *railleries*, and an *increase* being sometimes the consequence thereof; titled dancing-masters, titled fencing-masters, and titled language-masters, by dozens; all, however, filling their new characters with courage and with honest principle. Some, at the same time, maintained the *ton de la vielle cour* so rigidly, that I knew a necessitous marquis who still kept up three establishments, viz. his wife and daughter in Titchfield Street, his own garret in Jermyn Street, St. James's, and Madame *sa maitresse*, in a lodging in the *Borough*.

I state all this without meaning any disparagement to the *noblesse française*, and still less with an idea of detracting

from the infinite attractions of a French woman. Her resources in love are inexhaustible, various as the flowers of the garden, and powerful as the spell of an enchantress: every thing, *chez elle*, is delicacy and sentiment, interest and amusement, playfulness and eloquence. Defects are so adorned, that they seem only the necessary shades to bring forth the lights more splendidly; caprice is variety; desire, impulse; flattery, the soothing sounds of feeling; vice, *une erreur de la nature;* change, irresistible *penchant.* The wanderings of a lover seem like a waking dream in an earthly paradise; the deviations from rigid duty, like the arch tricks of Cupid's infantine amusements. One frail fair will tell you, "*Je nai qu'un defaut,*

j'ai l'ame trop sensible:" another ill-mated bride will inform you, "*J'etais faite pour aimer:*" but between her heart and her husband's, "*Helas! il n'y a point d'intelligence.*"

These soft lessons sink very deep into a young mind, or into a heart that has been softened and heated by disappointment. Mine was in that state; and the comtesse made a deep but not a lasting impression. It must be acknowledged that our countrymen and women made a great progress in the *art* of love during the emigration. And now a few words respecting the Comtesse Marguerite, the very pearl of all mistresses.

She was beautiful to a *fault*; for she was a complete statue. The incense of adoration had so long been burned before her, that she had assumed the goddess in every look, gesture, and action. The soft sounds of flattery had so beguiled her ear, that she could not exist without them. Admiration she claimed as her due; whilst she commanded hearts with all the tyranny of a sovereign over the destinies of man. Such was her immeasurable pride, that friendship appeared too mean a sentiment for her breast; whilst slavery, not love, was the portion of her admirers. She, like a certain duke's daughter, would pass whole hours before her mirror, adjusting her

dresses, and passing her allurements and attractions in review; studying ornaments and inventing dresses; consulting Grecian statues and drawings by way of models; and even hanging wet drapery on her lovely form, in order to copy more closely those works which sprung from the Grecian chissel, She would practise attitudes, and force smiles, in order to win the unwary heart; and if you surprised her at her four hours' toilet, she would unblushingly bid you idolize her; and, stretching out her snowy hand, condescend to order you to kiss it, saying—*Tenez, mon ami, faites votre bonheur.*

A heart thus given up to self-love could not be divided; neither did she

consider man in any other light than as a being destined to be devoted to her wishes; to attend her orders, to minister to her pleasures, to support her extravagance, and to be obedient to her will. Woman, thus formed, is a creature without resource in our troubles, without value in our society, without mind in every transaction of life. Studied looks, practised graces, nugatory conversation, affected airs, cold smiles, and unmeaning ceremonials, compose the whole tenor of her conduct; the whole artificial manœuvres which mark her behaviour. A hand hung down to be admired, an ankle protruded below tasteful drapery to attract the eye and to inflame desire, a lock removed to improve the grace of her polished brow,

or better to shew the elegant turn of her shoulder—these were her arts, these were all her accomplishments; and it might be said of her, as Lord Archibald H——— said of another celebrated beauty, when asked if he had ever seen her: "Yes," replied he, "I have seen the animal; for woman I cannot call her." How different the female who is all feeling, all susceptibility, whose heart keeps the promise which her eye has made; whose varied and uncertain hue bespeaks exquisite sensibility; whose warm cheek glows with affection, and paints every honest passion of the breast; whose softness melts at love's ray, and whose attachment and adherence are blended with her very existence. But such was *not* the

... of her cheek
for all the world. Feeling
neath her superiority of pe
can truly aver that she live
alone. In the few fleeting
which she effected my ruin,
no more progress in her aff
in the first days of my ridi
latry. She received, whilst
overtures from a richer lover
accepted them with disdain
scension.

dim eyes and unelastic form, lost attractions and decayed graces, appear to her in her looking-glass? Age must be to her like the valley of death; her end must be that of self-contempt and wretchedness. Marguerite, having neglected mind during her youth, was ignorant of every thing except the arts of the toilette and the frivolity of the tête-à-tête. Her temper was ambitious, fickle, capricious, irritable, and unforgiving. Without a friend, she knew only admirers in our sex; and in her own she numbered only unsuccessful jealous rivals.

She had been married at sixteen; and had parted with her husband from an *affaire de galanterie* in three years

afterwards. The sad, contemptible, unintellectual remnant of her life she had devoted to adorning her person, and to intrigue, commenced from pure vanity, and for the purpose of procuring a greater share of luxury and of eclat than she otherwise could have enjoyed. Her own sex she detested; of our's she made a convenience. Such was the last woman who ever deceived me; such the object for whom I committed my last amatory follies: and although I may have appeared to paint her in too glowing colours, the resemblance is only faithful to the original.

Previously to my quitting England, I wound up all my money concerns; paid my debts, and settled the remnant

of my fortune on the fair partner of my travels: so completely was I, at that time, fascinated by her charms. I gave my farewell dinner to a large party; the most prominent characters of which were the Marquis of Headstrong, Lord Deaf, Sir James Jessamy, Harry Democrat, and Mr. Felix Flourish, of the Life Guards. I only mention these few, just to introduce a few additional hints on the state of society at that period, and at the same time to show the great contrast of the last two characters.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT a piece of work is man! The Marquis of Headstrong is a little, mean, tailor-like looking man, formed by nature to move on a very humble stage of life; and to be a decent, quiet, good sort of domestic animal; a husband for some plain tradeswoman, and a thing to vegetate in the shade. But capricious fashion has thrust him into notice, and chance has elevated him to one of the highest ranks in society; while the *mater sæva cupidinum* has bedeviled him into a man of notorious

gallantry, and has stuck him up in print *as large as life* at the head of crim. con. concerns, thereby inflaming his vanity at the expense of his pocket, and swelling him into a character. Of Lord Deaf, and Sir James, what was said of a certain lord, who owes much of his notoriety to *a horse* named Pot 8 o's. might, perhaps, serve well enough for their biography.

"Why put 00000000 to lengthen out a name,
"When *one* sums up your learning, wit, and fame?"

But to this we may also add, that the former was *deaf* to sound reason in politics, and *blind* to his own defects; proud, yet democratic; stern in principle, yet abandoned in point of gal-

lantry; a would-be speaker, but for his inability to hear the other party, and his obstinacy in believing that he knew every thing; and a would-be sage, if he could have been such without controuling his passions.

Sir James was a gazetted fop, the shade of all great men on whose arm he could lean; and a walking register and court calendar of peers and peeresses, births, deaths, marriages, and faux pas—of the last cut of a coat, or of a fresh cyprian started on the race-course of infamy.

The Marquis *lived on the Town*; the peer was attached to another man's wife—a most steady, firm, and *respect-*

able attachment! Sir James had been made a *Knight of the Crescent* by *his lady*; whilst the other two were, the one divorced by his wife, the other under the absolute and tyrannical government of a motherly mistress. The greatest contrasts were Flourish and Democrat.

Democrat was a natural son, possessed of ten thousand pounds per annum. He had married a lord's daughter from pride; but, since that period, the French revolution having revolutionized many a weak mind, his head had been turned, and his heart had been corrupted, by false notions, low associates, and by the abilities of a reprobate companion. With him

would he pass whole nights *exhaling* tobacco, and *inhaling* the poison of *mobocracy*, listening to the feats of the republican army, the natural enemies of his country, and predicting the fall of the British empire, triumphing in any calamity that might attend the mother country, yet styling himself a patriot of the first class, or politician of the first intellect. Through the haze of drink, and the influence of blue devils, he could perceive that the British constitution was rotten to the very core; that corruption had crept into every member of the national representation, into every office and department of the state; he could *most lucidly* descry the ruin and defeat of our armies, the humiliation

and annihilation of our invincible flag; he *knew* that it must strike to the power of the tri-coloured ensign; that invasion must succeed, the Bank break, the national debt be rubbed off with a sponge, and a *new order of things* be created; when old forms, laws, rules, customs, religious nonsense (as he was pleased to call it), and trumpery honours and distinctions would be *done away with.*

It will naturally be asked if Citizen Harry, with his Brutus head and bonnet rouge, was a plain dealing honest man, with humility enough to treat his family, his tenants, and his servants, as his equals, and to behave towards them as if they were his

brethren or children—if he was famed for extensive charity, and for meliorating the state of the people so far as was in his power? *Point du tout;* he was a bad husband, a harsh landlord, an unfeeling master, a proud ambitious man. He thought that he perceived in himself, and in his friends, Dantons, Robespierres, Garrats, Marats, &c. And it might have been very convenient to have had a faithful translation of the French tragedy, *then so popular in France,* performed at home; only that his *comprehensive* views did not calculate on the *last scene,* or the *catastrophe* which awaited these ensanguined actors.

As he was very fond of hearing

himself speak, he soon took a lead in conversation, and attacked his greatest contrast, Felix Flourish, the moment that he entered the room. "How are you, citizen Felix? I saw you the other day, decked in the gaudy trappings of slavery, like a May-day sweep, all dirt and gold, attending on the man who is our chief magistrate, and trampling on our brethren, the people, trenching on their rights, and driving them before your pampered war horse." "Really," replied the other, "my good Sir! and I saw you surrounded by your fellow-citizens, those men of blood called drovers and butchers, and by the male and female active citizens, who are *candidates* for a seat in Newgate or in the Magdalen.

You looked very comfortable, and *quite at home:* did you gain any thing by the *liberty of the press* on that occasion? Perhaps you brought away with you an emblematical and *lively* representation of freedom in the *minor* animals, whose *popular course runs in the people's heads.*" Here a loud laugh ensued; but it were in vain and endless to detail the many hits which these acquaintances made at each other; and, strange to tell, such was the good humour of the latter, that citizen Harry could not help liking him after all.

Mr. Flourish was an instance of the folly of transplanting a native plant too early to a foreign soil, since it

always gives an unnatural and often a destructive bent to it, through its future life. He had been wholly educated in France; and, although a very young man, was completely an aristocrat of the ancient regime. He was driven home by the revolution, and forced to remain there on account of the progress of the invading armies of the French republic on the continent. He had been intended for a diplomatic life, but being early priest-ridden, he was disqualified; and he entered the household troops of his own country, merely for the sake of a gold-laced coat, and the happiness of being admired by the ladies.

Felix had a small fortune, but an

enormous establishment, not the *least* part of which was an *in-folio French edition* of a mistress, "fat, fair, and forty-five." This was at the time a most *princely* thing; and, doubtless, it was on that account, for he looked *very high*, that his taste was thus decided: since then *times* have *greatly* improved, and "soft, soothing, and sixty-six," is the order of the day, the most *courtly* thing imaginable.

It would be difficult to delineate young Flourish's principles. Suavity, ase, and high polis h, seemed to be the objects of his ambition. He troubled not himself about politics or revolutions, provided his toilette and his table went on well. He wore his studied

placid smile quite undisturbed. He respected every man's taste and caprice; he excused every one's vices; was an apologist for frail woman, let her do what she would: amiable weakness, misplaced confidence, exquisite sensibility, fatal impulse, irresistible attraction, unfortunate error and juvenile indiscretion, explained away and adorned all the wanderings of human nature: thus he gilded over with polite, social, and studied eloquence, all the bad example and irregularities of society; and to this he used to add the seasoning of a little lady-like wit, or piquancy of remark *à la Française*, by which he became admired and well received in all the highest circles.

A being, so gaudy, so gay, and so confined, could not be expected to exhibit much force or permanence. He was the mere vapour of his day, existing under the sun-beam of fashion; so that he melted and disappeared in three years, leaving no trace of his wealth or his preponderance. Even in the airy circle, it would not astonish any one who knew him to find him like *Father Gerambo*, a monk in some monastic part of the continent.

The fate of his opponent democrat was far different. Disappointed in the unsuccessfulness of his politics, at the downfall of the Hydra of France, at the migration to America, or the execution

of his political associates, deprived of a beautiful but unfaithful wife, to whom he had taught that marriage is but a civil contract, and that religion is a mere bug-bear, held out to the credulous, in order to restrain the people from enforcing their rights; deserted by the miscreants who fed on the fullness of his means, and despised by men of rational lives; ruined in his constitution, and encumbered in his pecuniary concerns, he snarls and complains in a retirement for which his heart and his habits have unfitted him; and, betwixt the intervals that the agonies of the gout and of dispeptia leave him, he passes his time in *perfecting* himself in the principles and in the practice of misanthropy. So altered a man, so

wretched a wreck of what republicanism run mad can effect, I never have seen, though many have been her victims in the last half century.

It is, perhaps, no small art now-a-days to suit one's conversation to one's company: it requires a thorough knowledge not of books, nor of men, but of what we arbitrarily call *the world*, or rather the *fashionables* in society; for what would be most welcome to a man's ear at one time, is a death-blow at another; and the only chance of avoiding offence is by being so much a *townman*, as to know every man and woman of fashion's face; and not only the features which compose *it*, but the leading features of their characters, together

with the *recent* changes and adventures of their lives.

I repeat it, that what was yesterday music to the ear, may, to-day, bring the blush of conviction to the cheek, and, by wounding the feelings of an individual, embitter the joys of a whole assembly.

For these important reasons, I thought it necessary to inform the Reverend Quintus Quiz—my old companion at college, and a *useful man*—that female virtue was a sore subject to one of my guests; that political integrity or consistency was a ticklish article to another; that fair play was a direct accusation to a third; and bastardy a theme to be studiously avoided

with a fourth; that religion would bring upon us a disgusting tirade from Harry Democrat; and that the exposure of legal impositions and mal-practices would ruin me with a man whom I had asked to promote my views in raising a little ready cash, previous to my embarkation for the continent.

"What then," said he, very properly, "must a man talk of? Religion and morality will give offence; science is beyond your friends' comprehension; physic would doubtless be a *drug;* and law is forbidden, as you observe: literature would, I am convinced, be deemed dry; and politics, you say, will breed dissention." I informed him, that fashion, scandal, if not connected

with the persons present, drinking, wenching, dogs, and horses, would suit every palate. But as the reverend was above these subjects, he was a speechless guest during the whole of the evening.

Our conversation during dinner ran on the town-talk of the day:—how many divorces, exchanges, and exposès had taken place in the last year in connubial life; how a certain duchess had been deceived in the confidence which she placed in a noble lord, then commanding a regiment raised by himself: how a certain gallant German princess, mother to a certain peer, had, in her old age, *not* given up her juvenile indiscretions; how much it was

the tendency of private theatricals relax the morals; how the princess question had paid Count F——'s deb and supported his extravagance.

Then were discussed, in successi the correspondence between the Cou de Belzun and Miss F., since marri to a peer; the count's ungallant thre of exposing their connexion, and sui her for a breach of promise; the pre bargain which she would be to a husband who might venture on her a wife, large as was her fortune; t mysterious connexion of a lord high office at court; a *barber-an's* report the palace; a Fitzroy made the ta of the ladies; a domestic ruptu in the *highest scene* of life, and t

introduction of a viper near the ear of a husband; how German ladies ate beef-steaks and onions, drank, waltzed, exposed their substantial charms, and were guilty of other levities much disapproved of at a British court; the gallantry of Lady E., and her subsequent marriage with Mr. M., *cum multis aliis*, which have since lost much of their interest.

We then discussed the subject of annuities, of gaming, and of horse-racing. On the first subject much light was thrown by a fellow-sufferer. He said, that the annuitants and attornies were locusts, who destroyed their fellow-creatures by scores. The latter being only anxious for a job, re-

commended a young man of deranged fortune, or of good expectations; the ease of raising money in this speedy way was an encouragement to his extravagance; he raised one annuity after another until his encumbrances doubled in a very short time; then the impossibility to pay the interest of sixteen per cent. out of an income, made it necessary to raise other annuities merely to pay that interest: and thus did he proceed, from one step to another, until utter ruin was inevitable. The annuitant, on his part, was doubling his capital in six years, and reaping the sweets of his usury ever after; insomuch, that the basest, the vilest individuals, menials, and low mechanics, rose by these annuities, in a few years,

into overgrown fortunes. A Mr. C. had twenty thousand per annum in annuities only; and a ci-devant footman, who dabbled in that way, has got himself into a public office of emolument and into a kind of high life, which must surprise himself as well as all those who know him.

The facility, indeed, which these modes of lending money affords, from the high interest which they produce, has stimulated many a varlet, in livery lace, to help himself in his master's wardrobe and pantry, to reduce his cellar, and to play booty with tradespeople, in order to have a few hundreds to let out at the aforesaid sixteen per cent. to their master's acquaintances,

and even to their masters, under a brother-in-law's, or some relation's name. Thus may a nobleman, or a man of fashion, have a chance of being let in by a porter who is his creditor, or of having a livery servant stand behind his chair with his indenture tripartite in his pocket: thus, also, one runs the risk of being *nabbed* for interest due to one's hair-dresser, or taken in execution by the cook after dining unsuspectingly at my lord's table. Housekeepers have a particular taste for this little traffic, as a means of retiring upon their petty household frauds.

No wonder, then, that dusters, dish-cloths, linen lost and worn out, should come to some hundreds per

annum, as it actually did, to a deceased friend of mine, not far from Wentworth Castle; nor that my valet de chambre should have robbed me of linen and silk stockings to a great extent annually; whilst my groom used to bring me in quarterly bills of twenty, thirty, and more pounds, for mere curry combs and mops for cleaning my horses and carriages.

The honorable Mr. B—— thought, however, very differently on all these subjects. He swore that Jews, gamblers, and attorneys, were just as useful as any other animals; foxes, badgers, and ferrets to wit; for that they all alike were beasts who preyed on part of the

creation, whilst they afforded sport
men in high life in their turn; nay, the
were sometimes hunted and run dow
too, for the biter was sometimes bit
and how could a gentleman pursue h
amusements without such cattle? H
accordingly proposed as a toast, "sport
ing, gaming, drinking, and extravagance
usury and gallantry in all their bear
ings, with every other kind of fashion
able pastime." A lord by courtesy
enquired whether cheating or arrestin
were to be included, since each ha
proved an involuntary *passa tempo* t
his lordship more than once. Th
amendment was negatived without
division; and horse-racing came nex
on the tapis, introduced by the sale o
my stud.

From many things that had occurred during my experience on the turf, I was convinced that plain sailing is not the order of the day in this amusement. A departed duke certainly won honorably by weight of purse—the best way of *carrying weight* at Newmarket; but others had more resources than one; and I absolutely detected one of my jockies wilfully losing a race; besides having discovered many little tricks too tedious and too contemptible to mention.

We lastly came to gambling, when the Beehive and Joey Chanticleer came up; and it was *clear* that Joey's singing *notes* were not those which produced the greatest pecuniary value, but that the industry of the *hive* collected

more *sweets* than either his military or his harmonic performances. Joey had *swelled* in consequence and in feather since first I met him at Sir John Jehu's. My accomplished friend was the next subject of conversation. He was gone to a new house near Salisbury, which he won at play of a youngster, whom he kept in tow for three years, and then pillaged him in one day of twenty thousand pounds! His scheme was a complete system of plunder; "another edition of Rapine," as the witty counsellor Curran said, when asked what would be the most perfect and impartial history which could be written of Ireland.

But to return to my ruinous acquaintance: independent of long experience,

deep penetration, a perfect knowledge of gaming, and the absence of all feeling, added to courage and unblushing insolence, he had so many wiles and stratagems for the incautious, that it was almost impossible to escape him. He kept a stud groom at three hundred per annum, who went round the country purchasing horses at low prices, young horses blemished, or bargains which the honorable master re-sold often at three hundred per cent. profit. Then he got intelligence of every young man who was *in the market*, through procurers and money-lenders. After getting acquainted with him, and being high in his confidence, he sacrificed him at play, either directly at private gaming, or indirectly by some one whom he got to play with him; some-

times by a double or a throw over. When ready money could not be obtained, he cashed his victim's bill, or melted his security by the aid of a *soi disant* coal-merchant or tradesman; and he went halves in the usurious contract. Finally, when he deserted a mistress, he used to *put her up*, and get her to invite men to her house, where she gave play, in which her former protector always had a feeling. By all these various devices, did this character support a splendid establishment upon a most trifling patrimonial income. His history, in detail, would fill a volume in quarto; but it may be abridged to two lines most applicable to him, in which many of his victims will join most cordially.

" Nommez le fourbe infame et scelerat maudit,
" Tout le monde en convient; personne n'y contredit."

And here, whilst on this eventful and perilous subject, it may be a wholesome advice for youngsters, to learn that *Greeking* is not confined to high life *only*, nor to the turf and the gaming table. In the sportsman's field, and in the merry chase, "*Latet anguis in herbâ.*" There are men of fashion, well-born men too, who make a point of going out with the hounds, not for the common game which a Nimrod has in view, the destruction of a stag or hare, but for the purpose of *fortune-hunting*; of *stagging* the youth of property; and running down his prosperity. Dinners branch out from these jolly meetings; and the best mounted man is, perhaps, nothing but a *cavalry Greek*, one of the *black cohort*, who takes care to hire an elegant shooting or hunting

box, near a pack of hounds, and has confederates to assist in plucking the pigeon when inflamed by the joys and fatigues of the chase; and when his reason is subdued by friendship and by wine.

Thus are our very sympathies turned to our ruin, by the artful and designing; and a young man full of honor and confidence, warm with manly vigour and social feeling, surrenders that confidence to a *brother* sportsman, who is nothing but a second *Sinon*, a hostile *Greek* in disguise. Sometimes a consummate *Greek* will keep hounds, and hunt with a man a whole season; and will wait until experience has confirmed his victim in a good opinion of him, when he will invite him to his house in

town, or set up a sham dinner lost at a race, a trotting match, or the performance of a favorite dog; and, then and there, sacrifice the partial companion of many a hard day's sport, the associate of many a festive hour. Nay, even in durance vile, will a *flash* bailiff introduce a needy *Greek*, under pretence of being in a similar scrape; and, as

> "Friends in distress
> "Make misery the less,"

here again a sympathetic feeling is created, confidence inspired, mutual aid and regard expressed; when, behold! wine is called for; then cards or dice; money is won according to the party's necessity; a show of negligence as to payment is studiously affected, and skilfully performed; but, when the real prisoner is enlarged, the other pretends

to find bail also, adjourns to a coffee-house, has a stamp in due form, and it is twenty to one but the effect thereof brings the dupe back again to *quod:* for the *Greek*, the bill-doer, the attorney, and the bailiff, are all in copartnership; and from such allies what can be expected, but ruin and disgrace.

Females carrying on the Grecian war are particularly dangerous, for they are doubly armed. Often the admirer of beauty is so dazzled, that his losses at play are accounted as nothing, until their magnitude awakens the pigeon from his dream of delight; and, generally, it is then too late. Calypsos likewise play personally and by proxy; having, moreover, the resource of borrowing money to pay their own

losses, which, by the bye, are always returned to the *decoy*, whether male or female, by the firm of the bank. These loans are always negotiated on *personal* security; and it is easily conceived what *tender* and *slender* interest they bear; and how they are repaid. Throwing a property into Chancery is a mere joke to these parties. In those days, a great brewer supported a gaming-table, *dans le royaume de Cythère;* and a landholder and M.P. from the north had funds in a *female firm* of the same nature. Wha a bottom to trade on! here was also a *chicken* hazard table, a *deux pins*, in Covent Garden, where *hens* and *chickens*, *rooks* and *pigeons*, filled up the *menagerie*. Luckily, these things are now *du mauvais ton;* but trade is car-

ried on more extensively in the *hells* about the St. James's end of the town; and in male parties, where greeking is very *manfully* performed.

I have, perhaps, dwelt a little too long on this subject; but it is one which was once *very dear to me*; and happy should I be if my young reader would learn *gratis* a lesson which has cost me above twenty thousand pounds, not including usury, lawyers' bills, John Doe's proportion of plunder, the robbery of jockies, of servants, of horse-dealers, and money pimps; loans, losses, and "friends remembering *not*."

Ere I quit the subject entirely, I shall subjoin a friend's diary, which will show, that whilst one pigeon may be

picked and mauled all his life by pigeon-fanciers, another may be snapt up at a meal, to fill the hollow tooth of a *Greek*, and never more be heard of in the world. Many a young man's fairest prospects have thus vanished with one setting sun, and never risen more above the horizon of darkest obscurity.

JACK RAPID'S DIARY.

Got in debt at the university; duns d——d troublesome; obtained a curacy, however; but father dead, and uncle refused to wipe off my old scores, being so frequently applied to on false pretences. Tradesmen won't wait. Saw an advertisement in the papers from a liberal man, who professed to lend money in the speediest manner, on personal security, to young men of good

expectations, and with the utmost h
nor and secrecy; ticked up to town
a chaise and four with Jack Spend
and Harry Hearty; agreed to join
three together in raising three thousa
pounds, being all deep in the m
at the time; went to A. B. fou
him the most civil gentleman in
world; he called in the afternoon
us, and brought a venerable look
old gentleman, with white hair,
a strong box under his arm; the
gentleman lent us three thousand
hundred, instead of three thous
pounds: how good of him! paic
lawyer and Mr. A. B. who was o
a middle man and agent betwixt
three hundred pounds of the mon
had heard of a lady by the nam
W——; thought that we should lik

see her; got drunk; vastly pleased with *the family*; had heard of hells; curiosity prompted us to look into one; a cursed place; lost about three hundred, all we had in our pockets, having locked up all the rest at the hotel; met with a delightful young gentleman at one of the hells, who had lost his money also; great sympathy amongst us; he treated us to supper in Bond Street; had burned Champagne after supper for the first time in my life; almost made me mad; broke lamps, got beaten to a mummy, and all three put in the watch-house; had also my pocket picked of my gold watch, pencil, and tooth-pick case; sick as hell, but encouraged by the young gentleman who called this *life*; paid forty pounds amongst us for breaking the peace; got out, asked the

young gentleman to dinner; got drunk again, friends ditto ditto; studied a plan of calculation brought by the agreeable stranger, who told us that he had an estate of two thousand a-year, by which, and by dint of money, we four united, could break any faro bank in the world; had bought a lottery ticket that morning at the *lucky office;* all in fortune's way; secure that we would *do the Greeks;* at 'em again; won at first, myself the favourite; to 'em again and again; luck changed; lost every guinea which we possessed, and had not enough to pay our bill at the hotel; my companions melted their clothes and valuables, and we returned outside of the stage; got down three miles from home; moreover caught a *cold;* which made me remember the *Merry Wives*

of Windsor; bought a box full of medicine, by the direction of an advertisement in the papers; sent one Sunday for my sermon box; the clerk got into *the wrong box;* blew me all over the neighbourhood; was clapped in the county jail for my debts; lost my living; also Tom Spendall's friendship, for he had my annuity to pay; sold a reversionary property for an old song, in order to enable me to pay a part; passed three years in prison; went off to the continent as a volunteer. N. B. Harry Hearty's friends paid his debts and sent him to the West Indies, in order to get rid of him, which they have effectually done, new rum and the climate *having done the job* for them.

Mutato nomine, this story is literally true; and, in another instance, upon a smaller scale, a lieutenant in the fusileers shared the same fate by three days sojourning in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden with a certain baronet. The former lost the price of his commission, and contracted a malady, of which, after being a spectacle to mankind, and lingering out a few years of loathsome existence, he died. The baronet only lost his money, but, in consequence of this circumstance, never perfectly recovered his spirits.

The remainder of our evening was spent with the utmost hilarity. Mrs. O. H. was given as a toast, being a great belle of the day; and we had a dish of scandal respecting the Honorable Mrs.

T. a theatrical character. Her amours with the late Mr. H. who betrayed his friend, her husband, were expatiated on, whilst Mr. Juniper, M.P. the distiller, was laughed at as her dupe, and Sir Samuel Specific quoted as her favourite. Every one blamed the errors of another; well aware, that when his back was turned, he would next be the subject of animadversion. I, who was the founder of the feast, could easily perceive that my *good friends* did not spare me in my absence; and when the question was put to me, by a *merveilleux* of the first order, whether the Countess was to migrate with me, I overheard a whisper of "*Je lui en fais mon compliment,*" and I perceived an ill-concealed significant smile on more than one countenance. The night was

far advanced, and when we parted, I was greeted with many adieus, and with many good wishes, the sincerity of which I have since doubted. Lord ——— begged his respects to the countess, which, when I delivered, she very calmly replied, "*Ce pauvre milord!—c'est un assèz bon diable.*" Since then I have understood better what his *respects* meant; but *n'importe.* Our feast was ended, and I was not sorry for it. I returned to my couch, and made many a reflection, which told me, that

"With a heigh ho! to the green holly;
"All friendship is feigning; most love's a mere folly."

I now prepared to quit England; and, as the most unlooked-for changes occurred during my absence, it may not perhaps be amiss to mention the status

quo in which matters then stood; for, when I returned, every thing appeared to me *en masquerade;* countenances and opinions had changed; politics and religions assumed quite different features; and I almost thought myself at the carnival in Venice, or in a waking dream. The rich were ruined; the ragged and poor had grown rich and proud; the young looked old, and the old had grown young again; bald foreheads were thatched with a thick growth of hair; grey locks outrivalled the raven in jetty polish; sinners affected to be saints; and the sweetest saints I ever saw had fallen like stars, which set to rise no more.

Above all, religious and political apostacies had taken place beyond all

possibility of conception or calculation. Then was the highest star in the political firmament a decided whig; Fox and Burke were the models of his principles; a Lord D——— was a constitutionalist, who has *ratted* twice since; Lady J——— was the court belle of the day—now a neglected grandmother; Lady G——— was quoted for the most abandoned of women—now giving lectures of morality as a general's wife; Lady M——b——h was in the bloom of beauty—now faded, and the most *liberal* pattern of love and friendship of the age; the insipid Dandy B——— had scarcely put on his regimentals in the Tenth, much less had he assumed a rank and eminence in life which his weaker companions have allowed him to borrow from his tailor, his stay-

maker, and his perfumer; which loan, it is generally thought, has not been repaid to this very moment.

In those days, the Princess of Madagascar had not run off to *Holland*; nor had Lady B—— deviated the paths of virtue; and the harp of our fashionable bards was mute and unstrung. The Pegasus of the Lakes was free and unbridled in his course; nor were the laureat's prospects gilded with the rays of the rising sun—since then, however, his flights of fancy have been tamed; he has become the meekest hackney of a royal stable, and former friendships have been bought and sold, whilst former crimes have been forgotten, and lost sight of.

The public prints also partook of
general metamorphoses, which a
fleeting years effected in a most
derful manner. At that period, the
servile prints, the Post and Cou
were most violently anti-ministe
the former *posted* every placeman
pensioner; and the latter was the *a*
courier of every mischief, outrun
the opposition, and out-stepping
bounds of propriety. Colonel G
was *then* counted *sterling*, nor had
dirtied his hands with the bee-hive
any other gaming co-partnership;
Duke of R——, now battered
burned out with liquor, was in
prime; and those who now calumn
a certain great character idolized
very name. But I ought to have kn
that the Italian proverb of

Uno in piazza
Altro in palazzo

holds every where; and that place and pension, countenance and court favor, can make a man, who has seen *tout en noir*, view every thing *en couleur de rose*.

I now left town, and arrived at Portsmouth, whence I was to embark. We sailed with a favoring gale. My *charmante comtesse* seemed intent on charming every one but myself, depending on her conquest of me; and, like all tyrants, only eager for further extent of dominion. To strangers, she was smiling, alluring, mild, and captivating; to me, tiresome, complaining, affected, distant, capricious, fretful, peevish, and changeful as the came-

leon. The captain of the vessel (
particular friend) was all attenti
to us both; and I have been led
think that his *politesse* to madar
continued beyond our voyage, and h
something more in view than mere ci
lities to friends and sharers in his h
pitality. Our voyage was short a
prosperous; and we landed safe,
Livorno, on a beautiful day, and in go
health and spirits.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY B. CLARKE, WELL-STREET.

MEMOIRS

AND ADVENTURES

OF

A MAN OF FASHION:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INCLUDING

ANECDOTES

OF MANY CELEBRATED PERSONS

WITH WHOM HE HAD INTERCOURSE AND CONNEXION.

"Blame where you must—be candid where you can."—JOHNSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

A MAN OF FASHION

CHAPTER I.

I REMAINED but a short time at Leghorn, as I determined to visit every thing worthy of attention in Italy. My first objects were pleasure and information; and not being overburthened with money, I had sufficient leisure for observation.

I now pushed my researches pretty

far (for a Man of Fashion); and I acquired some taste for antiquities, history, painting, music, sculpture, and architecture. Whole days did I pore over the ruins of antiquity, the vestiges of former greatness: I recalled, in imagination, the ancient days, when Rome, free and victorious, was mistress of the world,—when she excelled in arts and arms, and dictated the law to suppliant and admiring nations.

In those scenes of former greatness, beauty and love,—genius and imagination may be said to sit enthroned with wisdom and freedom manacled at their feet. Here devotion and impiety often join hand in hand; affection and vengeance meet and embrace; in the

very folds of infuriated love, hatred and assassination lurk, and often complete their work of mischief. Every object around you seems to breathe the incense of love offered up to beauty, fascination, and talent; yet such is the feeble state of impassioned reason, and such the want of energy in the laws, that vices multiply under the very eye of religion, and crimes find refuge in the holy sanctuary.

Amongst the men, love-quarrels and secret jealousies frequently produce bloodshed; nor is the ensanguined dagger and the poisonous bowl wholly unknown or unused by the bewitching beauties of Italy.

The violence of what *we* call the

tender passion is at its acme in country. The French woman is *portée*, haughty, proud, disdai when occasion requires it—uncer querulous, and unmanageable; but soon *consoles* herself: her love h double share of wings, and she e forgets every former impression; w *la superba Romana*, who loves excess, is not more faithful than *Francesa*, but cannot bear that lover should bestow on another single glance, although she herself stray; and if she detect his infidelity may rue the consequences; at le found it so.

The men here bear no trace of ancient nobility, of the Roman fig

or character. Ignorant, enervated, relaxed, and voluptuous, they represent any thing but what we have read of Romans; often too their persons are so diseased and emaciated, that one cannot wonder at the inconstancy of their wives and mistresses, or at the degeneration of their race. They are, however, amorous and jealous in the extreme, and bear the same character of vindictiveness, which is observable in the weaker sex. Poverty and pride are nearly allied in them, and you will often find a *principe* in a superb *palazzo*, seated in his marble halls, with statues and fine paintings gracing every corner of his mansion, attended by numerous ill-dressed slaves of servants, habited himself in thead-

bare coat or ragged night-gown, his linen of a coffee colour, his person neglected, a favourite dog in his lap, and one egg and a glass of iced water forming his frugal repast. The pride of being a *principe* or a *nobile* is not the only vanity which haunts the Italian brain—the glory of being a Roman, even in this fallen state, is yet unextinguished; and I shall never forget the look of ineffable contempt which a beggar gave his companion, when, after a quarrel about a game at *la mora*, the Neapolitan reproached the Roman with cheating him; on which the latter, rising with indignation, and measuring the other with scornful eye, and with a menacing attitude, exclaimed—"*Sapéte voi che son nobile*

Romano?" The air, the attitude, and the intonation of voice, would have done honour to Kemble in his best of Roman characters. Nor shall I easily forget the impetuosity of a noble Venetian, when after a quarrel at play, not being able to abuse the emigrant Duc de G——, in good French, he followed him out of the gaming-house with a contemptuous sneer, and in barbarous French articulated "*Mousou vous etes bossu et cocu.*"

I arrived at Venice in the time of carnival, and witnessed that gay, vicious, and pleasurable scene, which has so often been described.

At Florence I could have fixed my

residence with great satisfaction. The country, the climate, a select foreign society, admirable music, and a fine theatre delighted me; and, as I spoke Italian fluently enough, and was now becoming quite a cosmopolitan, I had a decided advantage over my discontented countrymen, who were either Bond-street loungers, or mere sporting men.

I should probably have remained much longer at Florence, had not my *chere Comtesse* been of a most restless disposition; and had I not fallen into some unexpected property, which decided me on setting off for Naples, in order to enjoy English society, and to enlarge my scale of living. Madame was delighted at this; for she courted

crowds, and was miserable when not surrounded by a host of admirers; besides this increase of means offered increase of amusement, and presented a new field for her extravagance. Every day we got more tired of each other, and sought separate amusements and interests. Indeed, she reproached me with being a *mere husband*, nothing like the lover: our establishment was *un triste ménage;* our life quite matrimonial; and, to use her own words, *monotone à mourir.*

With respect to my increase of property, the circumstances were as follow:—My father had entered into a law-suit, which passed into Chancery. The object was a doubtful claim on a

property of my maternal uncle's, not exceeding in value five thousand pounds. It had lasted for many years of my father's life; and I had carried it on until I was tired of the very name of it: I had even offered my chance to a Jew for five hundred pounds, which proposal he rejected with disdain; and I should have dropped it entirely on going abroad, had not a desperate lawyer undertaken to prosecute the business on the terms of no cure no pay, provided I would give him a fourth of whatever I recovered, exclusive of the law expenses, which, in case of our succeeding, would fall on the other party. To my utter astonishment, I did succeed; and the arrears, interest, &c. increased this small property to

twenty thousand pounds, out of which I gladly paid five, and launched forth again, with some degree of eclat, on the continent.

On my arrival at Naples, I received a letter from Eliza Mannering. She had suffered a severe illness, and was advised to try a change of air; a proposal of marriage had also been made to her, which she communicated to me, with the information of her refusal. What a contrast between the Comtesse and her! This renewal of intercourse was very hostile to my happiness, and to the interest of Madame. I wrote to Eliza, inviting her to come to Naples, and inclosing her a sum of money; but my invitation and money were rejected.

Some time after she informed me by letter, that she had met with a widow of distinction, with whom she travelled to the south of France, but had not proceeded farther; so that we did not meet. During this period, she would not receive the small annuity, which it gave me such heartfelt satisfaction to allow her; and, indeed, in every act of her life, I had to admire her truth, her justice, and the delicacy of her sentiments.

Previously to my quitting Florence, the Comtesse and I had a *scene*. She had involved me in debt, of which I was not aware; and the exposé displeased me exceedingly. She treated the matter with great levity; and, by the end of our journey, coldness and

dislike had established themselves between us. Her beauties had become *more* than familiar to me; her arts and enchantments had lost the power of novelty; want of feeling destroyed her most attractive graces; and the conviction of not being beloved excited almost hatred in my heart.

How I longed for the society of an Englishwoman, whose softness and sensibility lend attraction even to imperfect features; whose changeful blush and warm smile speak the language of the heart, and show the *woman* in every look; whose unstudied play of features faithfully interpret the motions of her mind; whose retiredness is modesty; whose kindness is genuine!

How mistaken is the man who sets up a goddess for his idolatry; whilst lovely *woman*, however imperfect, can alone fill the heart; yet the folly and vanity of young or inexperienced men commonly leads them to be proud of keeping an object for other men's envy and admiration; and they never fail to deplore the madness of such conduct. Infidelity, extravagance, change, cruelty, and caprice, with self-reproach, and the pity and ridicule of others, are the invariable attendants on such a connexion.

I have already given some idea of the Comtesse Marguerite's self-love and self-adorning; but I will now describe her toilette, her occupations, and her

manner of living, by which an Englishman may be able to calculate the *solid enjoyments* arising from such a connexion, and to estimate the high price which the possession of such a divinity must annually cost the happy possessor, taking with him this reflection, that a *Venus de Medicis,* or any other Venus painted or sculptured by the ancients, is always disposable and rising in value, whilst the modern Venus, *painted* and *adorned* by artists less ancient and eminent, is decreasing in estimation every day, and is not always marketable.

Marguerite sounded her repeater, and rang her bell about nine A. M.; but as the toilette was an affair of many hours,

it would be fatiguing to attempt it on an empty stomach; she therefore had a cup of *caffè à la crême*, or a cup of chocolate, brought by her obsequious waiting-woman to her bed-side. No partner was allowed to share the *dejeuné*, or to intrude on these hours of privacy. The instant she had taken this refreshment, her looking glass was consulted in a reclining posture; and elegant attitudes were practised in this interesting state, whilst Josephine sprinkled odours over her couch, and offered the sweeter incense of flattery. "How well madame la comtesse looked!" *quelle fraicheur!* &c. without which she would have lost her place. Marguerite arose, and plunged herself into her bath, being previously anointed

with almond and other pastes, and afterwards dried with the finest linen, and perfumed with the richest odours. A most becoming cambric morning-dress now adorned her person; and a pair of Turkish slippers, glittering with gold spangles, formed her first adjustment, in which she passed before divers mirrors to her cabinet de toilette. Removing her chicken-sleeping gloves, and the cambric *bandeau d'amour* (one of which protected her white arms from the air, while the other preserved the lustre and polish of her forehead), her long hair was now let loose, and arranged in twenty practised manners; whilst Josephine *daily* exclaimed, *quelle belle chevelure!*

An hour or two of consultation and of experiment now passed on the subject of what was to be worn on that day; after which, the combing and perfuming of her ringlets succeeded; and company was admitted during the remaining two hours, which were employed on her teeth, hands, and locks. I was then allowed the inexpressible felicity of revisiting the idol of my folly for a short time; and even this visit was latterly dispensed with. Seated in the most advantageous light amongst flowers or burning odours, this Cleopatra now gave audience, and distributed hopes and fears to her numerous admirers, until Josephine reminded her of the hour.

She then left them with smiles and gracefulness, and proceeded to an inner chamber to change her costume. Thence she sallied in all the pride of beauty, in order to intrigue, to take an airing, and to fancy some expensive whim, which *must* be sent home; or she fell into a rage, pretended to shed tears, and would not be seen or spoken to the rest of the day. If obeyed in her commands, and gratified in her expensiveness, she smiled, and affected a playfulness, which was foreign to her nature; for pride was too much a despot with her to allow of any other a *determined* sentiment.

A dining-dress next set off her beauties. She ate little, drank champagne,

took some fruit, asked for money, whilst the bottle was in circulation; and if refused (which never happened but twice), she retired to her room, sent for refreshments, locked her chamber-door, and retired early to bed. If granted, she made a third toilette of long duration, eclipsed all that she had done before, and shone like the evening star in public, flirting and playing off a thousand wiles, in order to inspire love, admiration, envy, and desire, by turns. I have often calculated, that the hours of sleep and toilette being deducted from the residue of her day, she had about six to dispose of to her friends, the smallest portion of which fell to my *happy* lot.

On our arrival at Naples, she proposed that we should have separate apartments, alleged on the ground of indisposition; and we were now quite like fashionable married people. I did not much regret this change; and I am persuaded that it was very convenient for her. Our naval companion was amongst our first visitors, and she seemed much pleased to renew the acquaintance; that is to say, she showed that placid condescension which might be considered a high favor from her.

A sailor is thought by persons of the Chesterfield school a man ill calculated to please the fairer sex, or to rise high in the annals of gallantry; but this

is an error: the well-born sailor can lay aside a good deal of the roughness of his profession; whilst his privations, his absence from the world, his hardships, which form such a powerful contrast with the sweets of female society, render him an enthusiast in love, endow him with a taste for extravagance, an absence of prudence and calculation, a flattering impatience, and a mind easily deceived. All these qualifications are very agreeable to an artful courtisan; and a son of Neptune is often, by her, preferred to a son of Mars. High and royal authority justifies this opinion; and I had no doubt of it whilst at Naples, although a *very high* person once said that he never

knew but one naval officer who was a gentleman and a man of fashion in his manners.

Lord A. B. was another instance of naval favourites which the Comtesse furnished me with; but away with the unwelcome *souvenir*.

At Naples, the most brilliant British society was then to be met with; a queen reminding me of the most perfect model of sovereign elegance on earth, Marie Antoinette, whom I had seen in my boyish days whilst passing a *quinzaine Anglaise*, i. e. a ruinous fortnight at Paris in the long vacation; a court co-operating with England, and under her influence, resisting the mili-

tary leviathan of France; a nava
planning and combining stupe
conquests, tracing with his eagl
and daring mind plans of future
deeds of arms to astound and terrif
rounding and admiring nations; a
to exalt still higher the meteor
England, and to sound her imi
praise "with thunders from her
oak." Must I speak of Lord Nels
am incapable of describing him: sc
derful, yet so weak a man! su
original—such an extraordinary
racter! tender, warm-hearted, an
to a fault, yet irritable as the
porcupine; wholly unfitted fro
constitution for the sea, yet the
est naval hero of ancient or of m
times; formed by nature for the

of retirement, yet made the constant sport of fortune in wonderful and perilous adventure; immeasurably ambitious, grand and exalted in every thing, yet of sickly structure, and often of melancholy and retired habits; possessing the heart of a lion, pent up in a narrow circumscribed case of clay; he was, truly,

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
"Fretted its pigmy body to decay."

Never was a more dauntless hero or a more romantic knight than Lord Nelson. He would have been deified in the thirteenth century; in the eighteenth his character was ill understood, and much misrepresented. Unhappy in domestic life, his heart sought for a resting

place; and no bosom was ever more open to the impression of friendship and of love. Mangled and maimed in his slender body, often on a bed of sickness, oftener still in the world of waters, where he was excluded from all intercourse with polished life; shut out from all social converse and soothing beguilement of life's weary hours; borne on that uncertain element betwixt heaven and the overwhelming deep, with

"Cœlum undique et undique Pontus,"

was it to be wondered that wrongs, injuries, and slights, brought cruel reminiscences to his mind, and tinged the complexion of his thoughts? Was it extraordinary that attentions, praises,

attery, female condescensions, and adies' favors, won his heart and lulled his reason into inactivity? Were the errors of such a man, or indeed of any man who gives his blood, his time, his life, and sacrifices his comforts and his repose to his country's safety and renown, to be viewed in the same mirror, weighed in the same scale, with the idle worldling lolilng in security and repose, and inventing pleasures for his fickle and oversated appetite? Certainly not. The frailties of human nature were his inheritance, in common with his fellow men; but, in the cause of honor, he was chaste and unsullied as Dian's fountain; and, had a compromise of that virtue been proposed to him at the price of empires, he would

have answered, as Racine has made his Porus reply to Alexander:—

" Qui ne nous coutent rien, Seigneur! osez vous
le croire?
" Compterai je pour rien *la perte de ma gloire*?
" Votre empire et le mien seraient trop achetès
" S'ils coutaient à Porus les moindres lachetès."

If charity be a virtue, a certain clergyman at Merton can bear such testimony as would astonish the most humane and generous. The idle rumour of Nelson's intimacy with the Queen of Naples is the child of scandal and of malevolence. His talents, his prowess, his services, demanded no small share of partiality and of esteem. This he unboundedly received; and the tribute did honor to both. The poor King of Naples was a weak man; one

the crowned heads whose *crown* en-sed no brain, and surmounted a *:num vacuum.* So much was Acton th king and queen at one time, that wag wrote upon the palace—

" Hic Regina; hæc Rex; hoc Acton;
" Hic, hæc, hoc, Acton."

Many were the intrigues, many were he factions, which agitated the court of laples; and, but for our government and or Nelson, all would have been for ever st to the dynasty on the throne, long, ery long ago; for the French party as more powerful than is generally magined; and, *at that time,* French evolutionary principles were lurking in very constitution in Europe, and were undermining its most vital parts: the

republic had innoculated half the children of Europe with this inveterate *mal francese*, which proved incurable, but by the sword. Indeed, the defects of almost every constitution in Europe, the gangrene of error, and the moth of superstition, added to the want of liberty, and the religious and political impiety which tyranny had inflamed, made the ignorant and short-sighted look for *any* change as a beneficial operation. But a truce to moralising and to politics. I had promised myself at starting to meddle with neither.

The court of Naples was only like neighbouring courts, corrupt, venal, and voluptuous. The climate, and relaxed habits of the country, favor the last sort

of vices: the former are common even to northern powers. A want of talent, or rather a want of the employment of talent, completed the disease; and of this revolutionary France availed herself, by opposing to paralysed Europe all the energy and activity of talent, civil and military, which her soil produced; to which she added the services of foreigners of all countries, provided that they possessed enterprise and intellect enough to suit her purposes;—a useful lesson.

Naples is, in itself, delightful. Its bay is matchless in beauty; and it abounds in the most interesting objects of nature and of art. I do not at all wonder at Madame Murat's partiality

to her husband's usurped domini
nor at her bearing the anagram of
title "*Lipano,*" after her expulsion
a *cher Souvenir* of past felicity.
ples is positively a most attractive sp
and, whether a man be a philosophe
a Philander; whether study, scie
and improvement, or pleasure, gallan
and gaiety, be his objects, he can gra
either to the fullest state of fruition.
he but know the language, and b
polite and sociable manners, he
with a very moderate fortune, proc
not only every necessary, but ev
luxury of life; and, if the fine arts,
the enchantment of music delight h
he can no where be more perfectly
home than at Naples.

Having said thus much of Naples itself, I cannot extend my eulogy *pari passu* to its inhabitants. In high society, the men are full of intrigue, ignorance, and inactivity; and the women are voluptuaries of the first order, without the mystic veil which love more reasoned and more politic "throws over our feelings like gauze;" and which, to a British mind, adds an inexpressible charm to enjoyment. The lower classes are idle, dirty, revengeful, and unprincipled. It *literally* makes my skin creep to think of the Lazzaroni and other hideous objects, mostly the martyrs of vice, who infest the streets, and who offend the eye of delicacy. Were Naples inhabited by Britons, it would be almost an earthly paradise.

CHAPTER II.

I now come to the British soci
Naples. Besides Lord Nelson,
were a British prince, the most
and accomplished ambassador ir
rope, two most noble marquesses,
B—, Sir Hilario Legion, Lady H
ton, and a *longo ordine gentes*,
would fill up twice the limi
my work—not to forget a g
bishop, and a *noblesse emigré à*
de vue. Honest John Bull wa
content in Italy with a mouth
barbarous Italian, (probably co

to *no star buono)*, provided he had a stomach full of meat and of wine; with which, however, he was never contented, no beef being to him like that of Leadenhall-market, and no poultry like a Norfolk turkey.

The youth of Albion were engaged in English parties, in splendid entertainments, in vieing with each other in extravagance, in gaming, in *ill-selected* amours, in horse-racing, and in abusing each other; but all their enjoyments were purely English; and had I been taken asleep into an evening party, with the shutters shut, I should, on awaking, have thought myself either in a dream or in London.

There were two classes of my cou
trymen whom I sincerely pitied abroa
—Cicerones and travelling companion
whether as medical or as preceptori
characters. The former were tl
slaves of the public, driven abro
mostly by dire necessity; unhapp
home-sick, envious of each other, fu
of trick, quackery, and cupidity. Tl
Domini again were the veriest bea
leaders in the world, subject to tl
caprices and to the variation of temp
of untravelled, wine-sick, perverse hei
and of spoiled, ignorant, and arroga
young men, coming, like mushroon
rapidly and without culture into li
The patience and condescension
their companions ought to be gr
indeed: and when so qualified, th

were much to be pitied. But when, as it often occurred, these M. D's. and LL. D's. were the parasites of their patron in perspective—when they flattered his follies, lauded his stupidity, and administered the *placebo* to his weak and diseased mind and body, they deserved contempt. Such complaisance, however, leads to the mitre and to the civil list, to professional advancement, to places of trust, to seats in parliament, and to offices of high emolument; and I feel that it is moderation on my part to dismiss the subject thus easily and thus briefly.

One cannot speak of Naples without naming poor Lady Hamilton, who should be at rest with many who still

lacerate her memory; with many w
from having extensively partaken
her protection, of her influence abr
and of her hospitality *every where*, h
smote the hand which welcomed th
and have stabbed that heart wh
received them to unmerited confide
and undeserved regard.

Lady H— came too suddenly i
life, and too early felt the blaze of
miration. In a more progressive
to high life she would have had m
experience and more *retenue*. As
was, elevated to the confidence of
Queen, celebrated for her beauty
the hands of the most celebrated art
of the age, whose works in paint
and in sculpture will perpetuate

charms to ages yet to come, wedded to the representative of majesty, and that representative the most polished and refined, made the confidant of the naval hero of the world, and enabled to conduct him to new triumphs by her zeal and by her superior information, was it to be wondered at that she grew vain, and lost herself?

Life was like a drama to her; and broad comedy and imitative ability were her fort. No one could better caricature nature than herself; no one more ably represent our foibles and our passions. All too was well done, whilst in power. The levity of the court at which she resided was *then* no crime; the easy and ambiguous speech, conveying mirth and loose ideas, was

then praised by nobles and by grey beards; but when the scene changed, so did her fortunes. Had she ended her career at Naples it had been fortunate for her memory. One thing is certain, that her country owed her much. If secret services, to save or to enrich a state, merit a recompense, she died our creditor; if not, something was due to an ambassador's widow; and I was informed by an illustrious prince, and a philanthropist, who interested himself in her behalf, that if sought on *this* score only, and craved according to his advice, some efficient relief would have been afforded to her in the wretched remnant of her life.

Her greatest fault, "*selon moi*," was the publication of Lord Nelson's letters,

thereby selling his genius and respectability as a miserable catch-penny; but, added to her own assurance, I have good grounds to believe that they were unfairly obtained from her, and no personal benefit derived therefrom. I have myself seen some of Lord Nelson's poeticals, unpublished, on various subjects. His muse certainly sailed without chart or compass, and they were mostly written under generous impressions, but quite *invita Minerva.* But why dwell on the *minima maculorum,* in such a character, on an imprudent love-letter, or an unpoetical stanza? We should rather say of him, as the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos did to the Grand Condè, "*ma foi, monseigneur*

on n'est pas heros par tout ;" whilst his spirit might whisper to many a self-sufficient great man, and to many a right reverend and right honorable censor,

> " Monseigneur, *à notre place,*
> " Vous en auriez *fait autant.*"

Here did a *manly* fellow, a British colonel, wed beauty, covering a virago's soul—the loveliest woman that ever trod the earth, but violent as the austral blast. An ignorant physician however, soon ended his troubles; for, bleeding him in an indigestion, he eased him of all his cares; and his *cara sposa* fell to an ill-fated Scotchman. The *Dottore Napolitano* also *gave up his business* whilst I was at Naples;

and to no one could the following epitaph be more suitable in every point than to this expeditious executioner, and *soi disant* learned practitioner:

" Passant, ne pleurs pas mon sort,
" Si je vivais tu serais mort."

CHAPTER III.

My intercourse with my comtesse grew every day more constrained. Every day did we discover some imperfection in each other. I had never decidedly suspected her of a want of fidelity to me, although I knew her to be affectionately attached to herself alone. One evening, however, in coming from seeing the *Pescatori* (fishing by torch-light in the bay), I surprised her reading letters, when she hustled them, in confusion, into a spangled bag. On my taking up

par desœuvrement, and without intention, the precious repository, she flew at me like a hawk; and putting it behind her hastily, sat down again, with assumed composure; then, with an elevation of the eye-brows, and a haughty air, she said, "*Monsieur, il faut respecter mon reticule.*" I gravely answered her, "*Madame, jusqu'à present j'ai respècté tous vos ridicules,*" and I retired.

From that moment we were enemies; and it was not very long afterwards that we separated. I shall never forget the singularity of our parting scene. She came into my dressing-room one morning, with an air of gravity, a *serieux forcé*, through which cheerful-

ness of heart shone visible, and, sitting down beside me, she tapped my cheek kindly and familiarly, gave a superficial *easy* sigh, and exclaimed, in a silvery tone, "*mon ami, nous nous n'aimons plus.*"—"My friend, we cease to love each other." She then looked as bewitching as she could; and, to tell the truth, I never saw her in a more *friendly light* than at that precious moment.

In few, but well chosen expressions, with here and there a pressure of the hand, ever and anon a shortness of respiration, dejected eye-lash, and broad smile in turn, voice modulated, and studied cadence, practised attitude, and allurements, she announced to me the *propriety* of our separation, the change

f sentiment, the mutual benefit of ıbsence, her remembrance, her regrets, her *best* wishes: in short, she had met with other offers; and never did couple part with more sighs, looks, and embraces; with more of the forms and ceremonies of love, yet with less regret.

Many years after, we met at a masquerade, when the want of tie, and the perfect independence added to the perversity of nature, made us almost inclined to enter into a second courtship; but she was more candid than myself: she assured me that liberty was the soul of love; that the domesticated lover was *a drone*, the *roving* bee brought all the honey; that from

the moment that we were *en menag* grew indifferent to her; and that had now *almost* a mind (as we w parted) to make me her *capr* What a riddle is woman! But how m ny women, were they to lay their ha on their hearts and speak truth, wo echo the sentiments of Marguerite!

This separation, although conveni in the extreme, left me cold and gloo as a winter's night. My vanity suf ed by her defection; and I drea that she should remain at Naples, if her falsehood could have dishon ed me. But her translation to anot car blasted my triumphs; and, l many men, I now found that van was the basis of our alliance, a

whim and passion the mere superstructure.

Love is a warfare; but, to an active mind, a truce or cessation of hostilities is often more dangerous than the hardest service. I felt it so; I cursed the tender passion: like the disappointed soldier, I murmured at the perils of the war, yet could not endure the want of activity, the inert obscurity of peace. I blamed myself, Marguerite, all man and womankind; and yet I fain would have been in love again. I found that solitude suits not man; and that when we think ourselves most free and independent, we are often the least so. Love is the natural state for which the heart was formed; when most betrayed, when

most disappointed, still do we feel the *besoin d'aimer*. Yet is it true that

"It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
"On such as smile upon us; the heart must
"Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
"Hath wean'd it from all worldlings."

I now courted retirement, and affected to be a *savant*. I improved myself in Spanish; in which, for a short time, I took great delight; I even attempted poetry: all would not do. To a man who has driven "fashion's airy circle through," these amusements fill not the heart or mind. A man of the world is, in retirement, like a tenant of the air in captivity and solitude, a thing completely out of its element. Many a reformed rake has rusticated with the most amiable of women, and made two

persons completely miserable. Many a recovered spendthrift has resolved to lead a bachelor's life, and has taken a farm; and pretty farming it has been. The hours, the life, the society, are so different, that he has always left it with disgust, unless it has left him with bankruptcy.

I remember once meeting a St. James's Street *merveilleux*, whom you might have winded, from the perfumery about him, at many streets distance, as the Spice Islands are perceived whole leagues before you approach them; whose tailor used to invent for him a new cut of coat monthly; whose glossy locks dropped odours like the beard of old Aaron; whose boots might have served

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for his looking-glass; and on whose polished beaver not a hair sat out of place; who had a brooch for every day, a ring for every week, and a fresh snuff-box for every month. I remember this Jemmy Lincom taking his half hour's canter through the streets, and then lounging till dusk, previous to a *toilette recherchée*, in which he was to appear at dinner, and to be just *perceived* at the Opera—and all at once he was converted into a country gentleman.

I saw him at his thatched cottage, with a plush shooting jacket, three tiers of pockets on each side, a scarlet waistcoat, corderoy breeches, leather gaiters, like a woodman, an oil-skin cover on

is hat, driving gloves, and a spade in his hand; he was pretending to garden. I had nearly forgotten to mention his Welch wig, assumed to protect him from the northern blast, which had brought on rheumatism in the head. When he perceived me, he desisted from labour, and, resuming a studied attitude on his spade, enlarged on the *felicity* and the simplicity of a country life, his change of name, his acquaintance, and the happiness which he expected to enjoy with his dear Susan—a child of nature—a mere lover of the forest. Susan had been my friend's cook before he was married to her, and retired on an annuity.

This example was sufficient to cause

me from treading in my friend Frank's steps. I, however, thought seriously of returning home, and of living at Bath. One of the best reasons for this resolve was, that I had almost spent the fifteen thousand which remained, after satisfying my lawyer; and I thought that amongst my numerous acquaintance, comprising all the gayest of the peerage, men in place, men in power, men in parliament, that I might obtain a pension, and retire *cum dignitate*, upon a few hundreds a-year, added to an unencumbered two hundred, which was all that now remained to me; for I had been spending hitherto from twenty to five thousand per annum; and never could keep within the last sum. I now prepared to quit Italy, to take leave of

many interesting objects, to impress on my mind many a *cher et triste souvenir*, for the remembrance of Italy will ever be dear to me.

" Solo e pensoso, i piu deserti campi
" Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti."

I was now preparing to bid adieu to the

" Care selve beate e voi solinghi e taciturni orrori
" Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri."

After a brilliant day, a Neapolitan sky without a cloud, a sun-beam brighter than the most glittering burnished gold, and the gilded reflection of his refulgence playing on the waters of the bay, I took up my book, and went out to walk and to muse, to enjoy the cooler breeze

that, after fanning the flowers, circulated more richly through the air their spicy fragrance. I was enjoying the almost last view of the country about Naples, enhanced in value, and endeared in enjoyment, from the prospect of speedily relinquishing its pleasures, when I was accosted by my learned and sociable friend, the Abbate Burke, who offered to accompany me in my walk, which I gladly accepted. We conversed on the uncertainties and disappointments of life, a subject more edifying than agreeable to me, as I had built so much on friends at home; but the conversation was useful, for I made a *contre-projet* on my way home, which was, that in case I should not succeed in getting some sinecure place or pension under

government, on my return home, to migrate again northward, but upon a reduced plan, and to end my days abroad. Just before I parted with the Abbate, he exclaimed, "Apropos, I forgot to tell you that there is a letter from England at your hotel." He bade me adieu.

A letter from England! and from whom? I doubled my pace, and soon gained the hotel. It was in an unknown female hand. I felt some degree of trepidation and anxiety; I know not why. A letter from England to a Briton when abroad has much interest and price; we seem to be, for awhile, transported to our native soil; associations arise in our mind; and powerful nature holds a double empire over our

affections; the past returns to our view, and days of fleeted happiness cheer us once more.

I broke the seal, and was horror-struck on learning that Eliza, the object which had so long been dearer to me than I was aware of, was past recovery, from a malignant fever caught from the lady with whom she had travelled to the South of France, and who had, on arriving in England, died of this malady. The writer informed me, that the principal motive for communicating this intelligence to me was papers of consequence, which she wished to entrust to me, and a disposition of property in my favor, the particulars of which would be imparted to me;

on receiving my directions on the subject.

This was a severe blow to me. I had no hopes of ever beholding her again, for whom so tender an interest had been created in my bosom; and the rescuing of whom from perdition had formed the fondest and most approving reflection of my life. As for any property which she might have to leave, the thing appeared impossible. I cursed Madame Marguerite; I blamed myself for not going to meet her when in the South of France; for not having broken my guilty chains; and for not having proposed marriage to her the moment I was free. It was now, alas! too late.

I hastily answered the letter, stating my immediate intention to return to England; and I set off the next day. I passed a sleepless night, and reproached myself again and again with having neglected an opportunity of making two people happy; whereas I had now sacrificed both, for my heart told me that I should never love another, never feel comfort with another partner, and yet I was not made for solitude.

My journey home (for I travelled by land) would have been delightful and interesting to any one but myself; but melancholy had seized on my mind, and unavailing regret threw a sepulchral pall over every object. Despatch was

all I had in mind; and I therefore travelled night and day, until I was forced by a fever, arising from fatigue, to make a halt of three days. During this unwelcome delay, my reflections bore the raven's hue, and gloominess overshadowed every thought and every word. Refreshed by the interval of broken rest, and cooled by losing blood, I again proceeded night and day until I arrived at Calais. I embarked there in the night, fell into a profound sleep from the pressure of fatigue and suffering, and awoke in dear England with surprise, after an eight hours' passage.

The sight of my native land was not without charms; but the load on my mind weakened my powers of enjoy-

ment; and I passed through green fields, and over hill and valley, almost without perceiving the change of scene. At length I arrived, in an incalculable short space of time, in town; having travelled as quickly as four post-horses could get over the ground. I lost not a moment in repairing to a lawyer, whose direction had been sent me, and who was to act as executor to Eliza, in case of her death.—She was yet alive!—what a relief!—but with very little hopes of recovery.

Her *homme d'affaires* informed me, that the lady with whom she had travelled, and who expired in her arms, had left her ten thousand pounds, but that she could never enjoy it. She had

bequeathed all her property, together with a number of papers, sealed up to me, mentioning me as her only friend, and as the individual who had saved her when on the brink of ruin. I will not take up my reader's time by a description of what I felt; first, because his own heart will describe it better than my pen; and next, because I am writing my life and memoirs, and not a sentimental novel.

I tarried but one night in town; nor should I have stayed thus long, had I not been *aground* in money matters. Here I was again relieved by my only friend; and our meeting, after such a long separation, came like a beam of light over my benighted mind and

heart, and cheered me under all my troubles. His generosity enabled me to pursue my journey in a chaise and four; and to post it one more day and night, until I arrived at the very bedside of my suffering friend.

The sensation which I experienced on beholding Eliza once more was ecstatic; nor was she less delighted than myself. From that hour she recovered speedily. I remained at Ivy-bridge until she was out of danger; and that visit produced another eventful period of my life, for our union was agreed on. I was, however, to go to town for the furtherance of my interest, particularly as I was resolved not to run through the principal of the ten thou-

sand; and, as the interest, added to my annuity, would only make seven hundred per annum, there could be no harm in my getting a snug place or pension, through the influence of my friends. My present prospects would place me beyond poverty and dependence; but I could not vie with the society in which I had formerly moved on that small income, which only a few years back would scarcely have paid my tailor's annual bill, or have fed my stud during the hunting season. It was therefore agreed that I should not reside at Bath, as I had a strong propensity for play; and I resolved boldly to solicit all *quondam* friends in power to be active in my interest; and, finally,

it was arranged that my second b
elect should come to town when
had acquired strength enough to s
port the fatigues of the journey.

On my road to London, I amu
myself with calculating the cla
which I had on my friends and c
pensions; on the interest which t
possessed, and on the prospect of
cess which I had with each of th
First, my only friend had almost ru
himself by a contested election, and
moreover, on the wrong side of
question: it had been proposed to
to *rat*; but for this he was too hon
able and too consistent. I there
struck him off the list, and be
afresh.

Lord Lamberloft and I had been college companions. I fought a battle for him once with the bargemen, and got my head broken, whilst he ran away and got safe home. This was a *capital* plea for me; and his lordship, at the time, called me a *brave amongst the brave* (he did not count himself): he moreover swore, by the honor of a nobleman, that if ever he should be in power, and I should want his assistance, that hand and heart should be ready to serve me; that our juvenile scrape should never be effaced from his remembrance; and added, for he loved a scrap of Latin:

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

We had often met at clubs, and dined

with each other at our own houses and I had every reason to count on him as a very steady friend. Luckily, too, he was in the ministerial interest, so that no political disqualification appeared in this negotiation.

Lord Labrador was the friend of my childhood: a *Jewish cross* in his pedigree had put him in possession of immense ready-money property: he had houses, manors, India stock, and I know not what beside: he brought in four borough members, and could have, as I was told, any thing for asking for it. I remembered having once lent him a thousand pounds at play; and I gave him advice at the Oaks, which produced him five thousand guineas.

once made him a present of a horse, and made him drunk fifty times at my expense without receiving any return. All good. The odds were certainly in my favor. Besides, when drunk, he used to say, that there was not such another fellow as myself in the habitable globe.

I next thought on Mat Moreland, another intimate at the university. Mat was born to an excellent estate, and had caught a dozen good windfalls. He started in politics as a patriot; and my exertions at his election were wonderful. I wrote his speeches for him, gave a slice of my constitution to his constituents, set up whole nights to do him honor, and speechified on the hus-

tings for his greater fame and renown. Mat had, of course, no ministerial interest; but he had, through his wife, excellent connexions in India; and I began to think that India was not a bad field for a broken-down votary of fashion. High situations, a numerous retinue, and a regiment of servants, would have suited my ideas to a nicety.

Then, again, the Yorkshire knight, Sir Solomon Softly.—But first, I examined my claims on Mat Moreland. Mat was much younger than me, and had a taste for playing at all-fours; he lost *a love-game* to a farmer's daughter; and all his honours did not save him. He tried to leave Meg in the *lurch*; but she shewed him the trick,

and *took him up* as soon as he was down. His *nob* was now in limbo, when I bailed him, and made up the affair on easy terms. I reconciled the old squire, his father, to him, who else would have disinherited him; and I hid him from personal arrest, before the old gentleman was *stopped up*, at least half a dozen times. "*Bon*," said I to myself; "here I may command."

To return to the knight. He was a mere clod-hopper on one of my estates, a clownish, peasant-looking fellow. It was thought an honour, by him, to be asked to my table; and he behaved with the utmost reverence when invited. His farm was very prosperous:

and Solomon was very drudging.
scarcity, and consequent high pric
grain, however, set Clodpole in acti
and he gained immensely by his sp
lations. Soon after, he married a no
man's cast-off mistress, with five h
dred per annum; and a half uncl
his died in Yorkshire, who was in
clothing line, and left him his busin
A third lucky event next took place:
little farm was so thriving, and his n
neighbour so *weak*, that Solomon let l
into a *good thing*, and disposed of it
double its value. He then put all
property into the clothing conc
establishing a house in London,
correspond at the same time w
the Yorkshire branch. A lucky n

ess brought him up, as mayor of his
, to London; and he was knighted.
then determined on residing in
don, got a Smithfield bargain of a
ugh, voted where he saw his
rest lay,—just put in his *monosyl-*
c word, by the nod of him from
m *he took his time,* and *rode* his
hew into a place; i.e. got him a
e, and divided the profits with him.
h a man appeared wholly at my
osition; for the honor which I
formerly done him, the obligations
ch he expressed, his habit of *looking*
o *me,* the good company into which
ad introduced him, the example
ch I had afforded him in dress
manners (for he used to get my
s and boots for patterns formerly)

made me consider him also as in a sleeve.

Lastly, Bob Bramble, my poor relation, who, at his *entrée* into life, was not worth a sixpence; who, when bound apprentice to an attorney, had borrowed small sums a hundred times of me, and never returned one of them; who had even condescended on *great days*, to dine at a second table; who ran of messages, and did all my dirty work for me, at considerable gain to *himself*, was, I understood, in such extensive business, that he had a *pull upon every man's estate*, a knowledge of *every man's secrets*, and could get, for self or friends, whatever he asked for. A government man too

ıvo! cried I, to myself: who's
ıid? Some one of these must suc-
:d; and I, perhaps, may have to
:k and choose, amongst them, out of
lozen good things. *Bravissimo!*

CHAPTER IV.

LORD LUMBERLOFT received me with open arms. "What the devil did I mean by burying myself alive in Italy? How could I think of depriving society of its greatest ornament?" (My lord had turned courtier since we parted). He hoped that I was now come to stay in England; and if he could think of any inducement to keep me there, it would delight him. "All right as to money matters, my dear George? not so extravagant as heretofore? no more foreign mistresses nor race-horses?

ensive cattle, both; ha! ha! ha! e steady now? Must take a shoot- ox near me: fine romantic scenery ur part of the country! pretty hes too! a sly fellow you always , George! d——d hand at running the girls! ha! ha! ha! not n a bit better, I dare say? Dine us to-day; her ladyship will be hted to see you. I must intro- you; quite a treat to have you gst us; hey, old boy! D'ye mber the college row? all fresh in nind; must stay to dinner, hey! can I do to serve you?"

us did his lordship run on, re- ig each sentence twice over; and h generous questions, which no

answer wait." This he had *borrowed* from royal authority, for his lordship looked high, and was much more ready to *borrow* than to lend. I answered that I would dine with him with infinite pleasure; that I should be much flattered by the honor of Lady Lumberloft's acquaintance, and that my remaining in town, or even in England, depended on my success in obtaining something to increase my income, for that my former extravagances had much reduced my fortune. Here he fetched a short cough. I continued to state to him a wish to obtain some place or pension under government. "Very proper, very right; we all of us like a share [illegible] loaves and fishes; ha! [illegible] sure: no man fitter,"

interrupted he. "Aye," added I, "my dear Lord; and it is precisely to yourself (he looked astonished) that, from former intimacy (look of deceit), from our mutual regard, from your many professions of friendship, I make the present application." (He looked as pale as death).

We were now standing at the drawing-room window, close together. He drew back, adjusted his neckcloth, turned his back for a moment, and, then changing his position, motioned me to sit down beside him, on a sofa. All this I perfectly understood. His colour retreated, the blood ran back, like a coward, to the heart, lest its flow to the extremities, or to the cheek,

should betray him into a generous act; he turned his back to conceal his confusion; and he changed his position in order to gain time to invent an excuse for not serving me; to obtain a few moments of recollection, to enable him to act meanly, yet to speak as handsomely as he could. Having placed me beside him, and cleared up his voice, he looked consequential, and thus began, whilst I sat

"Smiling, as in scorn."

"My dear George, no man on earth would serve you sooner than myself; indeed I ought to do so; but no man has less ability. Hem! I, I (repeated twice) have quite put it out of my power to serve any body. I——do you

understand me? (another shift to gain time, I bowed) I, I, have married a wife"—"And so can't do it," interrupted I, rising to go. "No, George, my dear fellow, not quite that; you're a wag, ha! ha! ha! You must have *le petit mot pour rire.* — Married a wife, and can't come.—Devilish good! but, as I was saying before, my marriage has upset me a little."

"Rather odd," replied I, with a contemptuous sneer; "I should have wondered less if it had *upset my lady!*" "Admirable, by the gods! ha! ha! ha! upset my lady! good; d—d good! but you perceive (not in the least thought I) that I married a beautiful woman, a beautiful woman, I

assure you, George; know you her; but none of your foreign t no making love to a friend's wi George! paw paw tricks; - do in old England, ha? well abroad!"

"To the point, my lord," saic some impatience.—"Now, you married a beautiful woman with *argent comptant*;—didn't want sure—plenty of my own; had y wanted a loan, might comm but observe, my lady has a l poor relations, and I have a many favours for them, that tively will ask no more; it lets man's consequence, (pulling up of his shirt, and puffing like a

turkey); it lowers a man in the sight of ministers. Besides, one don't know —times are so d——d hard, the existing circumstances are such—one don't know (casting about for a thought) but one may want something for self: charity begins at home. I stand high now (elevating his plain, contemptible person)—I stand high now with the big-wigs in power—hand and glove with ministers; but if I did not support their measures through *thick and thin* (looking amazingly big) I should soon come down to the level of another man. Mustn't sell consequence; mustn't fritter away our weight in affairs of state.

"Therefore, dear George, I cannot

serve you in the way you wish. In any other (but that which I want, said I to myself)—in any other, honest George, command thy old chum. Now mind you dine here to-morrow; seven the hour; a *liberal* seven, ha, ha, ha! people come so d——d late, nearer eight that is, you take; and now I must be off, for the minister has a meeting of us; we must have some small talk, ha, ha, ha! rehearse a little before we go to the house, not to be taken by surprise." "Admirable by the gods!" exclaimed I, mocking my quondam chum.

"Fare ye well, George," continued he, bowing me down stairs; "always glad to see you; Lumberloft always at home to his old friend (a shake of the hand

and a false smile)—always at home to him. By the way, (I was half way down stairs)—by the way, will you take any refreshment? a pretty fellow I am not to think of that sooner! Will you, I say, have any refreshment? (I was at the door) a cold partridge and some Madeira and water; a pretty fellow not to think of asking you sooner." "A pretty fellow, indeed," cried I, in a half whisper, as I passed his gates.

I sent an apology *too late* for dinner, and consigned the peer to contempt for the rest of my life. He never troubled me but with one morning visit, half an hour after perceiving me riding in the Park; and whenever he observed me in

the streets, he used to brush o
I were under quarantine.

As he had said that if I had
a loan, instead of government i
to procure a place or a pension, hi
would have been at my service,
afterwards applied to him for pe
accommodation, merely to as
beyond doubt, whether I had do
justice in believing him to be equ
sincere in this offer, as in his other
less professions of friendship.
scarcely inform my reader that
fail me in this trial also; and t
made, at the same time, the
the most paltry, and the most s
excuses.

I next proceeded to Lord Labrador's. He was just going to enter his curricle as I knocked at the door. "Ha! George," cried he, "speak of the devil: you know the rest, my boy." "Vastly polite," said I. "Yes, George, the same as you always knew me; too honest and candid to please, (these qualities I never had discovered); but Lady L. and I were just speaking of you; I was saying what a good fellow you were; what a hell of a blood; what a dangerous man amongst the ladies; she don't like you the worse for that, George; no women do; but, as I was saying, George—take the horses to the stable—or will you take a drive?" I declined, but begged that I might not prevent him from taking his exercise.

"D——d good," said he. "Yes, indeed; go any where to leave an old friend, and such a friend too; the best fellow I ever knew; no man's enemy but your own; too kind, too generous, too open-hearted, too artless and unsuspecting, a little too fond of the *venere et vino*, the *bottle and the bird*, *George* (giving me a slap on the shoulder). Sam, bring the rat-tailed horse in two hours; must have a long talk with my best friend. By the bye, will you ride about four? My stable is at your command; plenty of nags eating my corn, and be d——d to them; you may have the grey, the Irishman, or the roan, or the cropped dun." "Not the dun," said I, "Labrador; I have had too many in my life."

'e went in, and I declined the ride.
ke my house your home; command
table; will mount you every day.
t a deuce of a time since we met."

Do you remember lending me that
and when I was in such a run of
ick? and the good thing you put
p to? and our sticking in a bog
we were shooting in Suffolk? and
, the pretty bar-maid at Tets-
?? and the hell of a fall I got
; your kicking horse, with the
s hounds? poor duke, we've earthed
Drank too hard; a good enough
r, but a d——d fool; ran the
g side of the post in politics.
Hardy too, shot in a duel; and

Lady W——grown as fat and as ugly as the devil.

"Now, George, we'll have just a merry half dozen of us; there's you and I, my lady wife, stuttering Sir Frederic Fastgo, who will keep us in a roar of laughter; and there's singing Jack, our old college companion, warbles still like a nightingale, and the little doctor, whom we'll quiz, and send home *mortal* to his wife, in a wheelbarrow; *n'est ce pas?* George. By Jupiter, how merry we shall be! I say, let my *drum-stick*, (another laugh, N.B. meant for domestic, and intended for wit), let my German *drum-stick* fetch your clothes

and don't let us part before sun-rise to-morrow, I say. To be sure we *won't* be merry? I have not seen the like of you since you went abroad."

What a rattle this fellow is grown, thought I to myself; but what a good heart! Surely he will strain every nerve to serve me. I therefore thought, that whilst he had the *warm fit* on him, I had better proceed to business; and I resolved to open the case as briefly and as promptly as possible. "Labrador," said I, "I accept your kind invitation to spend the day with you, and I anticipate a most convivial meeting; but before we give ourselves up to mirth and wine, let me speak to you con-

fidentially."—"That you may, and command me too," interrupted the peer.

I then made known to him my altered fortune, and the plan I had in my head; I requested his interest and patronage; and concluded, by assuring him of my gratitude in return. I saw him stagger: I perceived his changeful countenance, his quivering lip, and disappointed air. "I have sworn," said he, "never to ask for any thing; I have not been handsomely treated *above stairs;* I have (he stammered shockingly) been lately refused in a quarter where I least expected it (I perceived the lie upon his lips); other-

my dear friend, I would have
you *con amore;* but as it is, the
is impossible."

re, in order to countenance the
ood, he pretended to look for a
from the premier in his dressing-
this was a second *ruse de guerre.*
ame back agitated; said that he
aislaid the letter, but would send
me the next day: he looked un-
ionly grave, and could scarcely
on a topic of conversation.

about five minutes, Florence made
ppearance with "Me lord, me lady
o me to speak to you about de
r; se send respec to dat genti-
ans se kennot have de honor to

see him for dinner dis day, bote to marrah she be moste happee; she shall dine to day mit de Duchesse of Fustenburgh, vich she say your lordship most forget."—"Aye!" cried Labrador, relieving the *lying valet*; "it is but too true, my dear George; but I trust that to-morrow will suit you as well, for we must have you. D—n it, how could I be so stupid? But (recovering from his confusion) who can remember any thing else, when they meet an old friend after so long an absence; and so good a friend too?" Here he shook me violently by the hand.

I told him that I was engaged for a week, after which he should hear from

esolving at the same time not to my promise; and I quitted him, ithout shewing him that I under- his deceit, and was hurt at his ndly conduct. These two visits d my eyes in great measure; but, ad set myself the task of trying *i disant* friends, I was resolved to ough with it, and I accordingly alone at a coffee-house, and pro- d the ensuing day to Mat More-

CHAPTER V.

I THOUGHT I had now an opportunity of acquiring some useful experience; and I therefore determined to persevere. Accordingly, I went to Mat Moreland's, and waited in his dressing-room until his return from his morning ride.

Mat came in, in new boots and leathers, the very tip of the mode, his head in the stocks, with a stiff starched cravat, and a coat which fitted him like wax. He accosted me with twenty oaths. "What, *old* George! why where

he devil did you come from? Tip us hy dexter, my best friend: it's a century and a half since we met. Bless your old heart, I am glad to see you; to be sure, you don't dine here to-day; and to be sure, I sha'nt be tipsey a few; and all the house, if you like, wife excepted, you sinner! D—n me, we'll kill the fatted calf, you dog." "Because I have been a prodigal!" said I. "Aye, to be sure, *old chap*; and so is every fellow that's good for any thing: d—n economy and prudence; and every fellow that won't help his friend with his money, his life, his interest, and with every thing but his wife."

"Best of fellows!" exclaimed I; and

shook him heartily by the hand.—"Best of fellows!" repeated he with a look of reproach; "why, I should not be worth a cup of cold caudle, if I forsook thee: a man who turns his back upon his friend is not worthy to live." "The pearl of good fellows!" said I to myself.

I now made known to him my change of fortune, and told him that I would willingly accept of a good appointment in India. I easily discovered the motions of his mind: he was perfectly electrified; he had supposed me still in high feather. The idea of the reverse almost convulsed him; but he had more nerve than the two peers; he heard me out patiently; and when

e to a conclusion, he affected jocularity and mirth. "Well, me, old boy, never mind; my s thou may'st command. It ng lane that has no turn." He roceeded to discourage me from to India; he thought the thing unsuitable to a gay fellow of my ; a secondary situation he would ow me to take; a thing of value ot easily obtained; if I had but l six months sooner,—such an tment! but it was always time and try he would, and I might count on his friendship.

now looked at his watch. nds!" cried he, "past three ! who would have thought it?

I must be off about a little business. Come, start, you old sportsman; we meet here to dinner at seven. What a glorious day we will have! I'll work for you at the India House. Off, my boy."

This was a great flourish; but I read perfidy in every line of his countenance. "No more friendship after to-day," said I to myself; "it is all over, and I was right." He returned; he was flat at dinner; mirth was absent; wine was *not* pushed hard; his wife was stately; and his company was stupid.

Instead of the blazing night, and the sitting carousing "*until all was blue*," a black servant came down at

ren, and with a *dictatorial* tone l, "Mrs. Moreland's compliments, ıtlemen, and coffee's ready."—"Will ı have another bottle, George?" ıtly and feebly said mine host, laying at emphasis on "will *you*." "No re," replied I; and instead of going to the ladies, I walked off, disgusted h my third friend. "Lords and mmons are alike," said I.

He did not call on me for a week; l he *then* chose the most unlikely ır to find me at home. I had fore- n the change, and did not again call ıis house until he had made his first t. I saw him at the window, and rheard "not at home, John;" and

I have never since heard of hi
appointment in India.

My next application was tc
mon Softly. I arrived at
where, when an easterly wi
he had truly *rus in urbe*
smoke and corruption of L
then abundantly wafted to hi
temple of ease. Here he h
of architecture of the *archi*
order; for his lady's fancy a
clumsiness had blended the a
modern, the Egyptian and th
the fanciful and the stiff, to
the most heterogeneous ma
had centaurs and lynxes, Ve
satyrs, fawns, wood-nymphs

phs, nudities and oddities of all
, with a smoke-dried Mercury
is house-top; a viranda and a
an portico, a greenhouse and an
ratory, an aviary and a grotto, a
nth, and a piece of water filled
ilver and gold fish, were here con-
ted in strange confusion upon one
f land, covered with sun-flowers,
s, hollyhocks, and dying exotics.

approaching the vestibule, I per-
a creature of diminutive size,
ct as a pikestaff, wearing a tin
red stock round his neck, so
that he could not shut his eyes,
: under his arm, and the dress
rjeant, parading in front of the

house, and marching backwards and forwards, not in *ordinary* but in *extra-ordinary time*. This warrior styled himself the colonel's *horderly*. "And who's the colonel?" said I. "Vy, his honor, Sir Solomon," replied the little serjeant. "Defend us," said I, and proceeded into the hall; into which the worshipful alderman had crowded half-a-dozen chairs, adorned with his arms, consisting of an escucheon on *ermine* (a civic honor doubtless); a chevron, with two books and a boar (meant, probably, for the ledger, the day-book, and himself); the motto "*honestas*" (not so clear and appropriate as the rest), and surmounted by the horn of plenty, and all the emblems of knighthood, to

represent, I presume, my lady's and his own achievements.

A servant in the tawdriest livery imaginable, with gold kneebands and aiguilettes, and treble rows of lace down his coat, announced my name, in what the alderman used to call *a laudable and sonorous voice:* and I was permitted to enter the *penetralia domi*, where sat the knight, grown so enormously fat, that he was scarcely recognizable, amidst Turkish sofas, candelabras, tripods, and indecent pictures, purchased for fashion's sake at enormous prices. Sir Solomon was stuck fast in an arm chair, and looked all gingerbread and tinsel, in the full regimentals of his corps, and surrounded

by a sash, which must have measured no trifle when loosened. "How now, Sir Solomon," said I: "what are all these metamorphoses for? Are you going to act Major Sturgeon, or is your chateau in a state of siege? How comes this military parade, with all the circumstance of glorious war." At this moment a bugle was heard from a distance. "'Tis Sir Solomon's horn," said the servant. The knight now honored me by his recognition. "Ha! George," cried he, "'tis he, by the *god of war!*" I was not quite used to this freedom from Sir Solomon; but knighthood performs great changes; and I passed over this impertinence. "George, I *salute you,*" cried he; "and before you go, my parade shall present arms

)u, and receive you with *hopen*
. I am glad to see you, by the
f war !"

re another livery servant entered,
; "Colonel, Sir Solomon, the
: is waiting." "Mercy," cried I,
"do you clothe corpses, or are
)ing to a burial ? If so, don't let me
/ou ?" "Oh ! no :" answered he
le hurt by the remark); "it is
n corpse." (I stood aghast): "the
ry corpse as I command ; five
ed of the finest *wolunteers* in the
city of *Lunnun.*"

ow sat down, and we began to
se on old times ; Sir Solomon in-
ling his conversation with inap-

plicable military phrases, and frequently swearing, by the *god of war*. He was interrupted by a bandy-legged serjeant's coming for orders for the regiment. "Vy, tell Captain Patypan," said the colonel, "to put the battalion through the *eight shilling* movement," meaning, I presume, *echelon*.

Presently afterwards, Serjeant Bandy re-entered, and informed Colonel Sir Solomon that Captain Patypan had got the men into the solid square, and he could not get them out of it for the life of him. "Take the book to them," said his honor, "and threaten them with my coming." "He *have* gotten the book, Colonel Sir Solomon," added Bandy; "and he can't make nothing

of it." "Then fetch the *hadjutant*," imperatively concluded the knight: "folks of quality is not to be broken in upon on *parish* ———, military business I mean; and gentlemen ought to know their profession before they takes the command.

In the course of our hour's conversation Sir Solomon talked a great deal about loyalty and patriotism; and as how the *wolunteer* system was a *scare-crow* to Boney and the *salivation* of the country; as how it behoved every good subject, however high his rank, (here he pulled up his breeches) to turn out in his country's defence; and what he would do if the French were to *hoffer* to land, *by the god of war!* how

Britons would behave; and how he would fight for his *lucre*; and as how not a man of the French would go back to tell the tale. He then mentioned something about his *charger*, which I have forgotten; for I was so tired of his *rage militaire*, that I turned the subject, and came abruptly and unceremoniously to my own business.

The moment this *mirror of knighthood* perceived my drift, he drew up, and looked as insolently as he possibly could. He told me that these were no times to *are* favors, and that our acquaintance did not warrant such a liberty; that people of quality had so many petitions brought to them, that if they attended to them, they would

nave nothing *helse* to attend to; that, lastly, whenever he had a favor to confer, he gave the *perference* to the officers of his *corpse*; and that he was surprised at my indiscretion. He then rose up and begged me to quit him, as he felt a fit of the gout coming on, and could not be intruded on.

I seized my friend by the epaulette, and told him that his insolence could only be accounted for by his ignorance; that I ever held him as my inferior; and that neither his knighthood, nor his military command, had made me alter my opinion: finally, that if he had not the gout, I would drill him with my hand-whip, better than he had ever drilled his corps; and that if he chose

to resent this as a man, he would find me with a friend at the Hummums, in a couple of hours. Twisting his épaulette off his shoulder, I threw it in his face; on which he roared out for his *horderly;* but I retired unmolested; and, after waiting four hours for *the god of war,* I returned home, and have never since heard of my clothing acquaintance.

My last visit for the purpose of asking favors was to Bob Bramble, the *ci-devant* ragged attorney's clerk, my poor relation. In him I found just as great a change as in the rest of my acquaintance. He had assumed the buck, and played various aukward antics to imitate the fashion. *Damme* was

ttacked to every phrase; and at every ord he took up his quizzing glass, sus-nded from a golden chain, as if he s near-sighted, although the fellow uld see as far as any limb of the law the town. He had a fist like a oulder of mutton, on which were uck a diamond, an antique, and a cat's e of great value. From his gold re-ater dangled a dozen seals, all gems, d all taken in execution; a splendid ld box was pulled out of his pocket ery five minutes; and, in the whole his ornaments, there was an ignorant d an arrogant display of finery and of pense, which was truly disgusting.

" My best friend in the world!" cried , on my entering his apartment.

"Heartily glad to see you: have a carriage, and a box at the opera, always at your command; a plate at my table, and a bed at each of my *two* country-houses." (How times were altered!) "Shall be proud to serve my benefactor, &c." He then played off some airs of consequence; talked of *us* and *we*, and of people in high life, and of his influence, and his intimacy with men in power; the confidence which he enjoyed, the secrets of state which he knew, and the *pull* which he had upon extensive landed property.

I felt no bashfulness in making my case known to Bramble, who swore and protested, and promised his unwearied efforts, with the most flattering

prospects of success. He invited me to dine with him the *next week*; when, he observed, he would invite a party of *nobles* to meet *his very best friend.* But the day previous to that fixed for the dinner he sent me an elaborate epistle, putting off the entertainment, on account of the indisposition of Lord ——, a client of his, who had (he pleased to term it) received *notice to quit*, i. e. had a paralytic stroke. On the second day fixed Mrs. Bramble was too ill to receive company; and he never provoked me the third time.

Here ended my hopes of patronage, places, and pensions. I shall never

more put my trust *even* in the companions of my youth.

During my sojourn in town I met with Emma, in one of my morning rambles: her accomplished protector had *only* left her a dice-box, and a few instructions; but these had sufficed to set her up in a chariot, and in a very fine house. She was so good as to ask me to dinner; but I was not quite flat enough to accept the invitation, for my friend, Sir Matthew Merry, swore that two bottles of champagne, at her house, cost him fifty guineas.

Madame Marguerite, too, kept a bank at her house, and assured me that I

l not play if I would only come
petit souper, and that I should
caprice; but I had experienced
uch of this lady's caprices to
to her chains.

ust here, however, record a ser-
hich she rendered me. I had
invited to a fête, to be given by
hevalier d'Argentcourt, who had
l at the countess's the night
. A plan had been concerted to
uce play, and to allow me to win
or forty guineas. An impromptu
was to be proposed for the next
t which all the attractions, which
and wine could offer, were to be
t into the field. Major A——
make a dead set at me with the

bottle, for his head was extremely strong, and I was then to lose, at least, a cool thousand. The next day, Mr. A——, the attorney, was to offer his services to raise the money, by way of annuity, and thus I was *to be divided amongst my friends.*

Marguerite was inimical to the chevalier, and caught at the opportunity of indulging her animosity. She accordingly sent for me, and let me into the whole plot of these *scélerats*, as she called them. "I will not go," said I. "By all means go," answered she; "and I will put you *au courant.* Win their money, accept the engagement for the next day, and send an excuse at dinner-time; then change your lodg-

and never speak to any one of again."

Admirable!" cried I, "no better e could be offered;" and I fol- l it to the very letter. I dined, ght home fifty guineas, and sent half to Madame Marguerite. I ved becks, and winks, and signs, e first fête, and was informed that endid dinner, dressed by Brunet, prepared for the next day; but the es only met each other, and the *on*, whom they intended to fleece, not forthcoming. This was the I ever saw of the comtesse, and the good she had ever done me, or, I ve, any one else.

I now left town, and met my intended: I was married a second time, and thereby put into possession of five hundred per annum. The short peace occurred just about this time, and I resolved to go abroad, with the view of making my income go as far as possible; by which means I procured many of the elegances, and some of the luxuries of life, which, at home, I could not have enjoyed. I fixed upon Amiens for my retreat, the *grande foyer des anglais*; but a few transitory months drove us thence. A second war was declared; and, in spite of fair promises, we were made prisoners, under the title of *detenus*. Indeed, we had neither the honor, the profit, nor

satisfaction of being prisoners of
. Whatever oppression we en-
ɔd, and we did endure much, it
in vain to murmur: we had no
nce of fighting for our liberty; and,
verpowered, we were destined, in the
guage of Homer,

oman-like, to fall, and fall without a blow.

CHAPTER VI.

LUCKILY for me, I had experienced, not what poverty *was*, but what it would have been, had I depended on *my friends* for provision or for support. I therefore took with me abroad a sum of ready money in gold, besides arranging the payments of my annuity and dividends; otherwise I should, in common with almost all the detained, have experienced the greatest pecuniary difficulties. After several removals, I was permanently domiciled at Verdun, that grand depôt of Britons, with whom the

ch government had broken their

ıe variety which Verdun exhibited
ıot unlike a masquerade. We had
' class, from the marquis to the
ıer, and every character from the
to the swindler. The confinement
ıich we were subject brought each
idual before the eyes of the rest;
thus I saw more of Englishmen
ıd than ever I had done at home,
l my experience and vicissitudes.
detenus, however, were placed in
mstances equally unfavorable to
ort and character. Many were
ted on a sudden, without any ar-
ement for their support; and many,
had gone to France from mere

curiosity, were in a moment ruined, by being snatched from their trades and avocations. Verdun, small as it is, exhibited an amusing variety of scenes of real life.

In spite of our captivity, we had intrigues and adventures, gaming and racing, high and low dissipations, duelling, and amours, in abundance. Money commanded the respect of the French inhabitants; but character and good conduct were necessary to secure the esteem of our countrymen. Amongst the principal persons detained there, were the Marquis of T——, Lords Y——, B——y, and B——e, Sir A. D. Sir T. W. Colonel M——, Colonel T——, Major B——y, and the Honor-

able Mr. E——y. We had also a number of traders, now converted into paupers; and midshipmen, who, through inactivity, became like so many mischievous monkies: a few poor subalterns, likewise, strutted their hour at Verdun, and made no small impression on the female inhabitants; amongst whom elopements from their families, to become *la maitresse d'un detenu*, were very common; whilst concealed connexions, which ended in permanent attachments, were still more frequent.

In justice to the Verdun belles, it must be stated, that none who were *des maitresse à titre* were unfaithful to their lovers; and even those who were generally most *volages*, were faithful

to the English. The sphere of life in which the people of Verdun moved was not the highest; for which reason love-conquests were not of the noblest order; but it was there, as elsewhere—

" Sans un petit brin d'amour,
" On s'ennuierait même á la cour."

Notwithstanding the war, the English were respected: with the women they were perfectly in fashion; by the other sex they were far from being ill-treated, except when guilty of gross misconduct. But this liberality was shewn by the people only; the government acted with unrelenting cruelty.

A few of us fell victims to the severity of our treatment; not in Ver-

dun, but owing to the harassing marches and countermarches about the country, fatigue, the inclemency of the weather, and the brutality of our conductors. The worthy Marquis of T—— fell a sacrifice to these hardships; and it is wonderful how so many people, bred up in luxury, could endure long journies on foot, or in miserable carts, where I have seen women of fashion exposed to hardships which it rent my very heart to witness. As for myself, I had no right to complain; for my small income went a great way in France, and purchased respect and comfort for me; which otherwise I should not have met with.

It is painful to record, that envy crept into our society; and there were

amongst us those who repined at others, good. We had an almost daily performance of the School for Scandal; and the circulating library of a watering-place in England, or the pump-room of Bath, scarcely exhibited more instances of *medisance* and detraction. But we had amongst us some most estimable characters.

The Honorable Mr. E——y was of that number; and I trust that he will never be forgotten by his countrymen and fellow-prisoners. A certain *right honorable* lord acted a very different part: he would gamble with a *detenu*, whatever might be his rank, and unblushingly pocket his money, or his security; not disdaining to win and to

receive so paltry a sum as fifty francs. This is the peer who can play by proxy; and who is so celebrated for gaming and transactions of gallantry.

Young Lord B——, who was amongst us, is a man of honor and intrepidity; but he certainly carried too much sail for his ballast. So wild a youth I think I never met with; but his heart is in the right place. His beauty was very attractive to the females of our town; but his sacrifices to Bacchus occupied too much of his time to allow him to pay his devotions in another line. "*Comme ils boivent, ces Anglais,*" was the common cry, on seeing his young lordship and the hard-going set to which he belonged. A *tripot*

was set up by a French firm, on the mere speculation of fleecing *les Anglais detenus*; and Madame de S—— made a journey to England since, merely to melt the securities given at the gaming table at Verdun.

This lady, who once was very beautiful, played a *vilain role* in England, after the peace, pestering and persecuting people who had incautiously lost their money at Verdun, by way of killing time; and leaguing with Jews and attornies to pursue them. She was better known by the name of the Comtesse de V——, when the lover of a gentleman of balloon notoriety, and afterwards the companion of a Duc d'A——, and of a Comte T——. Her last

amant was a German prince, to whom many people assert she was married. If so, " *je lui en fais mon compliment.*

Another lady of notoriety, whom I met with during my stay in France, was the lovely, but dangerous, Madame B——l. The French government employed her as their agent in Russia, not only to be a spy, but also to disseminate French principles.

It was a common practice with the court of the Thuilleries to despatch to foreign courts beautiful courtisans, who co-operated with the ambassadors and spies from France; and to employ ambassadors, secretaries, and agents, as expert in military affairs as

in diplomacy. They could therefi discover and report the assailable poi of the countries to which they w sent, their strength by sea and la the discipline of their armies and vies, &c. Then were irreligion, pse philosophy, gold, intrigues, and fen influence, employed to corrupt, e vate, and overthrow kingdoms and pires.

Madame B—— was one of the n powerful and successful female ag of the French. She bewitched heart of the impatient, imbecile Pau Russia; she ruined and denounce great number of Russians, and delive them up to the rage of France; many, it has been asserted, lost t

lives on her account. Thus is woman still transcendent, both in good and ill. Alas! how many deluded victims might exclaim—

—— Χρην γαρ αλλοθεν ωοθεν βροτυς
Παιδας τεκνωσθαι, θηλυ δ' ωκ ειναι γενος,
Ουτω δ' αν ωκ ην ωδεν ανθρωποις ωακον.

CHAPTER VII.

INDEPENDENTLY of the a
gallantry, which "*astonished*
tives" of Verdun, we had, amoi
selves, some transactions in th
and so many were the exch
wives, the conjugal proxies a
locks without *marriage* ceren
so many the after changes
motions, the desertions, and th
partners introduced, that, wh
man amongst us acknowled
female companion for his wif
her his name, the *lieutenant*

used to say, "good and well, *mais est-ce la veritable?*" A very necessary question at that time; although the Frenchman was not at all scandalized at our love concerns, provided they did not interfere with his own fire-side; and as to the dear creatures of the other sex, "*they were not straight-laced*" in any sense or acceptation of the term.

As to our manner of living at Verdun, the following sketch of a certain lord's proceedings, which he will readily acknowledge as true, will serve for all those who had money at command to procure the comforts of life.

"Rose about twelve; appeared on horseback about two, with a groom

behind him, dressed much alike, with hunting frocks and coloured silk handkerchiefs; gallopped furiously through the town, or lounged half off and half on his saddle; hat cocked on one side, whip under arm, whistling or humming an air, staring, and ogling the girls; went the prescribed one mile out of town in two or three directions; returned, and, for want of something better to do, dressed a second time, more genteelly, and went to talk nonsense, for half an hour, to some tradesman's daughter, or *marchande de modes*; kept two fresh horses parading before her door; and, at about four o'clock, took the second limited ride, in order to shew the *four horses* in one morning; returned and dressed elegantly

for dinner, showed himself to mademoiselle, on whom the four horses and the three changes of dress produced the desired effect; went to dinner with an English party, talked about horses, dogs, and intrigues; got drunk, and was either carried home by friends, or picked up by enemies, whilst in the act of making a street row, and had to make up the business "*à force d'argent*" the next morning, for which *mi lord* was called a *bon diable.*

Sometimes a horse-race, a match at billiards, with the gaming-table at night, furnished the only variety which filled up the Englishman's life: yet, strange to tell, many of us were very happy there; many forgot home and

captivity; not a few formed permanent connexions; and some even regretted leaving Verdun. Whether this is to be attributed to the love of the fair sex, of French wines, or of idleness, is best known to the parties.

I was not without my private anxieties whilst detained by the French government; for, besides the loss of liberty, insufferable to an Englishman, a cold, caught by travelling, deprived me of the best of women. I had experienced the extremes of matrimonial happiness and infelicity; and I now became once more a solitary being. I felt severely the loss of a beloved woman and faithful friend—but no more of that. At length peace

restored us to liberty—every man looked homewards, and made up his bundle to return to the *natale solum;* many with diminished fortunes, but increased families and incumbrances. Tears flowed from bright eyes at Verdun; and *paquets* were made up by many a lovely dame, who followed the fortunes of the *ci-devant detenu.* Upon the whole, the fair had no reason to complain of English lovers; and our departure was more regretted than desired.

On quitting Verdun I visited Paris, and saw the allied troops, previously to their departure from France. I was also in time to view the monuments of art which rapine had transferred to Paris; and I observed the dejected eye,

and the scowling glance of the *Badaud*, who could not bear to see his town denuded of its plunder, nor his own insignificance deprived of the importance which he usurped, like the fly upon the wheel, by including himself in the "*we*" who raised such a dust, and ravaged so large a portion of Europe—that *refunding* or *returning* did not at all suit the Parisian's taste, although justice and dire necessity demanded the sacrifice.

Of France, "*verbum non amplius addam*," except the following very singular, and to me, interesting story, of *la petite Rosalie*, of Valenciennes, which occurred during my stay at that place.

CHAPTER VIII.

LA PETITE ROSALIE.

Rosalie was lovely as the blushing dawn of a May morning; she was gentle, kind, and tender. She never knew her parents; for her mother died of a broken heart before Rosalie had reached her third spring: her father she had never beheld, being a child of love; and she was reared and educated by charitable aid. At an early age she was put to service, and earned her bread with virtuous industry, when the *detenus* were at Valenciennes.

An English gentleman and his
of some distinction and fortune, pl
with her appearance and addres
gaged her as a servant. Her g
manners, her modest mien, her ple
voice and becoming deportment, a
to a most interesting person, and a
tractive humility, gained her the
tions of her master and her mist
but, in a short time, the former,
had been all his life a hardened l
tine, conceived an illicit passion fo
prepossessing Rosalie, who united
the *naïveté* of a *piquante* French
man the downcast simplicity and
neatness of an English girl.

With men in high life, vice se
breaks out by assault and outrage

os like the tiger ere it springs on
rey, and grovels like the serpent ere
insinuates its poison into the veins.
libertine, therefore, gradually gained
gratitude and respect of Rosalie, by
treatment and presents, long before
sclosed his guilty passion. Both by
and his wife the orphan was treated
as their child than their servant;
often admitted her to their society,
l her to the situation of lady's-
and companion, and interested
selves in the cultivation of her
. The heart of Rosalie was ex-
ely susceptible of impressions of
ude. She returned the regard of
atrons with enthusiastic affection
lutiful obedience. She was not a
te of her fellow-servants, because

she was a stranger, preferred to them, and very retired in her habits, shunning their familiarity and society, without intentionally offending them, and courting seclusion and study when out of the company of her master and his lady.

Improved in mind and person, she attained her seventeenth year. As she grew in loveliness, her libertine master's passion became more impetuous; and he basely resolved on her ruin. From the condescension and complacency of a kind superior, his attentions and his marks of preference began to assume a more lively character of affection, and excited the suspicion and jealousy of his wife. Every day her partiality for

Rosalie decreased, until she became proud, distant, and severe towards her; and, at last, treated her as a common menial.

Rosalie was of too tender and susceptible a mind not to perceive the cruel and afflicting change. Yet fate had placed her so far below the oppressor who now trampled on her, that she dared not to seek an explanation. Accustomed as she had been to look up to her mistress as a parent and a friend, she now dreaded her approach, trembled at her harsh command, and fled before her stern frown like the rose-leaf, blighted and driven away by the rude and impetuous wind. Her only consolations were a tranquil conscience, and

a pure and virtuous mind; but her health speedily sunk under the acuteness of her sufferings, and she was stretched at last on a bed of sickness.

All this time her sensibility was construed into sullenness; her retirement attributed to pride: her sickness was, by her mistress, considered as a mark of her harboring a guilty passion, which rendered her still more odious in her sight. The libertine still testified for her the deepest and the tenderest interest, and daily increased his marks of attention, of kindness, and of affection. In her illness, most particularly, he evinced a parental feeling towards her, and gained still more upon her wounded yet grateful heart.

Such was her innocence, that she felt elief from his seemingly protecting ire; such her artlessness, that she istook desire for sympathy, and im- ure passion for pity and condescen- on. She stood now on the very brink f ruin, yet blind to her awful position : e recovered apace; and soon did the turning rose bloom on her damask eek.

Her master gazed with rapture on er renovated charms; his passion urned all restraints; and he proceed- l to caresses, ardent kisses, vows and etitions, unfit for innocent ears. Ro- lie was horror struck; she trembled d was silent; she stood motionless d wept; she withdrew, but had not

Taking advantage of her u
and solitary situation, he r
breaking through every bond
lity, and on gaining by force th
which he felt that tears and
and all illicit love's wiles an
stratagems, might fail to sec
tering her chamber by su
would have completed her
Providence armed her resoluti
nerved her arm, and steeled h
bosom to past impressions:
a knife, and would have plu

detected criminal to hide himself in his chamber.

The scream of anguish, which preceded the exertion Rosalie had made in defence of her honor, had disturbed the family: the servants flew to her chamber; her mistress rose from her couch; they found her door locked; they forced it, and discovered her extended apparently lifeless on the floor: they proceeded to her master's room, and discovered him in violent agitation on a sofa. He drove them furiously from him; but the case appeared to his wife but too clear, and she resolved to turn the unprotected orphan out of doors. This Rosalie, herself, anticipated; for the moment that she reco-

vered she solicited permission to leave the family, which was willingly granted; but fresh misfortunes awaited her.

She was closely examined and questioned by her imperious lady as to the strange appearances of the morning; but she was resolved to conceal in her bosom both the intended injury and her master's disgrace. Gratitude secured him so far; and Rosalie determined to avoid, by flight, further danger, and agony of mind. Unluckily, as it then appeared, a courier, who had travelled with her master and mistress, had been long in the habit of pilfering articles of plate and wearing apparel; and as no discovery had, as yet, been made, it was resolved to

examine Rosalie's trunk, ere she was suffered to depart. She readily submitted; but requested her mistress to respect a bundle of papers, containing family secrets, and of no value to any one but herself. They were, she said, the only legacy of a mother whom she had never sufficiently known to remember; they were the only inheritance of a wretched orphan. This bundle excited the particular curiosity and suspicion of her lady, who instantly broke the seal; and she eagerly examined every article which it contained. She gazed; she started; she grew mad with fury, on finding a bundle of letters in her husband's hand-writing, addressed *à ma chere Annette.* This name she was convinced was only

assumed to cover his intrigue with Rosalie.

On further examination, she found a gold wedding-ring and a cambric handkerchief, marked with his initials on hair. This was enough. She outrageously assaulted the trembling Rosalie; she then flew infuriated to the libertine's apartment, and declared what had passed, accusing him with frantic violence of infidelity. He denied the charge; said that the letters must be forged to answer some base purpose; and that, if a handkerchief of his and a gold ring were in Rosalie's possession, they must have been stolen, for he never gave her such articles. Enraged by his degrading disappointment and unsated

passion, he eagerly seized the opportunity of unmanly vengeance, and ordered the poor orphan to be seized, and thrown into prison on a charge of theft. This was, indeed, a triumph for his lady wife. The order was instantly complied with; and Rosalie, strong only in her own innocence, was led away like the gentle lamb, to be a sacrifice to man's barbarity.

In the hurry and confusion arising from surprise, and from the enjoyment of sated vengeance, the jealous wife had not mentioned to her husband the *feigned* name (as she considered it) which appeared on the superscription of the love-letters. She now proceeded to peruse these warm productions,

when her husband entered the room. His dazzled and astonished eye caught the direction, "*à ma chere Annette*;" he recognized his own guilty handwriting; and snatching the packet abruptly from his lady, flew with it to his closet. The first record of infamy which met his view was a promise of marriage, sent with a wedding-ring, as the precursors of Annette's destruction; next, numerous amatory epistles, filled with perjured oaths and unperformed promises, broken vows and fond expressions, deceitfully framed for the fatal purposes of seduction. On searching further, he found a handkerchief of his marked with his cypher in Annette's hair, which he had given her when, drowned in tears, she reproached

him with his inconstancy, and when he strove to calm her sorrows by hackneied expressions and words of unfelt tenderness. Proceeding onwards, he learned her premature death; and, letting the paper fall from his hands, cast himself in an agony on the ground, for it brought a killing truth to his horror-stricken mind—Rosalie was his own child!

She was the fruit of perjured love, the living testimony of a mother's shame, and a father's villainy. What had he done? What had he not done in his career of passion? Agitation, little short of madness, convulsed his frame: he sent for his angry wife, and ordered the liberation of his daughter,

[illegible] every thing, and calling [illegible] on his head. Yet, how to behold her! The trial was dreadfully severe to both. To him it brought anguish that wants a name; to her, the horrid recollection of having raised a parricidal arm against the author of her existence. A fixed melancholy overshadowed the libertine's mind during the remainder of his life; but he performed a parent's duty to his child in the most exemplary manner. Rosalie is now married to a worthy man of rank and fortune; she is the happy mother of a lovely family; and she enjoys the felicity merited by her patience under adversity; her gratitude for kindness; and the firm resistance of her virtue against every temptation.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING gratified my curiosity at Paris, I took the route to Calais, and felt no small pleasure in being so far on my road to old England. If it be true that a *special* licence for fancy and imagination be *given* to poets and to painters, a still greater licence is *taken* by travellers. A grumbler whom I met on this journey seemed determined to exercise this privilege in its fullest extent; for, seeing that I was almost a stranger, after ten years exile from home, he assured me that England was *done for*; that the war had

ruined her: that peace came, like the doctor, too late, and was of no earthly use; that our workhouses and our hospitals would soon be overflowing with starving and incurable objects, discharged from the army and navy; that it would not long be safe to go to bed at night; that robberies would be committed in open day both by officers and men, reduced to poverty; that the tradesmen must shut their doors, there being no commerce left; that public confidence was destroyed, and that *Henry Hase* would speedily lose his credit; that all the gold was carried out of the country; and that debts were paid only by whitewashings and bankruptcies; that the people would rise on account of their starvation: and that the whole population of

England was migrating to foreign parts; that no gentleman would live in England upon bread and cheese and small beer, when he could feast upon game and claret on the other side of the water; finally, that the grass would shortly grow in Cheapside, and cricket-matches be played in Bond-street.

Upon enquiry, I found that my traveller was one who *enjoys the smiles of the fair* only on one occasion—to wit, a knight of the tooth-brush and polisher of *bone:* I only wonder that he did not assert that *all the teeth in England* had been drawn, since the people had no longer any use for them.

In the packet, I met with a number

of returning English: and at Dover with a drove of fashionable emigrants. Both these classes seemed to unite in one object; namely, misrepresenting the two countries, France and England. The former wish to pass for people of good taste and high accomplishment; and all those who had no importance at home, tried to borrow it from the opposite coast. Many whom I had known, ill clad and almost starving, talked of their regret at leaving a country where they had lived so luxuriously; and others talked of sauces, *ragouts*, and of *vol au-vents*, of *vin d'Hermitage*, *du Rhone*, of rosy Champagne, and of high-flavored Lafitte; as if they had possessed a cellar and establishment fit for a duke; when I have known

them to dine at a *gargotier's* for twenty sols, and to be contented with half a bottle of sour wine, or *la petite goutte pour faire la digestion.*

"Pray," cried Miss Minikin, "do they *valze en Angleterre?*" affecting to forget her *vulgar mother tongue.* "Can one make up a party for quadrilles? not the vulgar obsolete game at cards, but the *contredanses Françaises,* I mean? *Lud!* how I do like the French, their *politesse* (which I found all flown), their *galanterie Française* (which consists in loose conversation before women, and an uncommon low bow), their nice cooking ———,"

"And their *petit mót pour rire,*" exclaims fat Mistress Firkin from Ald-

gate, who had been detained through a smuggling speculation during the war, and who had solaced herself in the absence of her spouse by taking in clear-starching for the English, and by having young ladies boarded in her house, in order to learn barbarous English.

A third lady said that she was sure she never could stay at home (good reason why, she had nothing to live upon); and that the French were so *aimable* and so free, that she could never bear her boorish countrymen. "*Bien obligé, Mademoiselle,*" said I; but she turned out to be a *detenu's* wife, who amused herself with reading Voltaire and Rousseau until she became not only a free-thinker, but a *free actor;*

and she never could expect to have so numerous a circle of admirers as Verdun afforded to her *at homes*.

Nor was this preposterous rhodomontade confined to the fair sex. "I am always taken for a Frenchwoman," said one elderly *rusty belle*. "And so am I too," answered Captain Rooney, "from the correctness of my *pronounciation*, and from *Jenny see quaw* in my manners." Now, the captain was an ensign in the Roscommon Militia, and had gone to France to look after the effects of a half uncle, a priest. Being detained, he called himself captain (a good travelling name); and he lived better as a prisoner than at home. The borrowing trade did him no harm; and

his fresh colour and good nature recommended him to the notice of all the restaurateurs' and aubergistes' wives within a mile of his quarters; whilst a handful of blackthorn, which he called a *switch*, kept husband and creditor at bay, and paid the reckoning as he went on. Pat, however, had too much respect for the emerald isle to allow any foreign tongue to intrude upon his parts of speech; and he accordingly spoke unintelligible English and French, but very pure and energetic Irish.

An Aberdonian too wanted to pass for a Frenchman, but his *brode auccent*, and his rigid economy, soon betrayed him; and I recognized in him the *domine* of a young tailor, who, when on

his travels in search of a polish, was detained in the act of demurring about paying an extra half-crown to escape in a packet boat. Both of these characters stretched the traveller's prerogative to a great length; the one as to his learning, the other as to his prowess and his adventures.

Sam Weatherbrace too, a midshipman of my acquaintance, must dabble also in the marvellous. He had been too long a prisoner to remember what *plain sailing* was; and, accordingly, on our passage, he spun the *profanum vulgus* such a long yarn, that you might have travelled on it to the land's end. He assured a superannuated old woman, that the whole town which he inhabited in France

was in love with him, and that he was so much the fashion, that nothing but Sam would go down. With the ladies, it was *ça m'amuse*—Sam amuse; *ça me plaît, ça me chatouille, ça m'enchante, ça me desespere*; with the men, *ça m'étonne, ça m'effraye, ça me fâche mortellement*: in a word, he was the delight of the women, and the terror and astonishment of the men.

Our countrymen on their way to France were little more correct in their statements than the travellers whom I have already mentioned. One said that *no fortune* could stand the taxes and public burthens, and that there would soon be a new order of things; another assured me that no man knew

how to live in England; that the climate was detestable, the mode of living worse and irrational; the people brutal and unsociable; that government would soon see where they were when the best people in the country left it; and that nothing but the war saved England: it was an unnatural *impetus* which kept the wheels of state in motion; a fever which produced *plethora*; that peace would bring us to nothing, and that we could not stand two years of it.

Now, the first was a ruined rake, with a legion of bailiffs and duns at his heels; the other was a bankrupt, who had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of London; and, what he pretended to be a matter of election, was one of ab-

solute necessity. All this appeared ver strange to me; for, through my variou vicissitudes of fortune, I never wante in England the comforts and even th elegances of life, nor did I even know a luxury which money would not pro cure in London. Things, thought I to myself, as I lolled alone in my chaise must be strangely altered since I lef England. Perhaps great part of thi account is true. But I was agree ably undeceived on my arrival in Lon don; and if the Frenchman says, tha *il n'y a qu'un Paris,* the Englishma may fairly reply, there is only one Lon don.

At Dartford, I met with Lord A, o his way to France. He professed to b

ng there " merely for a lounge, be-
se every one was going to Paris;
ause a man must follow his acquaint-
es; and because the French metro-
is was now nothing but London
ourned; and it was better to throw
ay a few hundreds there than to
ste one's time and money at a water-
-place; nay, indeed, it was even
aper." "Not," said I, " if you give
ners at Roberts's and at Very's; if
look in every night at the *salon etrangers;* if you contribute to sup-
t the establishment of *Madame nan;* make presents to theatrical la-
; or stagger nocturnally with our
ntrymen (who alone get drunk
aris) into *De l'Aunaye's, &c.*" For
s it is that *Maître Bull* acts, whilst

he is pretending to save his money, to bring up, or to put his estates out to nurse, during his residence in France."

We now mutually enquired after our friends, on each side of the water. Mine, he informed me, were all ruined; yet I saw most of them looking as gay, and acting as extravagantly, as ever. To be sure, many had gone abroad; some were *wind-bound*, i. e. for want of being able to raise the wind, in the Isle of Man; others were pent up in the sanctuary of Holyrood House, in Scotland, whilst they made their friends in the south believe that they were taking a northern tour, or grouse-shooting on the moors.—Mac Flourish, for instance, who, after some years being the *Abbey*

d of many an Eloisa, slipped his
e, and delighted the frail ones on
coast of France; some were living
ule; and some *out of all rules*:
peer himself was *not out at elbows*,
ıtern was too good a friend for that;
he was what fashionables call a *lit-*
n the wind.

n my part, I gave his lordship a
of the *nouveaux arrivées* in Paris
y of whom had come off at *three*
speed. There were rooks, mar-
hawks, woodcocks, pigeons, and
tinds of *game, birds of passage,*
of prey, black birds, black legs,
game, red legs and blue stock-
legs with scarce a stocking or
game-keepers, pigeon fanciers,

knights of the *crescent*, knights of the *golden fleece*, and knights who had been fleeced of all their gold. Knights of the *Garter* were few. *Milord Vilainton* (as the French call him) was *seul dans son espece*, but there were many *above that order* in the ladies' favor. There was a certain *bon vivant* well known at Carleton-house; a reprobate parson, stale articles of trade, male and female speculators *sine fine*, members thrown out of Parliament, and servants thrown out of places; whiskered dons who had, and many more who had not, seen service; ladies whose servants wore huge cockades, to show that they *were constant to the army*; wives looking for their husbands in the army passing through France (some

ry unwelcome too), and husbands ho, having been used to foreign parts, ad looked out for other wives, by hich much confusion occurred; in a ord, I told him what a carnival appearance Paris had, and enumerated our many acquaintances lately arrived.

By Lord A's recommendation, I rove to Long's Hotel, where I meant o stay but a short time. Circumtances, however, prolonged my *seur* there, which is not very unfreuently the case; for although the term *ind-bound* may not exactly apply to is situation, I can assure the inexerienced traveller that he is likely ough to be *land-locked* there; and, he is as expensive as some of the gay

...y . A was a single m
ten thousand in the stoc
annuity; and was full
plunge once more into
tex of fashion.

CHAPTER X.

Such changes had taken place in London during my ten years absence, that Ovid's words,

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas corpora,"

occurred to me the very first day on which I beat the old ground of Bond Street, St. James's Street, and down to the Horse Guards; met my horses at Fribourg's; bought the prince's mixture; cantered over the same ground which I had walked over, up Piccadilly, through the Park, and down again to Long's. I

now saw an entirely new race of being
The scene of festive mirth and riot
the Horse-Guard table had lost its w
and was, and been transferred to th
more costly table kept at the palac
ing previously to my departure; bu
it was now sunk into a still more insipi
guard mess-house in St. James's Street
where schoolboys, of my days, talke
of war and of slaughter, of bivouacking
and of forced marches, in contradis
tinction to my old associates, who neve
ventured beyond the watchhouse
shot nothing but game; whose figh
ing exercise only to fighting *shy*
fields, whose hardest service was ge
ting pelted by a hail storm, whilst a
reading the king; and whose force
marches ended at Hampton-Cour

Deptford, Richmond, Kew, and *royal* Windsor;—who used to spit for half-crowns into the Thames, or play at chicken hazard all the morning, and get drunk all night by way of destroying the *enemy* (time) who still conquered in the long run.

I must confess that the change of life and of service is for the better; but the good fellows *temporis acti*, seem to be but ill represented by their successors.

In my morning ramble, I passed a number of my female *detenu* friends, whom I recognized by the hump on their backs; their looking down, as if

to pick up pins; their minikin short steps suggesting that

"Ce n'est que le *premier pas* qui coute,"

their coal-scuttle bonnets with an elevation like a church steeple, surmounted by a broom of feathers, which appeared to have been plundered from a hearse, nodding over their foreheads. My male *detenu* acquintance I could easily discern, by their being worse dressed than other gentlemen; either preserving the ill-hewn boots of a Frenchman, or the ungentlemanlike round *would-be* English hat, which convinced me that an Englishman of fashion in his morning dress is the most gentlemanly dressed man in Europe.

I could detect a few counterfeits whom I had known abroad,—with brass spurs, and a downy appearance on the lip, black handkerchiefs round their neck, and military great coats,—who had been midshipmen, clerks, and men in civil employment, but who fain would recommend themselves to the fair as colonels, captains, hussars, or gay dragoons.

The short petticoat of my fair country women certainly enlarged the views of the other sex; and as it seemed to rise daily, I dreaded that it might soon come to a *ne plus ultra*; while its flounces and falbelas put me in mind of the curtain of a theatre just drawing up before the performance.

In the course of the morning, I met some college companions, who, from having been soldiers and sailors, had *taken orders*; *holy* orders I mean; but who were, when out of the pulpit, just the same hard going jolly dogs as when first we were acquainted. I should like much to hear some of them preach.

One of these *ci devant militaires*, now transferred to the church militant, is a *prime* bruiser, or what is more appropriately and modernly called, a first-rate *gentleman miller*. With him I dined at Long's—he was an inmate at the house, although he never slept there; and he put me up to a number of things, which I had either forgotten in

r long absence, or had never known ; r I must confess that the modern lucation, in point of being *down as a ail*, or *awake* to what is going on, is ry superior to the *savoir* of my early lays.

We sat down to dinner at seven, hich the parson deemed an early hour.)ur party consisted of half a dozen be- ides ourselves ; all gay, well dressed ellows, of most expensive habits, and pparently young men of fortune. here were Sir Veteran Fox, Lord larino, George Juniper, Major Skir- ish, Tom Thoughtless, and Charles rafty ; besides the Reverend and my- lf. Such was the extravagance of me of these gentlemen, that half our

evening was spent in contriving how to make the entertainment expensive enough. We had wines sent for, and tasted, returned, or changed, but always desired to be charged; for it would have been unhandsome to the house to do otherwise; champagne burned, truffles added to every dish, pine apples cut and thrown away—such a waste I never witnessed; the chief promoters of which, as I afterwards discovered, were ruined men, who never meant to pay the bill directly or indirectly.

The dinner went off well enough; for Long can furnish as many dainties, and do things in as good a style, as any one, in spite of long credit, bad debts, and, now and then, the

reckoning being paid by an insolvent act, or compromise.

Lord Marino and Young Juniper left us rather early; when Sir Veteran said to Skirmish; "What flats these fellows are; they are only fit to join one in an annuity, or to pay the bill." Juniper is a narrow-minded, mere mechanic; his counter affords him plenty of money, and yet he has so much of the shop about him, that he grudges paying for being brought into fashion. It is a painful task which I have undertaken; and if the fellow does not conduct himself better, I shall cut him entirely, and leave him to a sense of his own wretchedness."

"Apropos! where are your whiskers, major?" said Thoughtless. "And the green spectacles?" cried Charles Crafty. "And the box-coat and Welch wig?" added the parson. "*Taisez vous*," replied the major, putting his forefinger on his lips; and the conversation on that subject dropped immediately. Twelve o'clock struck, when the baronet gave a smile and a nod to the major, who, raising his eyebrows, and looking all regret and surprise at Thoughtless said in a theatrical attitude and tone "Remember twelve!" On which the other flew up, and cried, "I totally forgot my engagement with the earl marshal."—"Doubtless, the Duke o Norfolk," said I. "The same," re

plied the baronet, with a wink; and our friend Thoughtless was off like a shot. All this surprised me a little; but the parson solved the problem for me at breakfast next day.

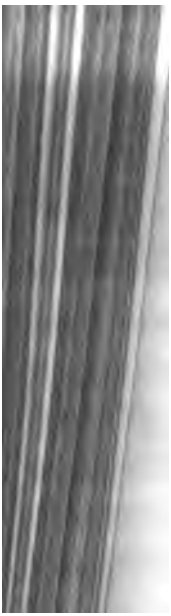
The characters of the party were then given by him as follows:—Lord Marino was a young man of high birth, and great expectations, but in want of cash. He was introduced to Sir Veteran, who had joined him in raising money on annuity, a joint security in which is Juniper, the son of a rich distiller, and the baronet, who being nothing, the flats will pay for all, and, if they grumble, may dread a shot.

Sir Veteran Fox is a battered old

rake of fifty. It was of him that Mrs. M_____rs (who is a good judge) said that he was a worn-out old rake, without a *good point* about him. Sir Veteran has, still, his family seat and old entailed estate; but the former is generally let, and the latter is mortgaged and annuitised up to the last shilling of its value; so that, in fact, he has no income at all; but the name of the thing sounds well: it enables him to vote at elections, and gives respectability where the real *status quo* of his affairs is not known. He has seen a great deal of high life; he understands the odds at betting; knows all the Greeks and Trojans, the best horses, the most fashionable frail ones, the best and longest ticking tradesmen;

but he practises very little himself, being too well known: moreover, in the decline of life, he wished to live quiet and respectable.

Now and then he had a small party to dine at an hotel (for nobody knew his lodgings); or, if his house in the country was not let, he took down a party for a week, invited a *workman*, and the flats were done by proxy: good advice was given; regret was expressed at their imprudence; and *thus* nothing transpired. But Sir Veteran's great resource was being a child's guide. He got acquainted with greenhorns, and undertook to bring them into fashion; during which period of instructions he lived with them, rode their



coach-makers, h
boot-makers, and
and ruinous acqua
men of the turf, or
What his feeling wa
but so he carried o
number of excellent
a welcome amongst
command *on trial fo*
lors who never troubl
recommended numero
If he dined at a tavern,
the reckoning; and wh
you might

years ago; but he sold out of the army: soldiering yielded him more in the cabinet than in the field; and a whole skin is better than a bed of glory to a man who values *life*, which no man does more than the major. He has spent a large fortune; but he is of the *new school*; and he took devilish good care to keep a handsome residue for *self*. Besides selling out, and placing the amount of the sale of his commission at high interest in an annuity scheme, he is very deeply in debt to Jews, money-lenders, and even to tradesmen; "but he knows better," said the parson, "than to pay the *raps*; *ergo*, he is what we call *a Sunday man*. He keeps snug with a fair dame at some obscure corner near town, Peckham Rise or Bayswater,

Vauxhall, or Newington; changes his quarters often, and lives like a son of a king at home. If he comes to town, it is incog,—a box coat, and Welch wig on,—or a pair of false mustachios, and the furred pelisse which you saw him in,—or a pair of green spectacles, his hair powdered, and a dress like a clergyman. On a Sunday he is himself; calls on tradespeople; gets his letters at the St. James's; negotiates his business; but catch him who can after night-fall. "You saw his joy at the arrival of twelve yesterday," added the parson, for he was then all safe; then it was "*pede libero pulsanda tellus.*" This would be called by the old school cheating his creditors; but in the present day *every man looks to himself;*

turely he ought to love himself and *here amie* better than a Jew, an ney, or a shop-keeper.

ıe parson drew breath here, and owed a cup of coffee, when Ma- ——'s carriage passed by. at woman," said he, "keeps a ter-office; they are innumerable in lon; she can tell you *every thing*. rs keep private *bureaux* for pro- g places and pensions; some for monial engagements; one (lately ted up), a regular *pulpit* agency- ; some, less delicate, for *lost ıcters*; some, where you may *ıase a character*, and get a house- r to *cry up* your credit; to give a good name; to represent your

affairs as if he was your agent; to
cept your bills; to bail you; to a
you on a friendly writ; or to do
thing for you which you can possi
think of."—"What an improvemen
exclaimed I; "but let me know
about Thoughtless and Crafty."

CHAPTER XI.

"TOM THOUGHTLESS," said my informant, "is a rattling young fellow, whose father half ruined the family property by his election; and Tom has completed the work. Besides getting a few thousands in debt, he is now in the Rules of the King's Bench; and the hint of 'Remember twelve' applied to him, as he ought to have been in his lodging by that time; but there is no fear of any one present betraying him. His friends will not pay his debts, although very able so to do, for paying debts is now quite out of

or a brother out o
quite obsolete. You
so quixotically as
ther, Lord Cr——."—
fellow!" said I. "
parson; "every one
now-a-days."

"But to return to
tended that he should
creditors, by tipping t
and then his friends
thing for them."—"W
to Hi

ppointment in India, and come home n eighteen or twenty years as rich as Crœsus. Now, as the fellow is not above twenty-five, he will be able to enjoy life then, and to live like an Eastern king besides. Doubtless, by that time, he will *be up to every thing* (for there's *greeking* in India as well as here); and then he'll know how to take care of his money."

"And," added I, "if he be a generous, well-principled fellow, he will pay all his creditors with interest for the time which they have waited for their money." "Not a bit," said the parson: "a parcel of villains, who take n young men, forcing their merchanise on them, and charging them one

hundred, aye three hundred per cent. profit; not to mention the Jews, whom I have advised him to sue for usury. Bless you, George, if a horse-dealer, or a coach-maker, or a hotel fellow, gets half-a-crown in the pound, he does not lose a farthing. Besides, the vagabonds stick up their losses to the account of the man who pays."

"Then," said I, "I suppose I shall have to pay for Tom Thoughtless's share, without the merit of treating him." "To a dead certainty," replied the reverend; "yes, and for Charles Crafty's also; but I assure you, that a tradesman makes a lower bow for a compromise than for a fair payment of his bill, because the former case is

rate; and, if an old debt, it is a
is the statute of limitations has
y settled the matter." "But
ience, parson!" said I—"Is all
're, George; but don't parson me
se you know that I am a clericus
rza; and if I go now and then to
ing, preach the flats a moral good
-made sermon, and behave de-
down there, 'tis all that's re-
l of me."

Charles Crafty is by no means the
htless giddy fellow he wishes to
r. He has been a spendthrift by
n, calculation, and principle,
vise he could not have lived in
lendid style which he has done;
he had not lived in that style,

he could not have kept the first c
pany. He had a moderate fortun
one-and-twenty, when he was only t
thousand pounds in debt, contracted
Cambridge. He spent his all in f
years; but then the elegance and
expense of that period, like the h
which remains in an oven, when
embers have burned out, kept h
warm and in credit for four years mo
This may be easily managed, if a
low possess any *vus*, and only deal w
topping tradesmen, who are in
habit of giving long tick, and who
afraid to press a man of fashion w
don't pay, for fear of offending his h
connexions and friends who do pay.

" Charles is now in debt about

thousand pounds; but as he has a letter of licence for two years, he is as gay and as free as any fellow. He deals upon the square *to a small amount*, which shows economy; and has a fresh ticking set of tradesmen, who know nothing about the *letter of the law*. He keeps his tilbury and groom, both well appointed; and has a French fellow to dress his hair; he frequents all public places; is strong in credit here at the hotel, in consequence of having recommended the marquis and Juniper; he dresses, as you see, uncommonly neat; and he lives with a *cast-off*, to whom he has given a promise of marriage when his uncle dies, who is a hale fellow of fifty; so that he

don't expect to be called upon to ful his engagement in a hurry.

"As for the letter of licence, when expires, he will be just about as able pay as he is now, nor has he the lea idea of doing so; but he runs t chances of a lucky hit, a windfall, getting into parliament, of which l has great hopes; for he paid poor B Versatile for writing a most splend pamphlet, which has strongly recor mended him to government. Beside if worst come to worst, he can emigra with his *gouvernante*; and Juniper h promised, whenever he wants a tho sand, to let him have it on post obit, t joining in the security. With this a con

mise can be effected from abroad; l Juniper must go to the wall for the *gatelle:* what's a paltry thousand?"

I here took occasion to observe that, high life, there were some improve- nts in economy; for, in my time, a ıtleman would not be seen riding in ne-horse chaise, nor have permitted ellow smelling strong of the stable sit beside him; now, a well-dressed ı, with a neat dennet or tilbury, a d spanking horse, and his groom by side, is as much respected, and goes ut in as good style, as one with his icle and pair, and two mounted oms, either on horses with winkers, match those in harness, or with a e of bloods, worth four hundred gui-

neas: a useful piece of saving knowledge! for if the out-riders' horses should happen not to be a match, a man must keep at least six nags, if ever he rode on horseback, or four in the latter case: then even a pair that *match,* costs not only double, on account of the number but more, on account of being a good match, stepping together, &c. Then again, the boot behind, now in fashion to carry two grooms, or two footmen, saves a couple of horses; and, in posting to Bath, or to the Moors, economizes a hat-full of money for post-horses.

Before we parted, I requested the parson to let me into Bill Versatile's history, whom I had seen in the Blues

He gave it as follows:—" Mr. Versatile had been educated at the university of Oxford, and he was a bright scholar, but very wild. He first figured in the militia of his county, and next in half a dozen regiments of horse and foot, spent a very fine property in five years, and then sold out and took chambers in the temple. Such were his abilities, that he would have been a star in the profession of the law, had not his idleness and extravagance, his dissipation and eccentricity, marred all his prospects of advancement and riches. Whilst he affected to follow the law, the law followed him; and he was never without a score of writs out against him. His chief support was playing at whist, *on the square* too,

with superior judgment, and horse dealing. At length he snapped up a young lady in a decline: her state of health was his inducement to marry her; and he soon got rid of his wife,

> "Took the onion from his eye,
> "And touched ten thousand pounds."

This he soon spent; but he picked up a woman of lost reputation with twenty thousand more. Her conduct was what might be expected; so they separated and fairly divided the fortune between them. Bill now turned speculative farmer; but the lodging in St. James's Street, and late hours, overturned the concern: his bailiff sacked the profits; and Bill appeared in the Gazette. He then launched out more splendidly than ever, *as a blind;* and won a

thousand pounds on a race; but his race was not of long duration, and he was plunged into prison, where he remained, supported by a weekly trifle from his wife, and by the charity of his more wealthy fellow-prisoners, all of whom sought his society with avidity, and were benefited by his advice and talents. After long confinement, he was liberated under the act, and he now lives very comfortably on about four hundred per annum, earned in the following singular way—

"He has an office, which appears to be a scrivener's: here, it is understood, that law opinions, and advice on every subject, may be had at a very reduced price. Bill attends in disguise, and writes

pamphlets for or against ministers, morials, love-letters, anonymous lett makes verses for those who cannot m them themselves; carries about lett of licence for signature, personati the uncle of the young man involv who will, in time, do something him; corrects schedules, and puts greenhorn up to all sorts of trap, this *sub rosâ:* and then amuses him all the evening. I am told that L ——— has offered to settle a hund a year on him for travelling to It with him, besides making him a ha some present on his return. Moreov Versatile has found out somethi perhaps a quack medicine, by whi he swears that he shall make fortune."

We now separated, and I reflected how little I yet knew of life, of these ways and means, which were quite matters of astonishment to me.

I now adopted the tilbury system, and took some other hints of modern economy; but my outset in town had been so extravagant, and I had been already twice duped, once by lending three hundred to an old acquaintance at the club, and once by playing at Sir Veteran's birth-day dinner given at the hotel, that I was obliged to sell two thousand pounds out of the stocks, before I could look round me. I now called in Long's frightful bill, and discharged it; and I made good resolutions as to future order and economy,

determined not to be eaten up, as formerly, by servants and horses; and to travel by the mail-coach instead of in a chaise and four, with an *avant courier*, and other extravagancies. "Bravo, resolution!" said I, so I treated resolution to some mulled claret, took my taper in my hand, and went to bed.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY B. CLARKE, WELL STREET.

MEMOIRS

AND ADVENTURES

OF

A MAN OF FASHION:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INCLUDING

ANECDOTES

OF MANY CELEBRATED PERSONS

WITH WHOM HE HAD INTERCOURSE AND CONNEXION.

"Blame where you must—be candid where you can."—JOHNSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1835.

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MEMOIRS

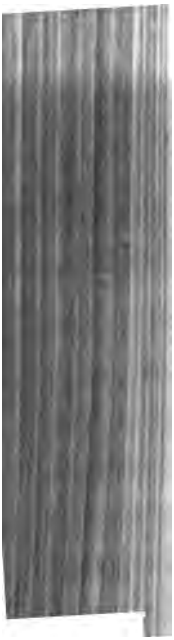
OF

A MAN OF FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

Lungi da te, ben mio
Viver si non poss'io.

In spite of the high charges at Long's, so attached did I get to this hotel, that I could not live out of it when in town. Indeed, there is more *of life* to be seen here in a week than



formerly, I took
server of passing

It has been a
abuse Long's hotel
man will give long
he can see his wa
accommodating if
difficulty, provided
friend will be resp
riod, however dis
charges, after all,
those of other

o bear testimony to this, for he has ong abused *Long* indulgence.

The parson, who is a witty dog, agreed with me in this opinion, and observed, that at this hotel it is *long* tick, *long* bill, *long* corks, *long-suffering* on Long's part at times, and *long faces*, if a greenhorn is not aware of what it is to live at an hotel in so fashionable and central a spot.

One day, dining there, I fell in with a naval officer, just returned from Paris. We joined company, and drank our wine together. His sentiments were so different from those of the grumbletonian, and from even the *detenus*, who aud France in order to give themselves

a superiority over *untravelled* John, that I must give them, although a little beyond the mark on the other side of the question.

"You talk of France," says the post-captain: "d—— me, I see nothing in it worthy to be compared to old England, no more than a herring smack is to a man of war of the first rate. As for their soups, they are like themselves, weak but palatable: their ragouts and fricassées resemble their manners, all taste and disguise; their best wine (champagne) is like their tempers and their conversation, all froth and evaporation, producing an after void and irritability; their courage, quackery; their women, like their artificial flowers,

gaudy and fabricated; their love, mechanical and changeable; their attractions, studied and unnatural. Give me a soup as strong as brandy, and wine as full of energy as an Englishman's mind, and as generous as his heart; strong as a lion, and full of good fellowship, every glass: let a chicken be a chicken, and a sirloin of beef be like *John Bull*—when alive all *game* and *fight*, and substantial when dead; let a woman have a vigorous structure and a warm heart, a yielding disposition and a grateful memory, instead of being like a looking-glass, to receive every impression, but to retain none.

"I like every thing *strong*, from our

...ny, because it is
because the laurel
myrtle and the vi
royal oak, all flouris
the prince can drin
out reserve for his s
a tear of sympathy
cause, finally, he is
nation of negroes,
slaves, but of a free
speaking of him as
en his heart and exa
they laud and do
here's to old

your fashionables may migrate and be ——. A brace of your oldest Port, Governor Long."

Here ended the tar's oration; and I must avow, that what it wanted in polish was made up in sterling value and honesty.

Every day now presented some novelty. As I was driving my tilbury down the Haymarket on a market day, I got entangled amongst the carts, and my wheel became locked in that of an awkward whip who had run his dennet up against me. The driver was uncommonly high dressed, and had a groom, in a tawdry crimson and gold

livery, by his side, with a huge cockade in his hat. The master was just going to burst out into a volley of oaths, by way of *playing* the gentleman, when he looked me full in the face, and cried, "Bless your heart, Sir! how glad I am to see you! I ask your pardon a thousand times; but my *fellor* shall jump out, and get you clear in two shakes."

This *gentleman* proved to be Robert, an old servant of mine. I saw all his heart in his face; and drawing my hand involuntarily from the reins, I extended it towards him. He now exhibited a blush of conscious inferiority, and of pride and satisfaction, at

being thus acknowledged by me; and I shook his hand twice on that account with a warmer palm and a closer grip. By this time the servant's servant had got us clear. "That's well done, Bob," said his master.

I liked this, because it looked as if he was a good and considerate master; whereas, in general, the slave becomes a tyrant, and the menial servant, when raised to the appearance and situation of a gentleman, lords it over his inferiors with a rod of iron. I asked where he lived, hoped he was well off, and told him that I would serve him, if in my power. He gratefully and cordially thanked me, requested to be allow-

ed to wait upon me; gave me his card, begging at the same time that I would pardon the liberty, and assured me that he should be proud and happy to serve me, which I believe. Then, making a very low bow with his hat off, which I returned by as kind and familiar a nod as I could, we drove off different ways; his servant continuing bare-headed for half a minute, and staring with eagle-eyed curiosity, supposing me to be a royal duke *incog*, never having seen his master so dutiful and respectful before to any one in his life.

The next day, Robert (now Mr Skeggs) called on me, on foot. This

thought looked like humility, and I welcomed him the more kindly for it. The waiter received him with much respect, which astonished me; and he afterwards told me that he was a very *good gentleman;* that he believed he was in the *play line;* but that he paid like a prince, and always behaved well when he came to the house; and *nobody don't know who nobody is,* said he, but as they pay. I saw, by this, that his origin was not known at the hotel, and I resolved, therefore, not to betray him; but I was more than ever anxious to learn his history, which he told me in a few words.

After quitting me, he had travelled

when ill. He next
* * * * * *, who coul
wages, but who *put h*
began seriously to th
for himself; but he pr
to take a second place,
save a little more mone

He then became bu
banker; and there he r
lucky hit. Old Omniu
delicate stomach, and
to one diet. His daily b

partner was both elderly and plain; but Martha, her handmaid, was young, and uncommonly blooming; a fine stock of rude health, a crimson elbow, a damask cheek, whose colour increased every time she was called a pretty girl, besides a devil of a roguish eye, beaming from under long black silken eyelashes, raised strange sensations in the man of money's breast, and so bothered his accounts, that he cast up his day-book wrong half a dozen times; and was so absent, that his clerks laughed at him, and said that old square toes was in love. This went on for some time, when he resolved to try his golden key upon the padlock of Martha's virtue; in which, by dint of trying and

trying, he at last succeeded. Now did he frisk about in a new wig, and seemed to gain new life—

"Such is the mighty power of love,"

until all, except his good wife, thought that the old man had been ground young again. Now Martha used to stay out late at night, and make a *long Sunday*, and ask for leave to go and see her aunt in Tooley Street, in the Borough; and sometimes be ill, and unable to come home; and then she was often taken with a swimming in her head; was sometimes quite *overcome*, and obliged to go to her room; whilst her master used to pretend to be at clubs to which he did not belong; and be

found out in lies, about dining with people who called afterwards, and unintentionally betrayed him. In short, Martha having very nearly been discovered by the appearance of the banker's wig, in a place where it ought not to have been seen, the banker found it expedient to dispose of her.

He imparted his secret to Robert, who stickled for a hard bargain; declaring, that he never liked second-hand goods; and, besides, the girl was so attached to her master, that it was doubtful whether she would make him a good wife. This highly flattered the banker; he pulled up his pantaloons, and looked in the glass; protested that he never would interfere with Robert's

But here Robe
not end; for, ha
dred pounds whils
ed to the two hu
another master, he
on annuity, throug
tion of an old attor
miles from Argyle
vestment produced
yearly. Then, being
by the instructions
he used to play at p
with his fellow-serva

raffles, and tossed up for his reckonings, and got presents from the maids; and, by degrees, accumulated another hundred pounds, which, with four hundred of savings, and one hundred of accumulated interest, added to the banker's five hundred guineas, made upwards of nine hundred pounds. Then, a boy was born, which being the banker's very *moral*, produced another hundred, and not surviving a month, saved all after-charges.

Now, Robert informed me, he set *up a little-go*, not a lottery-office *little-go*, but a minor gaming-table, where hazard, pharo, and all games of chance, were played for low stakes, such as silver hazard, &c. Thither he

invited me to witness his prosperity, and I promised to visit him. He assured me that the best bottle of wine in his cellar should be mine, and begged that I would not think of playing, but only honor him by looking on. This, too, I resolved to comply with.

In the course of our conversation I asked him if Martha made him a good wife. "Delightful!" said Robert. "She's a stylish comely wench, and dresses so well, that you would take her for a *real* lady, bred and born. Law bless you, Sir (added he), she never liked nobody but me. She used to laugh at the old *fellow*, and cost him a mint of money; and she told me all his goings on; how he used to

take her in a *chay* to the Horns at Highgate, and dine; and how they used to play at all-fours at the Horns at Kennington, and drink wine and play at bowls in Cumberland Gardens; and how they used to go to the Halfpenny Hatch *promenade*, where one of master's clerks fell in with her, and master was obliged to be off for fear of a blow-up; and how, at the Cumberland Gardens, the great actor ——— was drunk; and how he *spouted, and tipped her a touch of Richard the Third.* Many an evening have Martha and I talked over the old gentleman, and laughed at his rigs," concluded he. "And a very pretty conjugal evening's amusement," thought I.

When asked how he came by the cockade and the gay livery which his servant wore, he observed, that a cockade was a passport to high consideration; an honorable badge, which gave a finish to the gentleman; and that no one could be sure whether he was, or was not, a hero on half pay, or whether he was of the *Greek* light infantry, or the British cavalry. As to the livery, he excused himself for assuming it, by saying, that it was his *favorite master's;* and that, as he made it plain crimson, without a variety of cape and cuff, it was *gen*teel (laying immense stress on the *first* syllable), without usurping any great families' colours or badge. He also told me

that the banker used to pur and sneak about his house a little, at first; but that by assuming a menacing attitude, and *pretending* to be *violently jealous*, he frightened the old boy out of a little hush-money, and sickened him of the pursuit. Thus do our passions make us slaves to our slaves; and thus do rank and respectability bend to our impure inclinations.

Robert now took his leave; and I determined to see his *little-go*, for every scene of life had now interest for me. I shall now, said I to myself, know as much about low life as I have done of high life: all contributes to knowledge; and, as the French say, "*Les extremités se touchent.*" There must

be always a vast quantity of vice and variety in both; but so long as a man is only a spectator, and not a performer, what harm?

Et oui, oui dà
On ne peut pas trouver du mal à cela.

CHAPTER II.

Caverne à l'avarice ouverte
Ou l'on court le danger certain
D'etre ruiné par la perte,
Ou deshonoré per le gain.

I EXPECTED to find at Mr. Skeggs's *silver table* only the dregs of the people; but I found, in low life, as great a variety as in high life—curious visitors, interested visitors, foolish visitors, and visitors as *decoys*. I could have found nothing more at the two sixes, at the pigeon-hole, at the square, No. 10., at the *soi disant* club, at the red door with the round hole in Bennet Street, at the cob-web, or at the

mouse-trap; or perhaps at the great *rat-trap*, in Palace Yard. Resolved, therefore, "*parva componere magnis*," I entered the cavern, not in search of luck, but of characters, and I threw my crown on the table.

The motley group was composed of men of the fancy, and of fancy men, i. e. game-cocks and bullies, professed millers, and those disgraces to virility who are pensioned on the prostitution of the weaker sex, and who serve as allies in the rapine of a night. There were also many horse-jockies and horse-dealers. I recognized, in the dress of a coachman, an old college companion, who, after running out a landed property, drives a light coach on the western

d. There was likewise an abun-
ıce of merchants' and tradesmen's
rks and shopmen.

Glorying in every thing that is *flash*
d blackguard, here also were to be
und the *great* Lord Leg, and the ho-
ɔrable B. C. acknowledged to be the
ɛst gentleman miller, the best blast,
ıd the best hand at slang in the three
ingdoms.

After losing a few crowns, I fell into
ɔnversation with the *quality kiddies*,
ıd learned, among other matters, who
ere the new hell-keepers; what pigeon
ıd been lately plucked, and how many
ıd flown over to the opposite coast,
ter being *winged* and brought down

on this side of the water, previously to their escape. I inquired of my *chevalier servant,* what success he had had that night. He answered me, "pretty *bobbish;*" for one *goldfinch* had fallen in their net, namely, a banker's clerk.

I now joined these *respectable nobles,* and we went to a cock and hen club held in St. Giles's. Here a flash butcher was *preses,* and a milling tripe-man was his worthy *croupier.* Our supper consisted of a huge piece of boiled beef at top, and a large leg of mutton roasted at bottom; tripe and sausages were our side dishes; *blue ruin* and purl our beverage; every man had his lady by his side; and the greatest *honor* and

propriety were observed, by one ge'man not interfering with another ge'man's *mot.* A very pretty girl with a *black* eye (not natural), proposed to me a *flash of lightning* to keep down the beef; and a sprightly female inhabitant of Dyot Street chid a companion for want of politeness in dropping a spark from his pipe on another lady's *vite* dress.

After supper, we had pipes and flash songs; and I must say that the *poultry* were very attentive to us. The peer and the honorable commoner seemed to be prime favorites. One very pretty Jewish orange girl clapped her hands when the gentleman miller came in; and turning round to a female friend,

exclaimed, "Here he comes, Moll; blow me, but I love him! He's not proud, bless his eyes." There was not a lad in the room, the *cove of the ken* not excepted, *as* beat him at a blasphemous or a slang song, or at the low wit, which was the order of the night; for all the company were on their *jeer tacks*; prime, *bang-up*, and *down as be d——d*.

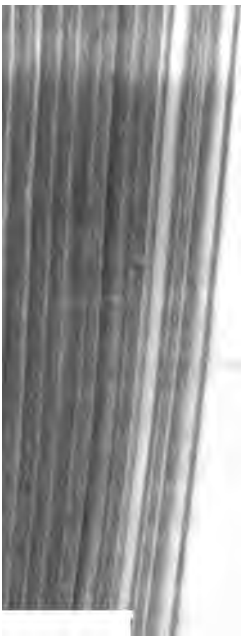
Politics took a round for a short time; when Bill Simmonds, a *smasher* by trade, and a right *good* miller by taste, said, "as how it was a shame that ministers should suspend the *habus coppers hact*, and as how *sinecured* pensioners were *all as vun* as common thieves." Here, however, he was called to order by the *cove;* and by little Joey,

a post-boy, nicknamed *the lady's fancy*, who both joined in reminding him, *as* political *percussions was discluded* from the club, and only *tendered* to disturb the peace of the society, *vitch* makes bad blood. Brandy Nan from Wapping (not the famous brandy-faced Nan of the west end of the town, well known to the peer and to many *courtly* gentlemen) bawled out, "I *coside* vith that ere gemman as spoke last. B—— politics and the *ins and the outs*; let's have a rattling song!" Peals of applause ensued, and a song was sung accordingly. It was black-eyed Susan, in an ultra Braham style, by a flash hackney-coachman, who kept company with a doxy of that name. This was

We were now
shot and to depar
and in an elabo
" that the ladies
neral *was* proud t
must not *wound th*
was their colours;
tality their laws; a
came to their *ken*, n
allowed to pay nothi
turned thanks in a
d——d his eyes but t
lows: then proposed
club" :—

tely to the *trap-door;* and the *crou-*
stood at the foot of the ladder with
glims in his hand, whilst the whole
ıpany stood up and gave us three
ers. The cove said "as how he was
rd that we hadn't enjoyed ourselves,
: things were rather flat, and that he
sorry we *comed alone;* if he had
ow'd it, he would ha' got us a
e of biddies to amuse us; but he
ed we should do better next time."
r the pass-word was given: I felt
in making my escape, and resolved
to *descend so deep* into the parti-
rs of life in future; and to shake
ny companions, after the conclusion
ıe present scene.

he peer insisted on our going to



family parlour,
adjourned. The
a speaker there.
Anacreon among
some admirable
mother of this
whilst a certain
reckoning by a son

It was now bro
parated. I return
gretting the loss o
porte: all this was

betwixt Sir Veteran and Crafty. They were disputing about a young man who was to be *cleared out*; a strange *workman* was to be introduced to do the business; Sir Veteran was to appear neuter, and to decline play; whilst Crafty was to seem to be pigeoned himself, and to fly into a violent rage. Now as Crafty had sprung the game, he insisted upon having half the prize; whilst the baronet maintained that as he was to furnish the *workman*, the thing ought to be *fairly and honorably* shared betwixt them; and that if it was not, he would not be compromised in the transaction. How they ended their dispute, I know not; for I rose hastily, dressed, and called on the young man; and, first taking his honor as to secrecy,

My rakish
at dressing t
me if we ha
night before.
air which me
he, "what mal
what could yo
females and joll
chanalian songs,
and hard drinki
supped with the
have had no mor
would have had c

the last have youth on their side. Then where could you get such rare speechifying, such order and hospitality, or a more prime chairman, and honor amongst thieves too!—but you did not see half the fun. If we had waited until some *moving* songs had been sung, such as "no my love no," by *Snowball*, the *black beauty* of Tower-hill; or, a *bravura à l'extravaganza*, by the Tinman; or Giblet's, the cat's-meat man's imitations of Conway, you would have split your sides with laughter; and then the dollies would have got sentimental and watery, and *vould have vept vith* exquisite *sensibility*, and have called their beaux *sinovating* rogues, and you *vould* have had the *hixterics* of some Roxalana

of low life. D—n me, do you think that female susceptibility and dissipation, wit, fun, and frolic, are confined to the higher circles? For my part, I like to see all that's going on in the world, from the prince to the potatoe-man; from the duchess to the dress-maker. But, if you'll promise not to be too magnificent, I'll join you at dinner at Long's, and bring the *doctor* with me; and afterwards I will take you to a cyprian ball, all in high life, as modest and proper as be ——d, and all in apple-pie order; so ——

" Arrah! Barney," says I, " you're a comical elf,
" But be a good boy, and take care of yourself;"

with which he went out whistling as gay as a lark; and taking the reins out

of *tiger minimus's* hands, drove off in his tub of a one-horse conveyance.

Somehow or other I felt little in my own eyes, and not at home with myself, let down, and out of my element; but the peer is so uncommonly good-humored and droll, that there is no refusing him; so I agreed to have one more day's depravity; after which, I resolved to accept a certain duchess's pressing invitation to go down and hunt with her son.

Lord Leg made his appearance at seven with the doctor. We had also the Honorable B. C.; and Lord H—— was to join us in the evening to proceed together to Mrs. B——'s, a *bouncing* b, too, she is. The dinner was excellent,

the wine good, a great many [illegible] things were said, and we were all [illegible] *pitch* by twelve, when we started for the merry dance, all in high spirits.

We arrived at the house of this lady, sometimes called Bang, or Bang-up, as a *nom de guerre*, who received us with all the honors of war. She is in figure rather a fine woman, and dances admirably: she glided through the waltz with Lords W—— and V——, and next with B. C. The ball, which was a rout and a ball, as Paddy says, at the very same time, began by a waltz, proceeded to a *set-to*, and ended in a *general reel*. Jealousy, that "green-eyed monster," proved a *black-eyed monster* to one of the frail sisterhood, who received *striking* proofs of *Bang's*

displeasure. At last the *pokerian system* was resorted to, and Madam Bang cleared the room, remaining *sola*, with the male creation, when the Peer Leg proposed to *restore harmony;* so placing himself on a sofa—

> The lovely B——m by his side,
> Sat like a blooming eastern bride,

they struck up a duet, which they sang with much *pathos*.

The party consisted of Polly Patten, the ordinary Mrs. Jackson, and three other *ladies of distinction*. Mrs. Bang gave me their secret histories afterwards; but the subject will come in better elsewhere: the ball is at an end, and the chapter with it, therefore, *buona notte signori*.

CHAPTER III.

"'Tis woman that seduces all mankind:" hence we see the lowest orders in society raised to lordly, nay, to princely establishments; witness a faithless *clerk* in a high military department—a remarkable instance of the empire which women without birth or education frequently possess over the minds of men of the highest rank and acquirements. So much for morality!

This day I dined with Thoughtless in the Rules of the Bench, in company with Colonel *Petitor*, once a favorite with a high personage, whose friends, forsooth, expect that every guest who has been honored by his gracious smile must lean for support on his patronage and purse. We had Major S——, too, an honorable, who was what they call *working himself out;* whilst the gayer insects in the *west* may be said to be *working themselves in.* The major is contented with another man's wife, a set of *ready-made children,* and a canter on his prancing charger round the Rules, where the *plebs* take him for a mountebank, or for one of Astley's troop. Sometimes he enjoys the variety of pacing the neutral ground, and of

hearing the children hoot him, when on the *confine*—" *Ruler*, you can't go any further—you dare not cross the street," and the like. It being now out of term-time, Thoughtless could not *arm himself* with the marshal's licence for the *pede libero pulsanda tellus*. He was sure of being speedily white-washed, and of an appointment in India; and it was settled that he should give a security to Sir Veteran for *putting him up*, which would make his fortune abroad.

The next evening I attended Lady *Dovecote's* rout, where I met Strapping Jack, who introduced his duchess to me. They are very happy together. Let Jack come in at what hour he

may, he finds his good lady waiting for him, with a hot supper; and they drink their bottle of claret like jolly companions, as they are. Here I saw the bard, Lord Corsair, also Sir Watty,

"Who is, although 'tis known to few,
"Twelfth cousin to the bold Buccleuch,"

which is not the worst feather in the poet's wing.

I did not like my lord. Indeed, a schoolfellow of his at Harrow prejudiced me much against him.—There is treachery in his countenance—a sneer, a scornful smile and frown blended, that produce a terrific and repulsive effect. Besides, his cranium is so filled with rapes and assassinations, with

midnight horrors, matin bells, cenotaphs, sepulchres, goblins, and charnel houses,—with woman's love betrayed, with spectre's visits, '*et plurima mortis imago*,' besides his ships, 'like things of life,' and his majestic swans which 'walk the waters;' that moody madness rants through all his lines, and he is fitter to frighten children than to woo the softer sex.

I also met here the Princess of Madagascar, and Mr. C. L. a would-be poet, who has all the madness of poetry without the inspiration; and who thinks, that stringing together warm and wanton thoughts, palpable immodesty and verse run wild, jingling rhymes and offensive sentiments, [illegible]

titute all that is necessary to obtain the *meed* of praise. From a lady whose name is not very *unlike* this, perhaps it may, or from Mrs. P. or Mrs. H. the pride of the *mews: il* (Mr. L.) *m'entende bien.*

I dined once more with young Thoughtless at his farewell dinner to the *K. B.* knights, every one of whom seemed to be gifted with the spirit of adventure of the Knight of La Mancha; for every man had a plan for making his fortune, when liberated from durance vile. Captain George M—— had a patent money-pump, which was sure to make his fortune; another could get *the Book* from friend S—d—y; and after giving him five hundred,

make his fortune; a third knew such a secret history as would make *the first* in the nation stare, and would be bought up at any price; whilst a gay West Indian was to clear half a year's good living by a Venetian *blind;* and Paddy O'Dogherty, or O'Fogarty, I forget which, was to make a year's rent under the *mask,* or under the rose: it little matters which. Well, thought I, what a flat I must be, never to have had the ways and means of these gentlemen, and to have understood nothing but plain sailing all my life.

But to return to the carnival turn-out: I went many months after to this *fanciful* scene, and was put the seven thousand and second on the love-list of

Mrs. P—— after the peer Y——, not an X, Y, who was seven thousand and first. His lordship was a *shawl* (and a dear one too) to the lady, and I was only a *veil;* not the first who had served as a cloak and as a veil to her sins and vagaries.

I now prepared to leave town, and sold another thousand out of the stocks, which cleared all my debts, and left me two hundred in pocket to go down to the *chateau* of her grace. Sir Veteran, however, mistaking my retreat for an affair of necessity, gave me a friendly call, and proposed to me a very friendly thing in the following terms: "Surely you cannot have lived so long in the world without *being awake;* you are

too clever a fellow to make up your mind to being imposed upon all your life; you have paid forfeit long enough; now, you ought to redeem the time that has been lost." I assured him that I was neither *up*, nor *awake*, nor *down as a nail*, and that I had no *greek* whatever *at my fingers' ends*. "Never mind that," said the old fox, encouraging me in spite of my ignorance, which *he pitied*. After a little more prefatory matter, he came to the main object of his proposal, which was neither more nor less than that I should lend myself to his interested views; by taking a house, setting up once more a dashing establishment, and giving grand greeking dinners; whilst *workmen* were to be procured, not only to keep the

concern going, but to enable the *firm* to retire in two or three years upon a large fortune, flowing from the plunder of these our winter campaigns, to be arranged under the eye of the experienced minister of the *home* department; and as I was known to have been a fair player, nay, more, a dupe and a pigeon all my life, no suspicion could attach to me.

I treated this proposal with contempt, and as an insult; and, consequently, cut the whole junta, who ever afterwards hated me. Nothing more occurred in London during my short stay, except my being introduced to that *thing*, Lothario ——, at private theatricals. For this individual I could

coloured car of folly
more like laced chu
gentleman's grooms
every man would h
as I did, the gener
have speedily cured
vanity. I am told
have since placed h
sphere, and assimila
and amusements to t
nary men.

I now sent off m

nent of hunting, and to enjoy old English hospitality, more refined, but not less generous, than in the days of our ancestors, 'midst *ladyes* faire and barons bold, in towers of strength and proudly escucheoned halls.

I had ordered my travelling chaise to meet me at my banker's in Pall Mall; and as I was going down St. James's street, I was saluted by, "Yea, yip, old 'un," accompanied by a light brush of a four-horse whip on the shoulder. I prepared to show fight, by raising my cane, and turned round to knock down the aggressor, when I recognized, under the deep disguise of a coachman and a blackguard, a boy whom I knew when he was at school a few years ago,

through my intimacy with a brother o his, who was ten years older than him self. "Well," cried I, "what th devil trade have you turned to, an why are you thus disguised?"—"Why I'm only dressed like a gentleman," replied the youngster. Any thing but that, thought I to myself. But my reader shall judge.

He wore a hat as wide as a parasol a cravat tied like a post-boy's; his littl head was lost in capes and collars, an went upon a pivot, nodding from sid to side as he leaned forward and *fanne* his cattle; his cheek was swollen b the introduction of a bit of pig-tail to bacco; his teeth were tinged with th bright umber of its juice; he had hal

dozen waistcoats on; a coat half
oom's, half butcher's, of a cinnamon
own, with covered buttons, and a
wer in his button-hole; a pair of re-
nt cord small-clothes, tied in front;
s boots had a good polish upon them,
ing the only polish he could boast of.
ne whole was surmounted by a driving
at; and an indescribable grin sat on
s countenance, like a hoax upon his
tter nature.

Thus was a very pretty young man
etamorphosed and disfigured, seem-
g to have a hump upon his shoulders,
the squaring of his elbows, and his
oping forward to favor the motions
his fleet cattle. He was driving
ir beautiful roans in a mail, which

dog, and four mor
ran after the car
companion sat b
approbation of all
well-appointed gr
the boot, who we
their place in this
superior *style* and
them appear mor
servants of the c
With respect to the
the dress of menials
H——n, who comm

groom comes up from Newmarket, for I always copy his boots and breeches as the very best and last cut."

The youth in question was a candidate for the four-horse club, and he was practising in order to become worthy of election. He had, moreover, got acquainted with a popular baronet's son, and a lieutenant of heavy dragoons, who had done him the favor to teach him to smoke, spit, chew tobacco, sing slang songs, echo stable wit, drive, swear, and drink purl and porter.

I arrived at the noble mansion of my illustrious hostess, or rather of her son. When I began to write these memoirs,

I had resolved to give a circumstantial detail of the night-scenes, the moonlight romances, and the amatory proceedings of their roof, under the title of the *Veillées du Chateau;* but I have taken second thoughts on the subject, whereby ladies and gentlemen will find themselves *not a little* spared: many of my old, dissipated, and gallant friends, will see by *what I have said, what I might have said:* I shall, therefore, merely state that *la chasse et l'amour* had their attractions at the castle; that there was a lovely Diana, who would not have been so cruel to Acteon as that cold goddess was; and that if he had felt the tingling of his horns, it would not have been from a cruel transformation. If the crescent adorned her

forehead (in former times) she was not moon-struck, nor under the influence of planetary coldness. It was there, that if

" ——— woman's heart and looks
" At *(noon)* were cold as wintry brooks,
" They glowed whenever night, returning,
" Brought the genial hour for burning."

Here too, for I slept near the apartment of the goddess, I could hear *les petits talons* trip towards her chamber door: what was it? Perhaps it was a dream! some call all *life* a dream!

The hunting-season soon passed, and found myself once more at Long's. There, in a few weeks, I found it necessary to sell out a fourth thousand. Buonaparte was now returned to France; and things wore a strange

aspect. I became acquainted with a fresh set of dissipated fellows; but a town life now began to pall upon my taste; and I inquired what it was that made every thing *ennuyeux* and insipid to me. I found that it was the loss of female confidential friendship, and the society of her who could sweeten every care, give additional charms to every pleasure, and impart a keener relish to every enjoyment.

CHAPTER IV.

" She had a form; but I might talk till night,
" Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
" Ere I had told its beauties:—it was slight,
" E'en as yon willow, and, like its soft stem,
" Fell into thousand motions, and all lovely.
" But for her cheek, look on those streaks of rose
" Tinting the white clouds o'er us, now and then
" A flush of deeper crimson lighting up
" Their wreaths, like wind-kissed lilies:
" Now and then a long, rich, ebon tinge,
" Floating between them—There I think I see
" Still, though she's in her grave, the cheek I lov'd,
" With the dark tress that veil'd it. When I sat
" Beneath her eye, I felt its splendour on me
" Like a bright spell."

SUCH was she whom I had lost, and whose dear remembrance would oftener

and benumbs o
paroxysm is past
solved on formin
nexion; at anotl
lead a more acti
ture decay, or rat
old friend, decided
ter measure.

The Dangers

Poor Harry Mo
his health, his frien
tability, 'ere he was

panions. When the gold which attracted these carrion crows, who lived on his substance, was expended, they flew off like birds of prey to a richer victim—to a plumper repast. A knowledge of the frail and interested of the fairer sex had deprived him of female solace, either in a wife or friend; for he dared not to trust the first, and he was not fortunate enough to find the second.

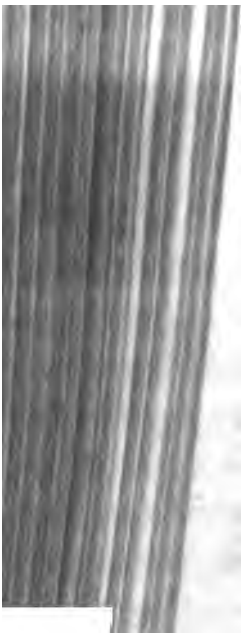
His furor of gaming had consumed itself; and the sports of the field became insupportable to his diminished strength, and his still more exhausted purse. Debility likewise debarred him from the benefit of extensive exercise; town was too expensive for his pocket;

lected, that he co
them into action;
cloudy and unprom
cences insufferable:
him was gone; the
mained; nay, the vit
a dim lamp, dreary a
to himself and to oth

His only means o
provision were to cut
an estate, by joining
levying a fine and ...

the annuity accruing therefrom. He heard, by accident, of my being in town, and wrote to me to come and see him as the greatest favor; nay, as an act of charity. I did so, and thereby ascertained his way of living.

He breakfasted in bed; read the leading article of a newspaper with difficulty, by the aid of spectacles; rose at three; could not shave himself; dressed; walked half an hour, until overcome with fatigue, or lay on the sofa until six, when he dined. After his soup, his hand shook so violently, that he was obliged to nerve it with a glass of brandy. His conversation was all complaints of pains, and disappoint-



of liquor.

He ended h
ing fast asleep,
bed in his serva
smoked his ciga
in the morning,
ter brought hin
pany, he got into
conveyed speechl
Thus has he work
tem. The only sn
ever was guilty of

Die Veneris.

DEAR HAL.—I am in a female scrape: come and bring me some money for my liberation.

Your's, &c.

THE ANSWER.

Die Mercurii.

DEAR DICK.—I, too, am in a scrape, and cannot come, being also confined, but I send you the dross.

Your's, &c.

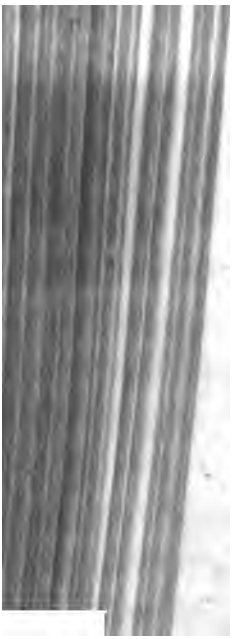
His end was hastened by a paralytic stroke: he dragged on a few weeks of miserable existence, unpitied and unvisited. Yet, do I remember this man, young, handsome, much-esteemed, and possessed of a fine fortune.

My desire of cultivating female friendship, and my determination of leading a more active life, led me into two errors. First, I placed my confidence in an unworthy object; and secondly, I purchased, a second time, into the dragoons; thus becoming an elderly cornet and a cyprian's dupe. I afterwards entered into a platonic attachment, which has lasted ever since, and which, without making the lady happy, has contributed much to make me miserable. With five thousand pounds in the bank, an annuity of two hundred per annum, my cornetcy, a tandem (for I sold my chaise), and two led horses, followed by a troop of spaniels and pointers, a French laquais, a groom boy, and a bat man of the

regiment as a stable-helper, I began the world again. Like an old boy, however, I resolved to make the best of every thing.

I was summoned to Brighton, to wait upon a certain general officer, and from Brighton I was to proceed to my depôt. I gave another farewell dinner at Long's, and proposed driving myself off in the morning; but the weather changed to torrents of rain; in consequence of which I sent off my servants with the tandem, and committed my *corpus* to the mail.

When I came to place myself in the back seat, I was surprised to meet my tooth-drawing friend and a very gay



which he had
met; but bein
portion of brass
the business, an
ble night, my g
we shall have a
tune de la guerr
sent you, Mrs.
mariée, sprightly
my good Sir, *touj*
charmingly; quite
brushed up (a *touc*
last I had the hon

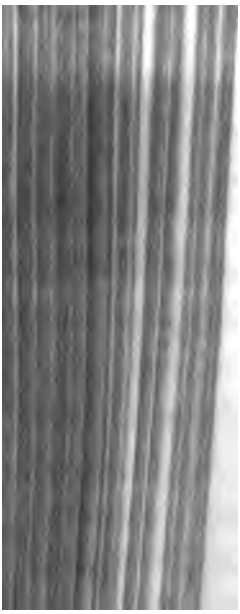
"Ha! ha! ha! *Vous avez l'esprit comme quatre*, my good Sir." "And you *l'invention pour dix*," replied I. "Good again; admirable." "I always like to have *le petit mot pour rire*, my good Sir; but the war has put us all right again, although it does a little counteract Mrs. Anodine's views, my good Sir; but, *à la guerre comme à la guerre, et à Rome il faut faire comme les Romains;* Is it not so, my good Sir? Ha! ha! ha! good, *bon*."

Here his wife trod on his toes and changed the conversation, by asking me whether I had read Lord Byron's last poem, and whether he was not a sweet man; and informing me that she

together to *astoun*
tled off in a volle
The fair lady now
eau de Cologne.
she, " one should
a stage coach is so
sive :" casting at
glance of more tha
cise officer, who m
senger, and who, u
banely, looking he
spit out of the wind
a smile of pity. I
continued " I

motions are intolerable." "Nor I, her," said her husband (lying *comme* *arracheur de dents*, as usual); *et c'est ventre de ma mere.*" A very odd me for a *mail coach*, *thought I;* per- ps a family one: but *n'importe.*

Now she screamed—"Frederick, do ld me up; put your arm tight round y waist, or I shall faint; the jolting es to my very brain." Here she aced his hand in a way *not at all dis- vantageous* to her front view, leering d languishing with her eyes in a wild d perplexing way. "Take my gold nelling box," continued she, "and let e smell to it; I'm off else to a certain- ." "I wish you were," muttered the ex- seman. "I hope you a'nt sick, Caro-



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the pavement," said I. "You shall always go in your own carriage in future," said the husband. "That's a lie," muttered the exciseman. "Were you speaking?" inquired Anodine. "To myself," rudely answered the *seizer*. "The only one whom you are fit to speak to," said madame; whilst the offender turned his back on us all, and shammed sleep during the rest of the journey.

When off the pavement, she by turns affected to be too warm, and too cold; rattled the windows up and down; drew out an elegant smelling bottle, and scented a folded-up white cambric handkerchief; rummaged in her reticule, took out a fan and fanned herself;

then put on a shawl—done solely for the purpose of showing the gold topped smelling bottle, the expensive reticule, the gold-spangled fan, and the India shawl. Then she shifted her attitudes a thousand times, to play off French graces; and gave all the trouble in the world, in order to create interest and to draw observation. She next dropped a duchess's card, purposely that I might pick it up; and talked of all the quality in town, as if she had been intimately acquainted with the whole peerage. "Poor lady so and so, how ill she was the other day! lord this, or that, was a complete bore. Did you answer the marquis's letter, Frederic? Did Sir George promise to dine with us? Do you think that Lady Charlotte is to be

at ——— this season?" and the like, were the *entremets* of her conversation; whilst the dentist talked of the Pavilion and of the Prince, as if he had been an inmate of the family; pretended to have been in the secret of a certain delicate investigation, and asked my opinion about Lady D——, and other matters, with an air intended to convey the idea that he was better informed himself, but merely wished to compare notes. I told him all I knew, from visiting a great deal *not a hundred miles* from Blackheath; which was, that the great lady had been guilty of unbecoming freedoms and misplaced condescensions; that she had deserved blame for her attentions to the viper, Lady D——, and to the baronet, who,

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sink). "Or was I in the Guards?" —No: (deduction in point of weight). "Or in the dragoons?"—I was (a recover). She now went on for a whole post in family pedigree; but, making gross errors respecting the Grosvenor and Cavendish families, she came to a pause, and pretended to be afflicted with a violent head-ache; her husband assuring me that she knew all the nobility, but that she had the most treacherous memory in the world. "*Elle est distraite comme tout,*" added he; but we were now in Brighton, and we soon separated.

I regretted rather insincerely that we were to part. To which she replied, that if we were in a barouche and four,

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observed the waiter as she flounced by him; and the exciseman and I were left alone.

"Do you know our fellow-travellers?" said I to my companion. "Know 'em! aye to be sure, and know no good of 'em. I tried to pinch them once, but they were too deep for me. Why the fellow was as poor as a church-mouse before he went to France; and a pretty proud conceited trollop of a wife he has picked up; with her airs, and her expense, and her affectation, and stuff!" "Who are they?" continued I. "The fellow is a travelling dentist; has broken, and been whitewashed, I don't know how often;

but he has now married a lady's maid out of some nobleman's house; and they have, until the war began, a few months ago, carried on the smuggling trade with France. I have often looked out for them, but they were too sharp; and so has my brother, who is in the customs at Dover; but they have now changed their rout, and it is Brighton and Dieppe. What lay they are upon now I know not; but some mischief, you may take your oath: the quantity of lace and gloves that she has run is incalculable." "No wonder then," said I, "that she should *be hand and glove* with so many people of rank." Here our conversation ended. I supped with Colonel H——, and went early to bed.

The next morning I walked upon the Steyne; and the first person whom I met was one of the gay duchess's lovers, and an indiscreet one too. We talked about the pleasures of the chase, *et autre chose*, when another group from town came up, amongst whom were one of the B—k—y family, and B——e A——se, two of the wildest blades about town. I interrogated the former, respecting a walk in the Green Park, the meeting of the *Graces*, a large house in Soho Square, and the consequences of such meeting, wine drunk, quack medicines, and female complaints. A strange *melange!* but well understood by the *parties*, and the general topic of cyprian circles. All passed off

with a laugh, 'till I met with a second junta of rakes.

Our conversation now turned on the illustrious patron of the place. Some disappointed people wished to misrepresent his change of principles and of friends, when I assured them, from the *best* authority, that that person's friendships were unalterable; but that men and measures could not be taken together (by him), merely because he admired their talents, or prized their society; and it was quite unreasonable that every man, who, like myself, might have been delighted and felt honored by forming one of his circle, and had felt his condescension, and kindness in

private life, should unblushingly call on him for patronage and provision in his high public situation.

Lord Flute was then mentioned as one of his present favorites. *Et pourquoi pas?* said I: he is of an illustrious house, and has ever been attached to our *Archon*. To be sure, Lord Flute's face is like a dingy *whity-brown* board, fixed upon an unfurnished house, announcing nothing within; and his beardless chin again would better suit a gentle signor than the protector-general of the frail and fair sex, or the hero of amatory and of martial story. Nevertheless, the Thane has fought and loved, has bled and paid dear for *le Champ de Mars, et le Champ de*

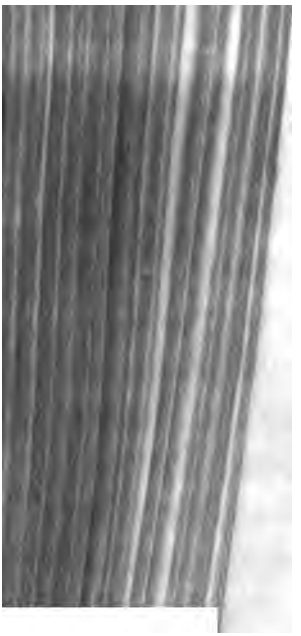
Venus. Henceforth, therefore, let no one judge the man by his face, nor the warrior by his coat. Great families have (I don't know what the lady mothers in them have been about) changed their appearances most strangely. Our Percys, our Douglases, and our Mac Duffs, look now like ——— Oh, flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified!

But to return to the patron. Does a *ci-devant* honorable major remember, that, when he was in distress, he received two hundred pounds from that quarter? Were there not two officers in the Tenth who had an allowance of five hundred per annum from their illustrious colonel? Did not a *ci-devant* cornet, now no more, the son of an

able but poor senator, accept two horses, to equip him, from his chief? In fine, in what instance was that personage ever deficient in a generosity the most magnanimous? No; let his enemies say what they will, if they examine facts, it will be proved most incontrovertibly, that upon every possible occasion

> " He had a tear for pity, and a hand
> " Open as day to melting charity."

One of my acquaintances at the club informed me that our friend Versatile had got a capital appointment, and produced two of his speeches as samples of his talents. Something much more *pleasing* was produced to me at the same time, namely, *money*; for I



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gagements and *partial affairs*,
mishes and *melées*; whilst they
rsed about nothing but *balls*
nfilades, the darling dragoons,
he whiskered hussards. Under
circumstances I was pleased to be
ed in the *partial engagements*
place, and did all that was in
wer,

" Pour m'en tirer d'affaire,"

ll the honors of war.

opos! I had quite forgotten Ver-
s two speeches. The first was

written to shew the abilities which he had on sale; the second, after he had disposed of his talents and his conscience for a satisfactory compensation.

Against Ministers.

Britons! beware. The bloody ensign is again unfurled; war is about to waste your substance, and depopulate your land,—to clothe whole families in mourning; to afflict the widow and the orphan; and for what?—to prop a rotten cause; to establish on a foreign throne, a foreign monarch whose views are and ever will be hostile to us; in whom we can expect no faithful ally, in whose dynasty we can look for no permanent advantage to the British nation. For twenty years has Britannia

l at every pore in an unprovoked rash contest; and what have we ıed by it? We have filled the poc- of those who have made a job of ; and have strengthened the proud :ocracy of the country, which has en rough-shod over the poor, and ıolished the foundations of the con- ition. Well may each suffering :on say,

}uicquid delirunt reges, plectuntur Achivi."

nember those incorruptible patriots, dett and Cobbett; remember, brave ntrymen, the field of *Runnemede*, nortalized by the triumph of liberty; gna Charta, our most invincible and enetrable shield, the Ægis of wis- n, and the bulwark of force. Re-

member, "England expects that every man shall do his duty." But how? By handing down, pure and unstained, unimpaired and unaltered, in their primitive integrity and independence—what, my brave fellow-citizens?—our sacred rights and privileges to our grateful posterity; else may they execrate our memory, and efface our names from the annals of British patriotism. Our duty is to petition for a change of ministers, and to insist on the immediate despatch of pacific overtures to France. Let our Gallic neighbours enjoy the felicity reserved for them by the genius of Napoleon; and let all our energies be exerted against those worst of enemies—sinecure placemen, pensioners, and corruptionists, who fatten on the ruin of the nation.

This rhapsody had "split the ears of the groundlings" at a popular meeting, and produced immense applause. But Versatile got a place; and his next speech was as violent and nonsensical in the ministerial interest, as the former was in that of the opposition.

For Ministers.

Never did the eventful circumstances of the times more imperiously call on every true Briton to step forward in defence of the independence of his country than at this tremendous crisis, big with the fate of nations and of freedom. A deadly foe menaces all Europe: that monster, stained with innocent gore; that modern hydra, who is about to give to Britain the glory of

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desses; combat for these knee deep in blood; let your empurpled arms bring home to them peace, conquered at the point of the bayonet, the spoils of the fallen foe, and the caresses of the returned warrior. Arm! drain your coffers; time presses; this is *no common* cause. In the language of Homer,

We meet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying on the plain:
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business;—but to whom 'tis given
To die or conquer, that determine heaven.

Let your virtue appear in your patriotic devotion to your sovereign, respect to your rulers, and submission to the laws, and your triumph is certain.

I was conversing with a friend on the despicable baseness of such tergiversations and dereliction of principle, when I heard a shrill hoarse voice making a great disturbance. It was a prim old maid in a terrible passion, abusing the bathing woman, because a vile *fellor* had taken possession of her machine—the monster! "You shall have the machine the moment it returns," said the briny nymph. "Me, cretur!" replied the old maid; "what, after a nasty he-fellow has used it: do you think that I would be defiled by going into it after his nasty pantaloons had been hung up there? I tell you the machines ought to be distinct, and there ought to be no confusion of persons nor of parts. Who's to bathe

after such varmint?" "Come, ma'am," says another, "let me give you a dip." "Dip the devil," said the ancient maiden, "I won't have no dip at all; and I'll leave Brighton, and go to some modester place. Fellors taking young ladies' machines—I never heard of such a monstrosity!" A crowd was now gathered, but *Miss* still proceeded in haranguing the assembly, until I burst into a loud laugh, and retired to my hotel. The bathing woman brought to my mind a modern Venus, who has fixed her affections on more than one Mars, and on more than one Adonis. I remember all her scandalous stories about the sisterhood, and, at the same time, her own, which is by no means destitute of interest or amusement.

CHAPTER V.

" Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?"

When thinking on the subject of love, I have often considered that similarity of rank, or, at all events, gentle birth, must, to a man of family and of fashion be a *sine quâ non*, in the choice of a mistress. Education and habits imitate this advantage; but there must be some marks of distinction in human beings, as well as in animals, amongst whom *breed* is always discoverable, unless disfigured and deteriorated by an

mproper cross. This last reflection vould lead me farther than I wish, ınd farther than would be pleasant o many eminent families, whose es- utcheons would be sadly altered if a lose and rigid investigation could take lace.

It is, however, almost as desirable hat a *chere amie* should be well born nd well bred, as that she should e well looking. Love, however, plays s strange pranks in this particu- ar; and, not content with dissolving ll ties, breaking all bargains, raising ontentions, and causing combats, as- aults, and *enlevements*, he breaks own all distinction of orders in society, onfounds all ranks, and overthrows all

reason and philosophy. For my part, I am of so aristocratical a taste, that I have never greatly admired a female in a very low class of life: for this I have been laughed at, and, perhaps, deservedly so: but such nicety has not been very general; for the most successful courtisans, the most favored companions, many of whom have been promoted to the conjugal couch, *per special license too,* have come from the very dregs of the people. Yet, so generally felt, and so well understood, is the effect of birth and parentage, that many a lovely wanderer tells you a long story about her being a clergyman's or an officer's daughter; and, I confess, that this part of the romance has high interest for me.

vertheless, those females who
: both lords and commons have
ged from the darkest obscurity of
le life. Mrs B—, my informant,*
P—, and Mrs. M—, spring from
west origin—a bathing-woman, a
man, a sailor, a labourer, a house-
are the progenitors and progeni-

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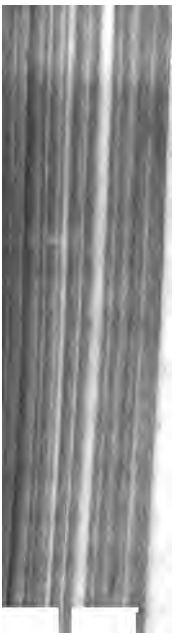
s. B—'s celebrity needs no comment. So
are all her passions, that she twice at-
l her own life. The remembrance of the
rd Street tragedy was enough to turn her
and some periodical publication, printed
adilly, greatly annoyed her. She is, how-
ot the less visited by the nobles of the
She has a fine figure; but, as a friend of
ys, in spite of every thing, she is certainly
st second letter of the alphabet. Mrs. P. is
y who keeps the frightful numerical list,
h the letter Y. (*lord* what a pity!) is so
v down in the love alphabet.



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Dentelle passed,

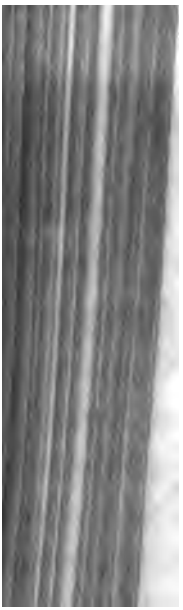
After a short visit to her, a hard-going dinner, and losing my money at the club, I looked over my letters; and finding that my leave of absence had expired, I bid adieu to the delights of Brighton, and started next morning for the depôt, intent to play the soldier once more, at too protracted a period of life for a novice, and with the humble rank of lieutenant, to which I was gazetted this very week, my money having been placed some time back in my agent's hands.

On arriving at the depôt, I was met by a very pretty-looking young man, who appeared to have just tried his regimentals on: the commanding officer, a very elegant, well-bred man, was

absent, unfortunately for me. I reported myself, therefore, to the next in seniority. My young comrade was nothing backward to get acquainted; but hailing me as I went into the yard, asked, "How are bets going at Tattersall's?" I informed him that I came from Brighton. "Oh!" cried he, "and how are all the ——— ?" a name which no well-bred man ever gives to a female. I answered this by a contemptuous smile; but he, very good-naturedly, thrust out his hand to a *frere d'armes*; and continued, "Is there much play at Brighton; and is the Prince as fat as ever?" (I believe he had never seen his royal highness). These queries I replied to, by assuring him, that he might lose a fortune there if he wished it;

and by saying that the Regent looked remarkably well. "God bless him!"

"So say I," chimed in a very tall, fresh-colored cornet, with a fiery brogue; and then he proceeded to find out a number of blemishes and defects in my leader, at the end of which he added, "I'll give you sixty guineas for him for all that, and take my chance of him." I begged leave to decline his liberal offer, telling him that I would take my chance of him, as he formerly cost me two hundred. "Ogh! you're too deep for me," replies Paddy, with the longest oath I ever heard. "Pat, you're in the wrong box," cried the first beardless sub, with a shorter oath. Now sauntered out a third sub of very



of very ugly mus
of hay, and kind
was just in time
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continent. "Well,
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Now Pat forged
way Hibernian blasp
said if I would *post*
lay down twenty-fiv
survivor, and bet me
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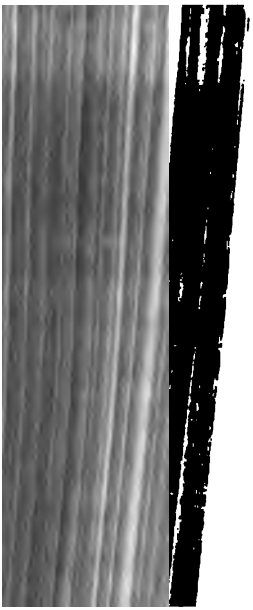
the fifty guineas shall be drunk at the mess." The other two youngsters laughed immoderately at this proposition, but I declined making any such bargain. "We were afraid that you would not come to-day," added the first youngster, "and you're down for guard to-morrow, and then you would have *got goose*." "That I have already in your person," said I to myself; adding, "that having been formerly in the dragoons, I knew better than to outstay my time. White whiskers now took nine pinches of snuff; Paddy swore sixteen oaths, and betted me that he would leap over my tandem with a run, and we then parted to dress for dinner.

In the same proportion that a well-educated and travelled military man is the most polished and elegant member of society, so is a raw ensign, or cornet, emerged from school, thrust into manhood, and obtruded on man's society, tied on to a sword, and encompassed with a sash, a most troublesome and empty companion. Here was a fellow, for instance, vying with brother donkey in the clatter of his heels, entangling his *unearned* spurs in every thing, looking at himself, and kicking out the leg on the sabre side, in order to give more effect to his bloodless blade, and to make an additional jingle with his spurs' rowels: then fancying himself adored by the ladies; and round-

ing each sentence with a horrid imprecation, or something in the form of an oath, with no conversation but about horses, nor any information further than the address of some unfortunate female, or an extract from the army list.

With three such was I, however, doomed to dine; for every other officer was either at sick-quarters, or asked out to dinner. My young friends made a dead set at me at dinner time, and anticipated the pleasure of seeing me carried off from the mess-table; but I had been too long a sacrificer to Bacchus to be thus had, and I turned the *tables* on them. As there was no rational discourse, and as the *boys* had some beautiful *ecume de mer* pipes,



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tion of the triumvirate was a great relief to the town; for that had they not been speechless and motionless, they would have sallied forth as usual to kick up a row in the streets, not from wickedness, but merely to make a noise and be conspicuous; just as a brother cavalry officer, an Irish baronet, at a ball at Derry, when the ball and supper, and the libations after the departure of the ladies were over, proposed breaking the chandeliers, to make a worthy finish; and being too short to reach them, armed himself with one of the long benches, and effected his purpose, in order to end the night with *eclat*. The chandeliers were charged in the bill, and the baronet passed for a fellow of spirit.

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"I'll go, if I'm not too drunk. The silly creature thinks that I mean to marry her, but I'll see her —— first." Here I turned the conversation. What a pity it is to remove such young men from a grammar-school to a regiment!

At dinner, this day, I was as much pleased as I had been annoyed the preceding day. The commanding officer was present, with a number of other men of education and fashion. The conversation, after dinner, turned upon subjects too rational for my three torments, and ran upon topics of which they were wholly ignorant. One, therefore, went to the elms—alas! the poor parson's daughter—another fell fast asleep;

and the third went off to the billiard-table. What a release!

News of the glorious battle of Waterloo now reached us. We all expressed ourselves sorry at not having been there. How many were sincere I know not. As to myself, I was quite unconcerned upon the subject. I rejoiced at my country's glory; and could not repine at finding myself in a whole skin.

The war being concluded, I was now at liberty to put off my martial habits. I accordingly exchanged on half-pay; I parted with my tandem and my four horses, which only paid

my mess bills, for I still had the bad custom of living beyond my income. I again resolved on migrating; and after taking leave of the few real good fellows of my corps, I sat up all night, and threw myself, accompanied by my valet, into the mail, booked for London. My last words at parting with my comrades were,

" C'est une belle chose que la guerre
" Quand on est revenu."

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As heavy mules

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mail, had it not
companion, who
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who had tried e
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situation. His intercourse with mankind in the professions before mentioned had given him a superficial knowledge of the world; and, having visited in many societies, he retailed all the stale *would-be* wit of all of them, besides what he had gleaned from Sir John Carr, and other jest books. To avoid his impertinence, I pretended to be asleep; and after several ineffectual attempts to gain my attention, he desisted in despair, and I got quietly to my journey's end, jumped into a hackney-coach, and found myself once more at Long's.

I went to bed for three hours, but could not sleep; for the fear of poverty began to haunt me. Five thousand

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It was now nearly

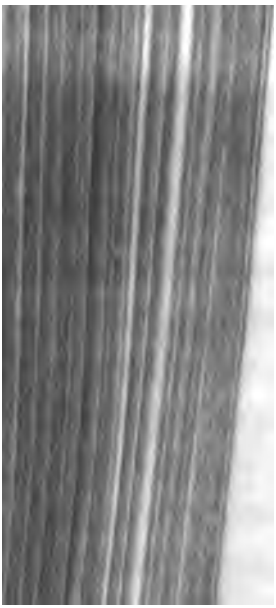
its foundation, and sold the materials; and my rents were the property of my annuitants and other claimants during my life; but there were some brush-wood, and other timber, *then* too young to cut, which might be worth a few hundreds; and as I had no heir, I was resolved to ascertain how far the lapse of time had increased its value. This thought produced me five hundred pounds, which made me feel very independent at Long's, where I jobbed a tilbury; bought a pony to ride, which I afterwards took abroad; paid my servants their arrears of wages, and went on for some weeks in very good form.

I next wrote energetical letters to a

number of persons who owed me money; but, I doubt not, my reader will anticipate my want of success in that speculation. I got ten pounds, with a very saucy letter, from a man who owed me one hundred; and a great number of kind, well-written, apologetical epistles from others, without one farthing of money. Afterwards, I called on a bookseller with a poem which I had written in Italy, with some curious annotations relating to some ancient manuscript copies of Virgil, which I had examined at Mantua. Without opening the book, the bookseller set his face against it, saying, that he did not intend to publish any poems except from the pens of the most celebrated writers. He then bowed

me out of his shop. I forthwith carried it to a learned gentleman, a Mr. W——, for his opinion. He read it attentively, and admonished me to *revise it!* Now *refunding* and *revising* are dry and unpleasant tasks. I therefore locked it up in my drawer, and perhaps it may never see the light.

On my way home, I met with my well-bred agreeable *ci-devant* commanding officer, and two other officers of the depôt; and we agreed to dine together at Brunet's. One of them had a fashionable-looking man on his arm, who proposed joining us, to which we readily assented. We sat down in high spirits; and, after dinner, the conver-



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boyish days
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of a larger
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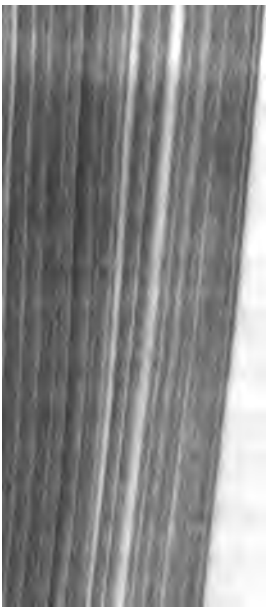
pearance. W
and all men o
party, I disco
then wholly u

I had heard
the *Exquisite*, a

finished off with the discontent of a misanthropist. If one might believe the gentleman in question, who certainly moved in high life, he had seen every thing, but liked nothing; had enjoyed all things, and despised all things, instead of, as the Italian proverb says,

> " La vostra bocca
> " Sana qual che tocca;"

his contemptuous lip and eye corrupted and jaundiced every object. " If, my dear lord (to whom I now speak), your kindly disposition overrates and apologizes for all things and for every body—if your amiable heart makes every man the best fellow in the



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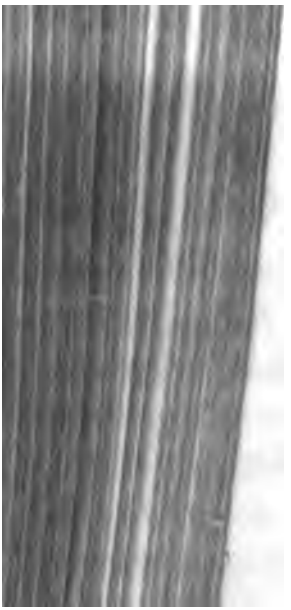
and his profligacy; his aunt was shut up for mad; and his mother perished (if I am rightly informed), by fire; nunky was a miser; the nephew is a spendthrift. His mother was never allowed to see her children. Once, being by accident in a mail-coach with the present lord, she made herself known to him, when her *dutiful* son jumped out, and would not acknowledge her. He is a complete eccentric, quite an exotic."

The Duke of D—— was next named, and praised for an act of benevolence, with an additional remark, that he was uncommonly good and kind to the fair sex. "Perfectly innocent," said he,



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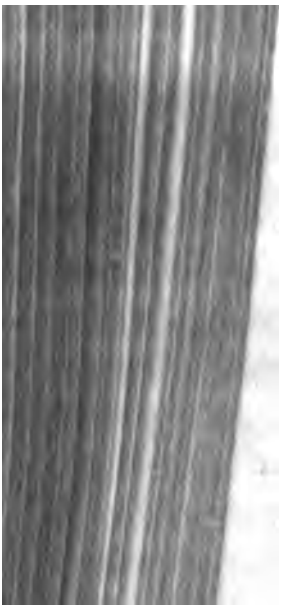
My methodistical friend, who used to love and pray alternately, was next mentioned by some accident. He called her an old *firelock* (on account, probably, of her red hair), an indolent lump, devoted to drink. "She has married her two daughters, each to a knight. I wonder how she got them off. One day she sat up drinking and reading romances in bed, and set fire to the frill of her dull husband's shirt, *the first and last flame which she ever raised in his breast:* don't mention her, for I hate her."

A certain whiskered prince he called "a nasty fellow." A certain countess was, he said, "a good bottle companion, and only fit for that." Lady A.,



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London life was: all sameness, insipidity, and stupefaction; pretty enjoyments, indeed, to freeze in Kensington Gardens, or to be suffocated with heat and dust, and jostled by your tailor in the Park. We had no theatre like the Academie de Musique at Paris, and no lounge like the Palais Royal. After engrossing a great portion of the conversation, his carriage was announced. He looked at his *chronometer*, which he also took care that we should see, and suddenly took his leave—a privilege which I should have been very sorry to have disputed.

When he was gone, I asked the colonel what had so soured his disposition, and whether he was so very fond

of France? "Not at all," replied he. "He is neither sour nor discontented; it is all airs; a tone which he has assumed, an invincible habit. When in Paris, he was just the same. The women, he said, were mere dolls, machines, artificial figures, paintings and designs; *automata*, moved by passion or by interest; the men so ill dressed, that he would not be seen in company with one of them; he swore that there was not a *tailor* in all France fit to work for a gentleman; the town he called only fit for dogs; the Palais Royal he termed an Exeter Change of wild beasts, birds of prey, tinsel, glass, and trumpery; their cookery he pronounced very inferior to our's; and their wine, he said, might have been

tolerable, if drunk out of decanters; 'but then their champagne!' said a friend. '*All froth*,' answered our disparaging acquaintance, and walked off as you saw him just now."

Italy became the next subject of conversation, and we discussed the beauties of the *Lago di* ———. We then came to the *Lady of the Lake*; and sorry was I to hear of the same inconsistencies, the same misplaced condescensions, the same love of singularity and admiration, which had made her so unpopular elsewhere. These qualities, judiciously applied, would gain applause and popularity; but bestowed as they are, they only disgust the rational part of society. The remainder of the even-

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CHAPTER VII.

Decipimur specie recti. HORACE.

DECEIT, however odious, is a necessary evil in society. The fair sex use it extensively in their commerce with us; and we return it with interest. The French call it *l'eau benite de cour*; and we have it as genuine as at Paris, in our ministerial letters, our court promises, and our ladies' vows. It enlivens conversation by agreeable fiction; delights us all, in the shape of flattery; contributes often to the preservation of

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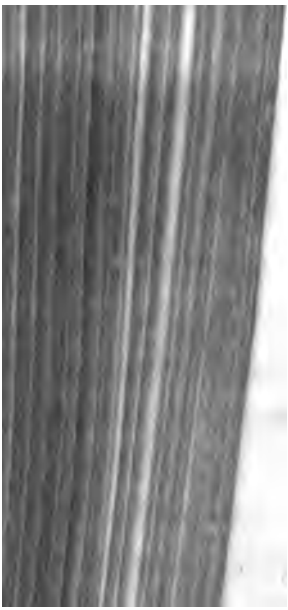
citizens, who live upon simples: a street politician, or an attractive ballad-singer, is an inestimable colleague for a band of *divers*; and the lunar telescopist, whilst he elevates John's mind above this sublunary sphere, leaves a more dexterous performer to draw the watch out of his fob.

I remember when the late Charles Fox laid a considerable bet that he would draw together a thousand people in a few minutes, for nothing, and without a word being spoken. Accordingly, a man, with a few confederates, placed himself in St. James's Square, with a staff in his hand; and after examining the ground most attentively, fixed the staff in the earth, eyed it long and



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to effect a hoax, I did not suppose that one of my experience in town was to be had, like a greenhorn, by such contrivances; yet I was completely tricked twice in one week, to my great mortification.

The first time, I was going out at dusk, when I saw a very pretty, interesting female, with her handkerchief in her hand, apparently searching carefully on the ground for something she had lost. I accosted her, and inquired what she had dropped. She said, her purse, which had fallen out as she took her handkerchief from her pocket. Its value, she observed, was small; but there was a miniature in it, with which she would not part for worlds. Here she

wept. I looked about, bent half double, in every direction, when a child came up, and offered to assist in the search. I saw, at a little distance, a green purse, which I eagerly flew to seize; and, as I stooped down, I felt a twitch, as from a hook and a line, and immediately missed a very valuable gold watch. I turned round, but the lady and the child were off. I ran, probably in the wrong direction, crying stop thief; but in vain. I met a carter in a smock frock, and related my misfortune to him, who burst into a roar of laughter, and cried, "Zookers, what a loggerhead you must be! Whoy oy was zarved as bad last week; but ay'm not to be had a zecond toyme." On examining the purse, it contained a penny-piece, wrapped up

in a bit of paper, on which was written, in a female hand—

My last penny.
Exchange is no robbery!!!

The second *take-in* was of deeper loss, and more *en regle.* A gentleman of fashionable appearance and address arrived at one of the neighbouring hotels; he dined in the coffee-room, and sat in the next box to an old gentleman who was in serious conversation respecting the death of his son in the West Indies. The stranger contemplated the old man attentively; took a handkerchief from his eyes, and left the room abruptly in tears. A conduct so singular attracted the old gen-

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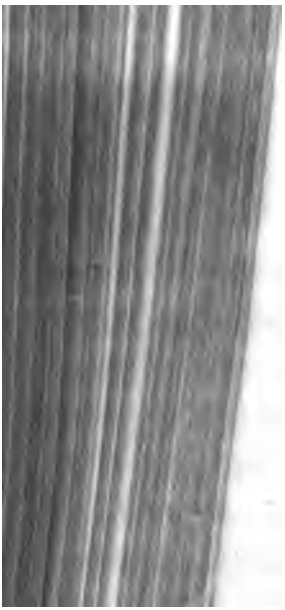
a night have we passed under canvas together—he died in my arms." "Poor Bob!" sighed out the father: "I wish I had been more liberal to him. Had I thought I should have lost him, I would have refused him nothing." "Alas! Sir," said the officer, "he told me of that. You kept him too short. To be sure, he was a little expensive; but then he was so noble hearted! That last money which he wrote to you for—" "I would give all the world," faintly articulated the parent, "that I had but sent it to him!" "So would I, "replied the officer. "The refusal broke his heart." "Mercy!" cried the distracted parent: "I thought he died of the yellow fever." "So he did," added the other: "but then his spirit



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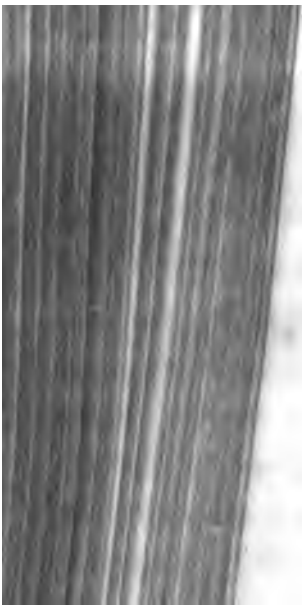
have improved!" "Prodigiously," rejoined the second-self, with a deep sigh. "And how did he look?" "Why the sun had spoilt his complexion." "So I should suppose." "But he was as fat as a pig," added the friend. "Why," observed the father, with astonishment, "he used to be as thin as a hurdle when at home." "Yes, and when he joined the regiment; but the sea voyage, confinement, and the lots of claret which he used to drink—" "Poor Bob!" interrupted the father; "that must have helped to get thee into debt." "Doubtless. Then, again, he had a touch of the liver complaint." "Yes," said the old man, "he wrote me about that." "And," continued the friend, "after a course of mercury, he fattened upon



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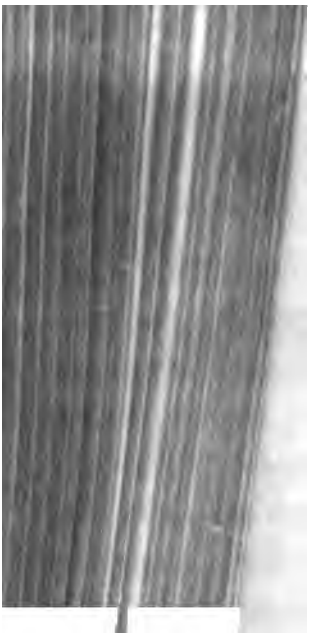
What is a paltry two or three hundred pounds bill to the honor and peace of mind of a friend? I never expected to get back the money. I had letters to you, which are coming after me; but not a word of the debt; it is one of honor, which you are no way bound to pay unless you please". "Aye, but I will," cried the old fellow, choaked with gratitude and tears. "Another time," said the friend. "But here's a sword of Bob's: it was his legacy to me; but it will be dear to you: take it, I pray you. I have a lock of his hair, and some most affectionate letters, which I will shew you when my heavy baggage comes up; and I have set all to rights. In the interim, don't pay me if it is in the least inconvenient;



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in his late son's regiment; and that the pretended friend was an impostor. In about an hour afterwards, the twenty pounds draft came back dishonored; no such person being known to the banker, nor ever having had money there. I was much laughed at for this affair; but it could not be helped.

I afterwards discovered that this fellow had just returned from the very island in the West Indies where the old man's son died. He had been turned out of a regiment for misconduct; but having served in the same garrison as the deceased, he was acquainted with his name and regiment; and knew the localities of the island, with other particulars, which made his story appear

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"Pretty well." "What was his occupation?" "*Un plongeur:*" a person employed by government to dive for persons who fell into the water, or who drowned themselves, as with our humane society; in a word, a *diver*. "Is trade pretty brisk?" said the count, "for it must require many accidents or acts of suicide to support you and your comrades in the trade: and how do you live when none of these accidents happen?" "Monsieur le Comte," replied the fellow, "*pour lors nous nous noyons nous mémes:* then, my lord, we drown one another; and so much per head is paid for the persons saved or restored from suspended animation."

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or if a cruel maiden aunt make her life miserable, and she seek the soft delights of love to sweeten her hours of suffering, to lighten domestic captivity, what a relief this light gives to the picture! Again, if sweet sixteen fly from home, in order to avoid being given away against her inclinations, and thus seek a protector's arms, how prettily the story tells! Or even if the young and blooming bride of a deformed and tyrannical husband can only come out at a certain hour, to while an hour away in agreeable conversation, or to get *a word of advice from a sensible man*, what a vast addition of interest that gives to the *bonne fortune!* Finally, the bandeau d'amour, or blind which Cupid throws over a lover's eyes; the

Spanish veil, the mysterious history, and the stolen kiss, the hour seized as the only one that can be given, the forbidden meeting, the restriction, prohibition, love-fraud, and midnight meeting, are to frail man, as well as woman, the chief attractions of amatory intercourse.

I was mentioning this subject to my colonel the ensuing day, at dinner, when he perfectly coincided with me, and owned that even the *stalest* trick of a frail one, who informs you that she is nobly provided for by an elderly gentleman, who is as jealous as a Turk, without having any thing else *Turkish* about him, gives a zest to the enjoyment of her society, just as a diamond

;, worth fifty pounds, is a pleasanter ;ent to make than a ten pound ık of England note.

Enlarging further upon this head, he ›rmed me that, whilst he was in .in, he met a lovely young creature :nded by her duenna, deeply veiled . clad in black silk. He was fasci- ed by the beauty of her figure, just Dido was struck with Æneas at first ht.

" Obstupuit *primo aspectu* Sidonia Dido."

: perceived his admiration, and tioned him to approach nearer; : on observing his impetuosity in ›ancing, she explained to him by ıtomimic gestures that he must

return thither in an hour. Fearful of mistaking the sign, he remained in sight of the spot until she returned. She then unveiled herself partially, and disclosed transcendent beauty; placing her forefinger on her lips, she dropped a piece of paper and fled precipitately. It was a note written in Spanish, and contained an invitation to meet her the following night half an hour before midnight. The delay, the anxiety, the mystery, were irrisistible: she came clad in a thousand charms; and from that time to his quitting Spain, a space of many weeks, they met thrice a week in the same place, and generally after midnight. If she could not come, a white handkerchief placed on the bough of a tree was the telegraphic signal,

which announced her disappointment. He had preserved five handkerchiefs thus obtained, and he set a most extravagant value upon them. When she knew of his approaching departure, she would not take leave of him; but hanging up the handkerchief, as in cases of disappointment, added to it a lock of hair, and a *billet*, burning with ardour and tenderness, and picturing a broken heart. She assured him, that the handkerchief had been bedewed with her tears; and he kissed it a hundred times, *selon l'usage*, in these love matters.

Thus ended the adventure, and he swore to me that he never knew who she was, where she lived, how she was situated,

or any one circumstance respecting her, more than that she refused to answer any question on these subjects, adding, that the hours were too short, and belonged *all* to love. The summer was intensely hot; the wood was thick and romantic; the hours passed together were from midnight to sun-rise. There he learned the soft expressions, *alma de mi vida*—Soul of my life; *mi estrella*—star of my destiny; *lumbre de mis ojos*—light of my eyes, with other endearing words which he will never forget. The starry firmament was, on these occasions, their only canopy; a flowering shrub or nodding oak their only shelter; the birds the only witnesses of their plighted faith; zephyr the only depositary of their well-pre-

served secret; echo the only voice which could repeat their fond enraptured vows. Under no other possible circumstances in the world could love be more romantic, more mysterious, or more deeply interesting.

CHAPTER VIII.

All hail indifference!

THE society of the colonel, and my other military friends, was so valuable to me, that we made a mutual agreement to dine together daily, either at Long's, Brunet's, or at some other hotel. On one of these occasions, we were mentioning the Pessimist. "Surely," said I, "he mistakes himself extremely; his manner of finding fault with

every thing cannot be fashionable." "Certainly not," said the colonel, "but he is not far from the mark: *Indifference* is the order of the day, the highest ton, the complete and most decided fashion. Between love and indifference, the distance is short; between love and hatred, it is less, the one often leads to the other, and yet a return may occur; but from love to indifference there is no passage.

"It is no longer the fashion to praise, to admire, or to love any thing; sympathy is rustic; feeling bespeaks ignorance; surprise is abominable; conjugal affection, demonstrated in public, is low-lived in the extreme; benevolence rests on self; laughter is confined

to an insipid smile; and grief, to a momentary depression of the eye-lid, or to a transitory affectation of gravity: anger may be evinced by vindictive conduct, but the muscles of the countenance must not be deranged to shew it; respect is bought, and must rise or fall with self-interest; gratitude is exploded entirely; it is old, romantic, heavy, and troublesome to a man of fashion, unnatural in the present day, obsolete, and will soon be expunged from the court dictionary.

"If you meet a friend, and your eye beams, whilst your heart expands, you cannot be a man of the world; you are not fit for high circles and for the most polished society; for if a high

polish be pierced through, it is destroyed; you deliver up your interior, you unlock your soul to him or her whom you love: ergo, you cannot be a man of the world, for he is concentrated in self. Besides, *your friend might betray you;* and the very smooth surface of elegance and good breeding leaves very little *within;* it must be *touched very gently,* for it will not bear too much handling and examining; it has no *rude intrinsic* matter to spare.

"If a witty story be related in your presence, it is vulgar to laugh and to enjoy it. In the first place, a man or woman looks so much better in a studied smile than in an unguarded laugh. In the second place, you pay too high

a compliment to the narrator, who may think too much of himself, and too little of you. Thirdly, a man of fashion and of the world, is supposed to have heard every witty thing that can be uttered; and, therefore, if he half smile, he has paid as much as he ought for his amusement.

"If you visit people who have lost their father, their mother, or their wife, it would be uncultivated, indeed, to weep, or to look melancholy, or to introduce the subject of their loss. Should they mention it, you may elevate your eye-brows, and gently raise your shoulders, a *half* expression of surprise and concern, (for an exquisite is *concerned* at nothing, unless it con-

cern himself). You must immediately turn the conversation, not so much to give ease to your acquaintance as to yourself, and to show the man of good company. For what has a man of fashion to do with weeping and mourning, which give an ugly expression to the handsomest face? Besides, your friend's loss may be a gain. The demise of a parent may bring a fortune; and the departure of a wife may establish the reign of peace in a man's house; not to mention that most people of quality have a second on the list, or at least some one to console them.

"Joy at any piece of good fortune is studiously to be avoided by the dignified votary of calm indifference, for

many reasons: first, because it puts a man in a posture and in an attitude *common to the vulgar*; next, because some one may avail himself of your amended fortune, or of your accession of wealth, and ask a favor in your unprepared moment, when you cannot readily intrench yourself in consequence and in distance so as to avoid a fellow-creature's claim: thirdly, because this establishes an equality with those who impart the glad tidings to you, and thereby creates a sympathy which is always to be avoided in high life: fourthly, because a man of fashion should appear to possess and to have in expectancy ten times more than the vulgar matter of fact; and he ought to answer on the occasion of the annunciation of

good fortune as coolly, composedly, and as indifferently, as he would to a call of the house, or of his name in a club, or his carriage at the opera: thus, 'Oh! the old man's dead at last: well he was a decent sort of a fellow; but it is high time that his dross should come to me.' Or, if you win a sum of money, 'I've won, have I? pay over the money, it will just pay my jeweller, or my servants' wages.' A prize in the lottery? 'd——d odd it should come up a prize; but I expected it.' He leaves the room to dress; and the anxious expectants of reward are disappointed.

"Surprise must never be shown; it either gives you too much color, or

takes away the little which you have; it is intolerably borish and unbecoming. If a long expected friend appear, 'd——n your blood, is that you?' does well enough; or, if a wife or mistress (who ought never to be spoiled) 'Oh! Mary is that you?' is quite enough; else she thinks herself of too much consequence, and that you cannot do without her, which is preposterously untrue.

"In like manner, if an old schoolfellow, or one who has been at college with you, offer you his hand, it is a boyish trick, indeed, and that of the *old school*, to grasp it as if you gave him hand and heart together, as if you grappled his affection to your's, linked

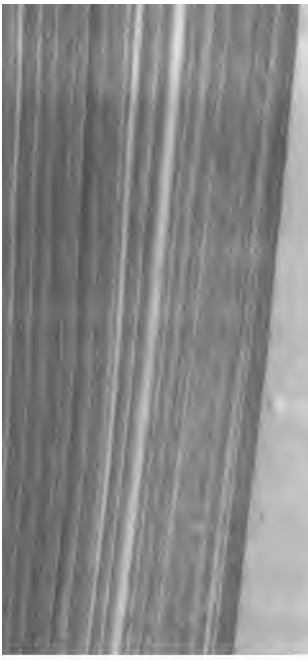
yourself to him by a chain of attachment and humanity, which nothing but death could unrivet; as if each pulse vibrated in unison, and the inward expression of your outward sign was, hand to hand, heart to heart, in youth and in old age, in prosperity and in adversity, absent the same as present, summer and winter, through sunshine and through storm, in all times and in all circumstances, in life and in death. This only suited our barbarous ancestors; this is only to be found amongst savage mountaineers; these engagements are too grave, too solemn, too troublesome, too imposing, for the modern man of good taste, who has nothing *engaging* about him but his manners, and *even* those not to excess. Therefore, the loosest

connexion of a finger or two together is quite enough, and means even less than it expresses; else might an early friend expect you to take him by the hand through life, which would never do at all.

"At a deep tragedy, your well-bred man talks, simpers, ogles, or takes snuff; now and then he condescends to look at the stage, and says, '*Very well*, Kean or Young is playing his best;' but to evince feeling on the occasion is the conduct of a schoolboy, or a mere novice in town: it is at best but a fiction; and were it true, it would not affect the elegant insipid more; besides, he is supposed to have seen such things again and again: nothing must appear

novel to his experienced eye: finally, he does not come there to see the play, but because it is the fashion, or on account of an assignation with a fresh *amante*, or with a new face, or, perhaps, to dun a man for money lost at play, to kill time, or to transact gaming or other business.

"A comedy is to be treated with equal disregard; and *un homme comme il faut*, cannot allow himself, consistently with good breeding, to do more than laugh in a kind of derision of his nature for stooping to attend to such d——d stuff. 'Ridiculous!' a man of quality may say; but then contempt must overcome mirth, and he must immediately whisper Lady Bab something quite



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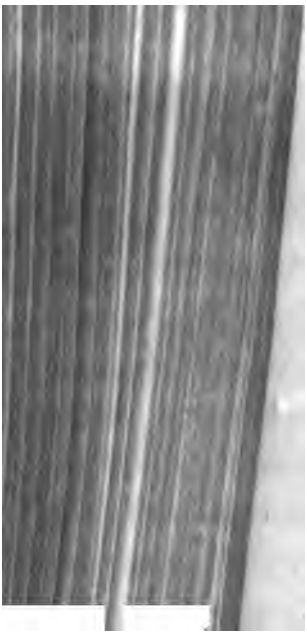
there, you ought to wish you were at home, for it is the acme of high manners to be tired of every thing, and of every place, and to be always seeking for some novelty."

We laughed immoderately at the colonel's lecture, but acknowledged the truth of it, and adjourned until the next day at dinner time; allowing, at the same time, that a little more warmth and feeling was permitted to the army and navy; (coffee-house cornets and guardsmen, who have not seen service, excepted);

" For the spirit which always is boldest in war
" Is the fondest and truest in love."

Besides, the fighting man who has



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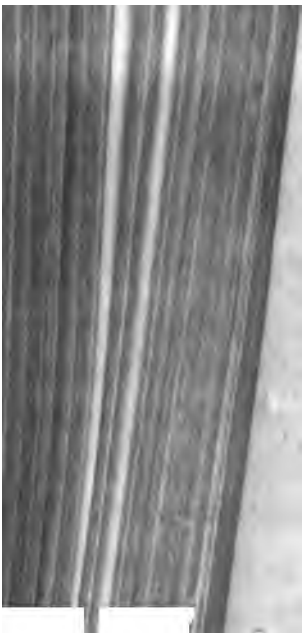
These considerations led my recollections to the battle of Waterloo, to dear friends whom I lost there, and to a letter which I received from a wounded officer after that memorable day. I had fortunately shown some attentions to that young officer at his *debut* in military life; and his subsequent kindness and handsome acknowledgments for the trifle have repaid me ten-fold since. I feign would give his name; but I have his strongest injunctions to the contrary; and his modesty in this particular is as creditable to himself as his conduct in the battle was praiseworthy. The subject of Waterloo can never be uninteresting to a Briton; for although

"The fiery fight is heard no more,"



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" Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
" Scots whom Bruce has often led;
" Welcome to your gory bed,
" Or to victory!"

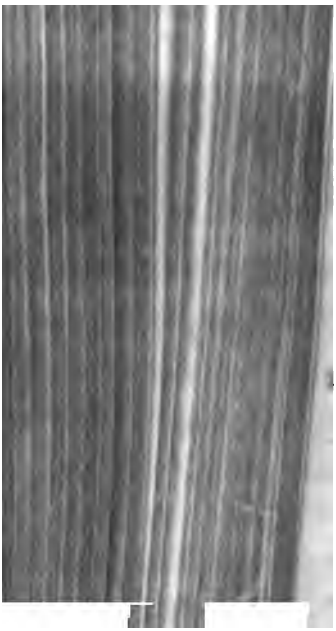
The *Pibroch* was all powerful with the Gael that day. The moment that it struck up, you might see Sandy and Donald's eyes sparkle; and then they'd shoulder one another in token of being firm and indivisible, and assume an air of fierceness, like the lion bristling up before he darts on his prey. I can assure you that *she** made no trifling use of the bayonet. With the Highlanders, I can safely say that *every* man did his duty; nor were Johnny Bull and Paddy behind hand. The marquis was at one

* She—the Highlander often calls *he*, *she*.

time in imminent personal danger, when Pat dealt death about him like hail-stones. We have lost a frightful number of men! Lord Wellington ought to be d—— if ever he passes a private soldier in distress; for never did men show more zeal than they did for his glory; nor greater disregard for life in providing for his personal safety. It is but justice to him, to remark at the same time, that he enjoyed the *full confidence* of all the army. This was worth an army in itself; for every man looked for victory. Lord U—— has lost a leg. He behaved like a hero on the field; and with equal coolness and intrepidity under the operation of amputation. His lady travelled night and day to come and attend him in the hour

of suffering: her care is truly exemplary. Who will now say that a woman may not make the best of wives to one man, after being unfaithful to another. M'Ray* is alive and safe, although it was said by an Irishman that he was met in Egypt with his head in his hand. My brother was slightly wounded by a musket-ball; but (here follows a list) are no more: ***** are desperately wounded. I think I hear the London and Brighton belles all in anxiety, tears, and tribulation, about husbands, sweethearts, flirts, and dancing partners, crying, "How did the delightful hussards come

* This officer had his head nearly severed from his body by a Mameluke, but survived.



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—" He is
" A leg."—
" And my
" He ha

suppose to be the Steyne and tea-table talk at present. My brother has picked up a few trophies, which I send you. Some very singular things were collected in the French lines—packs of playing cards; the Ready Writer, teaching the art of inditing letters; English Grammars (doubtless to assist in the conquest of England); a very affecting letter from a son to his mother, written on the fifteenth, and intended to be sent off after the battle; as also the following epistle, which I have transmitted to you. It is disfigured with blood and gunpowder, and horribly written and spelt; but, if you can decypher it, it may afford you some amusement.

I remain, my dear friend,

Your's, &c. L.

The French soldier's letter follows *verbatim*, the spelling excepted, which might have rendered it unintelligible to the reader.

Mon cher Victor,

Il y a un siecle que je n'ai reçu de tes nouvelles, comment te portes tu? as tu vu maman depuis mon depart? dis lui que je me porte *comme un quatorze d'aces*, toujours gai comme a mon ordinaire; tu as donc quitté la servante du curé: t-a-t-elle joué un mauvais tour? Les femmes sont toutes comme cela. Tu fais la cour, à ce que m'a dit mon camarade La Roue, à Babet qui vit à l'auberge, mais mon ami, elle est *maigre* comme un esquelette. Mais c'est egal, chacun a son gout, et

je ne blame pas le tien. Pour moi *je me suis arrangé* avec une grosse flamande, de façon que je suis en carnavale tandis que tu és en carême; n'importe, si elle me fait un grenadier je l'epouse; si non, point *d'epousailles*. Nous allons nous battre demain. Eh bien! nous ne sommes soldats que pour cela; moi je compte sur la victoire, et pourquoi pas? les uns voient en noir, moi je vois tout en couleur de rose. Si j'echappe, nous ferons nos farces ensembles, si non, il y en aura un de moins; c'est egal. Adieu. Je t'embrasse; embrasse maman pour moi; vive la joie et vive la guerre, car il faut un peu de l'un et de l'autre, comme on dit, dans ce bas monde. Tout a toi.

JEAN DUROC.

I should not have copied this letter, but that it furnishes a complete model of a French soldier's production, and analyzes his composition entirely—that volatility, that frivolity mingled with bravery and ignorance; a total absence of religion; *volage* respecting the mistress, but still a good comrade; all for love, war, and *gaieté*; certain of the victory; and never anticipating a defeat. I was assured that a French soldier, actually in retreat, with the Prussians at his heels, wrote home: "La victoire est à nous, quoi qu'on en dise; mais les Anglais sont si bêtes qu'ils ne savent pas quand ils sont battus." The writer most probably never reached home alive; and the only excuse that can be made for this falsehood is, that, pro-

bably, during the *commencement* of the retreat, he was made to believe that he was marching to take up a fresh position: soon, however, all was in such confusion with *sauve qui peut*, that he could not long remain in that error.

Day rolled on after day, in the pleasant society of my friends, and in my favorite hotel; but I found the *wood*-money nearly at a close, and I resolved once more to visit the continent. I was anxious to see how Paris looked, after a second visit from the Cossacs; after her armies had been a second time driven under her walls; after her *faux-bourgs* had been menaced with flame; and *le bon peuple de Paris*, who had

called into their bosom *Louis le desiré*, to the tune of

" Ou peut on etre mieux
" Qu'au sein de sa famille ?"

had a second time [illegible] usurper, to the expelled emperor, and knight of the iron crown, who, although he narrowly escaped [illegible] in his flight to Elba, when the women came out, crying, " *à bas le tyran, que le monstre nous rende nos maris et nos enfans,*" (this can be incontestibly proved), still entered the capital, and hung up his hat on the old nail in the Thuilleries, without opposition, and without a shot being fired, and who commanded his troops to ground, or to

pile their arms, and to go and *embrace their comrades.*

I was also desirous to visit the interior of Germany, as I had heard that a man with a small fortune might live there with some *eclat*, which exactly suited the present state of my finances. I therefore wound up all my concerns in England, gave a power of attorney to an *honest* man of the law—a *rara avis* whom I had sought for, like Diogenes, with a lantern, many a day, tore myself from my platonic tie, took a farewell dinner, and made a party to Paris, consisting of three of my military friends. I started once more, a wanderer, without a home or a family, but comfortable in every other particular. All the world

knows that at the White Bear you may take your place for Paris, and if you do so, you may meet with more than one faithful copy, *drawn from the life*, of the animal standing at the door. I therefore only booked myself and friends for Dover: my valet-de-chambre was the only outside passenger, as my friends resolved to hire servants abroad. It is now eight o'clock, gentle reader, the horn sounds, the Regent's dinner-hour is just come; minor beings count their *cherida* at this time, and many dull things are done at the same hour. Off go four fine horses, of which I know I shall not see the like on the continent: but my place is taken—"*Londres et ma chere patrie, je vous fais mes adieux.*"

CHAPTER IX.

As I presume that most of my readers are fashionable enough to have taken one trip, at least, to the opposite coast, it would be superfluous to mention Wright's expensive hotel, the pestering of captains of vessels, the emulation between the English and French captains, the former of which I should always prefer, the impositions to which a traveller is exposed, or the pleasures of a packet, where, however, an observer of human nature may learn some-

thing; for a knowledge of mankind is confined to no particular spot, to no particular class, and to no particular country. The world is the ample volume—man the great and interesting contents of it's pages. One reading avails little; the work must be studied o'er and o'er, before any great proficiency can be made in it.

In the packet we had a variety of characters, who proved to me "that all the world's a stage," for each of them was acting some part, and mostly parts foreign to their nature or sphere. Some were more *perfect* in their *character* than others, whilst some performed awkwardly enough. Applause, as on the stage, admiration or interest, or

probably a mixture of all three, was the object which they had in view, and formed the reward of their labours. Some were so raw that they wanted prompting, whilst others were complete masters and mistresses of their parts.

We had ladies playing the prude, and gentlemen playing the libertine; we had milliners, mantua-makers, and fancy warehouse-women, playing the lady, and very imperfect in their parts; we had school-boys playing the truant; old boys playing juvenile parts; ignorant blockheads playing the servant; and male shopkeepers attempting the gentleman very unsuccessfully indeed: besides men of fashion acting the *Road to Ruin*; half-pay officers per-

to Pay old Debts;
acting the *Jealous W*
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nefit; for we had all
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idlers, curious men,
tors, bankrupts, frail
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Keeping in view th

Quillac; nor do I speak of the group of English on the pier, the curious inquiring faces, some in hopes to see a friend, some for fear of seeing a creditor, a wife, or a husband, from whom they have run away; nor do I mention the beautiful Marchande de Tabac, the handsome and celebrated Marchande de Mode, the large but dreary church, or the ridicule that John Bull must put up with at landing, such as *go-dem*, Jack Roast-beef, Englishman dog, gros *cochon, pata paufe*, oh! le petit chapeau ridicule! &c., added to the legion of poor devils who pursue you through the street, half starved, and covered with rags, and who "mi lord Anglais" you for *one sol, a penny*, and the jingling rhyme of "Charité—S'il vous plait."

I presume that my reader has seen all this; and that, if he has only been on the French coast to *look at the country*, he has *paid for peeping*. Doubtless he has been at the Messe Militaire, and at the theatre: if not, I advise him to go there; and there I leave him.

My stay at Calais was only one day, merely to taste Quillac's excellent wines, and *cuisine Française*; after which, my friends and I proceeded to Paris in a French travelling carriage, which we purchased at our hotel. Now, once more, for ropes by way of harness, and for the rattling of whips—for tall, awkward postillions, who drive according as they are paid, who often get drunk and

upset you, who make more noise, bustle, and clatter, with *vox et preterea nihil*, in two leagues of post, i. e. not above five English miles, than a tight English lad would in cantering over twenty—now once again for the *pipe à la bouche*, the smoaking postillion, the ready snuff-box, which precedes and closes every bargain, for double impositions and disputes, for bad inns, good wines, *active* cart horses to draw you, wooden shoes, and all the emblems and trappings of slavery and poverty.

We next stopped at Amiens, a favourite residence of the English, ever since the peace of Amiens, and where I expected that the English would be

most popular; but the second short war had changed things most amazingly; *the hundred days* had been like *a hundred years*, for they had warmed and brought into life again the vipers who had lain concealed; and who now, having again risen against their king, had no hope but what desperation pointed out: then again the *Girouettes* and the *Inconsequens* felt a little ashamed of their frequent apostacies, and their many tergiversations. The royalists were more inflamed and violent than ever; the constitutionalists were dissatisfied with both parties; wounds that had but recently been cicatrized broke out a-fresh; and the conquered could not endure the sight of their conquerors: for all these

reasons, the people hate the English; and stones were actually thrown at us as we quitted the town.

On the coast, and all along the road to Paris, but particularly at the former spot, the English refugees were returning to France; the great hawk, Buonaparte, had driven these affrighted birds of passage in all directions; the timid pigeons, or half-starved rooks, had mostly taken the direction of Flanders, and were now measuring back their steps: a few skulked over to fishing towns on the English coast, during the short decisive campaign; but the greater part would not venture thus far: dun, bailiff, and attorney, kept them constantly on the alert; and it behoved them

to take up a strong position, for fear of having their lines forced, and being captured by the enemy.

We proceeded to Paris without molestation, or even stopping, except to change horses, and we put up at the Place de Vendôme. Not being an historian or a tourist, I do not trench on these gentlemens' privileges, by giving a detailed account of Paris. I have therefore only to observe, that the great change which I perceived was the military appearance of its environs, which exhibited one extensive camp, and figured to my mind a *justly* subjected state. I smiled to meet many of my Pall Mall and St. James's Street friends, escaped from carnage, and converted

into whiskered and loose-trowsered *demi* cossacs; to behold the jolly Life Guards *en faction* in Paris; whilst at the Palais Royal, and elsewhere, the fierce Muscovite, or the indignant Prussian, kept a strict watch over the Badaud de Paris, and brushed him about at the point of the bayonet if he ventured near their posts. To every question asked of the former, his sharp answer was, *Nix*; and the German rattled away complex oaths, with *der teyfle* in every sentence.

Yet did the meretricious fair still ply her usual trade 'midst friends and enemies; preferring, however, the full pocket of John Bull and his scarlet and gold trappings, and having for an-

swer for all the allies, "*Point d'argent point de Suisse.*" *Quatre Bras* and *La Belle Alliance* had no terrors for her; and she heard of *La Bataille de St. Jean* without a change of feature: *vive la guerre et l'amour* was her favorite cry from whatever side it came.

The great Duke of Wellington was at Paris; and I had an opportunity of observing him more closely than formerly. He is not much esteemed by the French, which is natural enough; but he might be more admired by his countrymen, if he would take the trouble to be so. I never saw a man of high rank with so little elegance. Doubtless he considers his success and talents as sufficient. I could very much have

wished that the Marquis of Hastings and he had been mixed up together in one man. The warmth, the kind-heartedness, and the popular manners of the former would greatly have benefited the latter. If there be a little hyper-courtliness in the marquis, there is an uncourtly asperity in the Duke; and an amalgamation of the two would have made a perfect man.

France was indeed changed since first I knew it as a boy: it was then high polished indeed. Next it was all revolutionary barbarity, stern principles and stern countenances, but no rigid morality. Buonaparte's reign was another change; the army was then every thing; but civilization had *emigrated*,

and did not return under the iron crown; nor even to the chevaliers of the legion of honor, who had not the politeness and gallantry of the *preux chevaliers Français* of other days.

The ladies had changed the least: they still possessed *l'art de plaire*, and were gallant and amiable as usual. Walking one day with a French lady, whom I had known at the first return of *Louis le Desiré* to Paris, the subject turned upon gallantry, upon platonic and other love, upon the respect which the fair sex claimed, with many other et ceteras, too tedious to mention, when she volunteered in repeating a few lines in poetry, on the subject of *l'amour timide*, as follow—

" Par un endroit obscur passant avec Cephise,
" Un amant *trop discret* lui disait, d'un ton doux,
" Quelle commodité, trop aimable marquise,
" Pour une amoureuse entreprise
" Si c'etait une autre que vous.

" Lors d'un air moqueur, punissant le coupable,
" Et les yeux allumés d'amour et de courroux;
" Oui, la commodite, dit elle, est admirable
" Si c'etait tout autre que vous."

I leave my reader to decide on what line of conduct I had to pursue, after this little lesson, on which subject I shall myself be silent.

I passed a week only in Paris, previous to my trip to the northward. During that time, I picked up a few anecdotes, which proved the hostility of many of the French to their legitimate sovereign, but which are scarcely worth relating. It is, however, I fancy

new to many, that the canaille call the King—

"Louis le dixhuit
"Le Roi de la marmite;"

and that the late Duke de Berry, having humanely instituted a soup kitchen for the poor, was turned into ridicule, and called the Prince of the broth-pot. At all events, these are trifles; but yet *hæ nugæ seria ducunt.*

Previously to my departure from Paris, I met with a very interesting old man, with whom I dined at Beauvillier's, and from whom I received more information respecting France than I had been able to collect before. When first I had gone to Paris, in the long vacation from college, I had been

fortunate enough to get a letter to the Vicomte de Noailles. Through him I was introduced to the Lameths, to La Fayette, to Claviere, to La Coste, and to Lally Tolendal. Accident made me acquainted with the Vicomte de Mirabeau, and with L'Eveque de Troàs, then a furious royalist, but afterwards an archbishop under Napoleon, and a *rat* of the first order. This incipient knowledge of France, and of the revolution, gave me a taste for following up the history of both, which I was enabled to do, through my learned friend, who had remained in France, under all its changes, a tranquil spectator, a shrewd observer, and unmolested, for the reasons which I am about to detail.

This gentleman possessed a good fortune at the commencement of the revolution, which he submissively allowed to be taken from him by degrees; the *coup de grace* being given to his property in the reign of terror, under the infernal Robespierre. At this period, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the power of one side, unfitted him for the army, and placed him beneath the notice of the government assassins. He had given all his fortune: therefore the hand of plunder spared him; and as he was a *moderé* in politics, very prudent, of silent and of retired habits, and had many private virtues, without any ambition of entering into public life, and, moreover, disqualified from so doing

by his infirmity, he was respected by many, and endured by all; so that he held his place in society in *statu quo*, until the time when I had the pleasure of meeting with him.

In order to support himself and an only sister (for he had been a *rentier*, and was a *celibataire*: i.e. he had had twenty thousand livres per annum, sunk in an annuity for life, and was a bachelor), he gave lessons of mathematics, whilst his sister embroidered beautifully; and he assured me, that living on these resources, they never wanted *la poule au pot*, nor their bottle of wine. And as they corresponded with no living soul in the exterior, nor belonged to any party, keeping no company, and going

seldom out, they were never molested but once, when they had their house searched and robbed by the police.

It would be tedious and disgusting to repeat the massacres and other horrors (unknown in the public prints) which passed in Paris, and elsewhere in France, *in all times*, more or less, from the imprisonment of Louis the Martyr, until the second abdication of Buonaparte the tyrant. Many of these would seem incredible; nor is this the place for them. My friend traced with great perspicuity the corruption of the constitution, which produced the revolution; then the useless efforts of wise and moderate men to form a system of government upon the basis of limited

monarchy, and analagous to our own, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons: he next delineated the change of revolutionary France into *a republique non libre* (as Montesquieu very skilfully calls similar governments), for which France was no way fitted; he commented on the consulate, in form of a triumvirate, the dictatorship, first elective, and next permanent; and on the assumption of the imperial diadem by Buonaparte, then all fear and trembling, and casting the die of his destiny betwixt absolute power and assassination.

France, he said, after that was enslaved completely; but she only thought of her conquests, and listened to her

vanity. A state of peace under such a man, with such an army, used to dictate the law abroad, and to live on plunder, was impossible; and their chief knew well himself, that the disbanding of that force, and the abatement of the war-fever, would be fatal to his power. He well foresaw that delirium or debility must follow the former inflammation, and that the one would produce a second revolution; the other would strike at the vitality of his empire. He therefore plunged again into war; and such was the national feebleness, so had he bled France to faintness, that she sunk under the attacks of her enemies; his laurels withered in the Russian blast; and all his triumphs vanished in a campaign. He had not

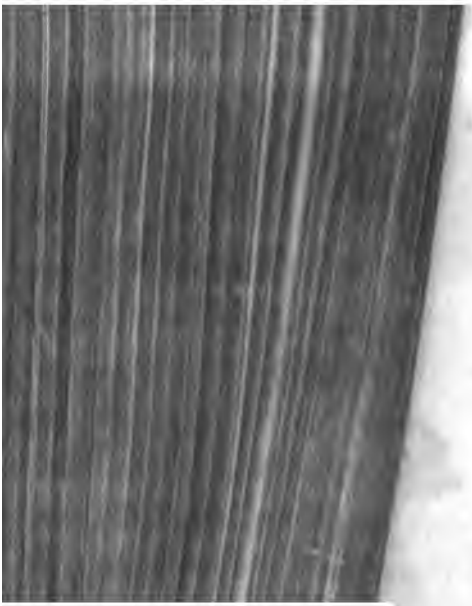
before received a blow which staggered him, but he was now struck to the ground, and his conquerors had their feet upon his neck: he therefore received terms, and they were not only merciful, but magnanimous, on the part of his foes: then it was, that the Parisians, who finish all with a song or a verse, thus pictured the Russian Alexander—

"Comparons des deux Alexandres, &c."

the purport of which is—

"Two Alexanders ruled of late,
"But which deserved the name of great?
"One scatter'd blessings on our head,
"'Tother strew'd th' ashes of the dead."

Yet when their *ci-devant* ruler came back, all were unsteady, all unsettled, all ready for another change. It does not enter into my views to discuss the



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in order to confirm the dynasty of her husband by an imperial alliance, was *magnanime et digne d'elle;* but that her spirits declined ever after. To Moreau, he was also very partial. He was, he observed, an honest republican; a man of superior talent, incorruptible integrity, and exemplary moderation. His view, in joining the allied arms, was to rid his country of its iron yoke; else would he have ended his days in domestic life, for which his virtues completely qualified him. My well-informed friend painted Buonaparte as decidedly sanguinary; and quoted the following instances of this savage disposition:—Talleyrand asked Buonaparte what he thought of his (Talleyrand's) nephew, a young officer who had just

commenced his military career. "He is brave enough," answered Buonaparte, "*mais il n'aime pas le sang.*" On another occasion, he concludes a dispatch after a battle in these words—"*J'ai fait compter les cadavres de l'ennemi, il s'en est trouvè dix-huit mille cinq cent trente-sept!!!*" How circumstantially, and with what seeming *gusto*, this account is given by the man of blood! But it is now time to take leave of my historical friend, and of this subject.

I very soon left Paris, and with it my military companions, whom I regretted much more than any thing else that I left behind in that gay and dissipated city, which I did not enjoy as formerly.

My passage through France to Germany was speedy; and if I had reason to complain of travelling and of inns in France, I found ten times more cause for discontent on this subject in Germany. But I was resolved to visit Vienna, and to realize the flattering prospects which Mr. V——r, long resident there, and a great favorite with every body in the first circles of that city, had painted to my imagination. I was also determined on a northern tour, and used all possible despatch, which bad roads, bad horses, and the tardiness of the *bawrs* (or boors), who are often taken from the plough to forward you on your journey, would admit of.

I arrived at Vienna, and, gentle reader, I was disappointed. Let no man, who has travelled through the South of France, through "rich and royal Italy," make, afterwards, a northern tour. It is beginning at the wrong end. If he pursue the other course, he will be more patient under privations, and in the absence of interest and pleasure; whilst he will feel doubly delighted on shaping his course to the southward, where climate, soil, productions, sun, prospect, and interest, will brighten on him as he proceeds; whereas cold, inconvenience, and forbidding manners, meet you every where in the North.

The first person with whom I met at Vienna was Sir Samuel Specific, con-

verted into a perfect German, and settled in the country. I have often observed that where a man is a cypher at home, he readily falls into any character, or assumes any costume, shape, or formation. Not so with a man who has weight in his own country, and who feels his consequence and his character identified with the soil. Upon the whole, we find the stranger readily adopt our dress and appearance; whilst our national inflexibility remains the same, like the marble pillar, which must be broken, to assume another form.

On a farther acquaintance with Vienna, I began to like the town much better than on my first arrival; and economy being my main object, I deter-

mined to remain, and devote myself to study the dead as well as the living page, convinced, that although I had been long in the world, I had still much to learn. I must therefore now bring my story to a close, with an honest confession that old England is ever in my heart and in my mind; and with an earnest request that the indulgent reader will accept of my account as he would that of his honest agent,

"ERRORS EXCEPTED."

THE END.

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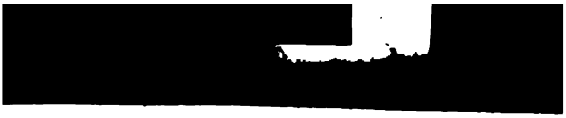

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